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NOVEMBER
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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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VOL. XXXI. No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1929

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Miss Thompson's first article, "The New Patriotism Is Peace," will appear (appropriately enough) in the Christmas issue. No American woman who loves her country should miss a line of this stimulating series of articles.

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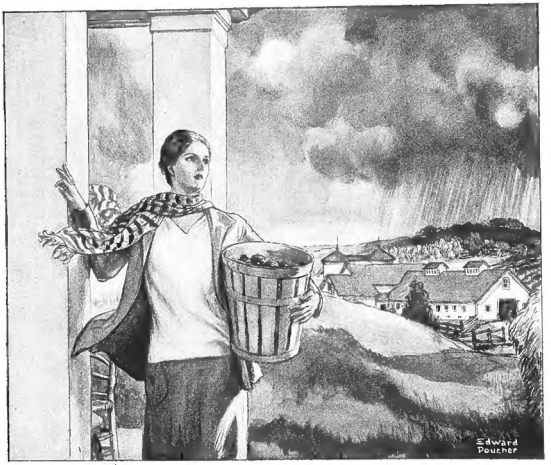
THE FARM WOMAN

A surprize for those who think of her in terms of calico

By VELMA CARSON



"THESE STORMS UNDER WHOSE WHIMS SHE LIVES KEEP HER HUMBLE. THE TREES THAT REAR UP THROUGH THE SOIL SHE TILLS GIVE HER PRIDE. SO THERE IS BALANCE."

EVERY Summer I return to the prairies my grandmothers won for me. The dove-colored plains they knew have been marked into bright squares of gold and green and purple fields of wheat and corn and alfalfa. They are spiked with windmills and dotted with large red barns and, generally, smaller white houses; with little towns scattered here and there like nests in a hedge.

But the changes that have taken place in the great open spaces have not been limited to land. For my generation does not look any more like our grandmothers' than these modern farms look like the wild, virgin plains. Our hair is bobbed and our petticoats shorn. Moreover, during those years that have not been too wet or too dry or too cold to disaffect us, we too could have taken tea at the Ritz without looking in any way rural.

So the old gentleman who sat at my breakfast-table the last time I followed the ghosts of the covered wagons West in a Pullman did not know that he was talking to a farm daughter. And he had been so long away that he did not realize we were looking out of the window upon the tolerant face of our Mother Earth. To him it was only Ohio, speckled with lopsided straw-stacks and uncommendable pig-pens.

We saw a woman hoeing. And all that was in me of my farming forebears yearned toward her. I experienced again the intense thrill of making things grow. To be utterly frank, I was never much good with the hoeing at home. But that was before the accident of a city marriage made me realize that gardens are not the privilege of every one; before I had been reduced by some inherited urge to the humiliation of jabbing around in a pot of parsley with a paring-knife.

Carried by this vicarious reunion with creation beyond the fear of being thought sentimental, I turned to the nearest human to tell him that I had learned again of the cosmic kinship between a woman and a field.

"We have just looked upon the sources of life," I wanted to cry, "women and earth—women and earth!"

But one does not talk like that with waiters multiplying silver on shiny linen. Anyhow this urban dweller made his remark first. "In spite of all of our progress not much has been done to brighten the life of the farm woman," observed this man who was born and bred in Brooklyn and sold varnish for a living.

I am always inarticulate for a little while after such a remark. What are the things that brighten life anyhow?

I was afraid he was thinking how pleasant she might find it to have a deferential waiter pouring her cream for her onto high-priced oatmeal. So it was not until we had left the woman with the hoe far behind that I could select a patient answer for my compassionate companion.

I explained that quite likely the pathetic creature we recently had passed would be in a chiffon dress by afternoon, powdered with the same brand Lady What's-Her-Name has indorsed, marcelled into shining waves, and driving her car to a meeting where a professor from the State university would give latest gossip on vitamins—a subject so fascinating to farm women ever since they have discovered hidden forces in the old familiar "greens." As one progressive, earnest, white-haired lady said to me once after a home demonstration agent's lecture, "Well, I always fed my family on just what we had on the farm—milk, butter, eggs, cheese, and vegetables, and such. It sure was a piece of luck these things all had vitamins."

BUT I find that the picture of a stylish farm woman is apt to be rejected, while the conception of a gaunt wife in long calico skirts is treasured. For she is our pioneer grandmother, and we crave her strength. It gives those of us who have wandered far from simplicity a sense of security to feel that she is still back of us, assuring us of our food, upholding our virtue, rearing our rugged children. But for some inexplicable reason—it must be by way of apology for ourselves—we cling to the feeling that she is finding her noble task a little drab.

Some of the misfits do find farm life unsatisfying. Often they leave home. And, sitting in a dark apartment on a street in a crowded city, they write realistic descriptions of the cedar-tree back home in which the turkeys have roosted. And after that every stranger who passes by the place cranes his neck to see the poetic devastation.

A year or two ago there was a novel which was hailed by the critics as at last a true picture of farm life. I shared it with my aunt Ella, herself a pioneer woman. When I asked her what she thought of the book she replied that she had enjoyed it very much; that she herself had known just such backward communities. For there is always land somewhere too poor to attract progressive people, and there are many foreign settlements still that foster the thrifty peasant customs of Europe. A rural county nowadays contains as many social strata as a large city.

PERHAPS it is because I come from the fertile valley of Eagle Bend, where the farm-land is rich enough to support culture, that I feel cheerful about the lot of the farm woman. I remember the gentility of our neighborhood. I remember the beautiful blond Miller girls, eight or ten of them, hostesses of flawless dinner-parties—Effie, miraculously secure in a side-saddle, wearing serge and a stiff little derby that tipped forward on her curls. The Perreaults bred high-stepping horses and had their own private racing-track. Mrs. Weiss was the first to teach me philosophy.

I remember that the Schooleys kept a peacock on the lawn and nursed single trees of fine fruit. Fred Affolters borrowed our "Ridpath's History of the World" and read it through—twelve huge volumes of it. John Schaffner sat up all night once to see when a sunflower turned its head from west to east. I have never seen anything anywhere more exquisite than Lily Miller's home-made hats. In Hulda's big, shuttered house, set back in tall trees, callers were welcomed with mild grape wine and delicious little cakes and a bouquet of pinks to carry home. My mother painted, and my aunt Maude played the piano. Lalla and Eda washed their slim white hands in buttermilk.

There was always considerable drudgery, of course, and some women wallowed in it. One I know never spent an idle second. Her only pleasure was crocheting. You can not think while you count stitches. Her imagination was shut away with her piles of linen in an up-stairs closet.

But, of course, there is still some drudgery on the farm for the women. It is one of the prices one pays for seeing far horizons.

Yet all of the successful women I know work hard. One does not attain the high places in life easily. Mme. Curie did not discover the uses of radium while pleasure-bent. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress, has done a lot of drudging too.

Farm life and grand opera have a common rhythm. There are the tuneful, quiet moments, and then without warning come crescendos, with everybody trying to get all his shouting in before the curtain falls—gathering up the little chickens before the storm breaks, as it were. The leading rôle in either situation is not for a lazy woman.

It is often true that a farmer is apt to get a tractor before his wife has a fireless cooker, or a truck before there is electricity in the house. Or he buys land instead of a phonograph. Now and then some one indignantly writes a play on this theme. I have never before audibly made an excuse for such a farmer for fear some stingy soul would have his conscience eased. And I have not wanted to hurt any one's feelings either.

But the accumulation of such misconceptions forces me to suggest in a timid voice that this is still a man's world wherever you look, that almost every business man has a stenographer before his wife has a maid. He is apt to have an expense-account for taxis while the family uses a street-car. His home is often less luxuriously furnished than his office. Whatever happens, father has to have a good suit so he can make a prosperous appearance. I am sure that eons back in the cave age the hunter got the toughest hides and sharpest rocks, since upon his equipment

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The road to roses on-the-cheek

THERE are women in the world, blessed with millions and with maids, with easy access to every source of beauty, who still have the dull, dead complexion of a careless frump!

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THE DULLEST PERSON IN THE WORLD

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Drawing by L. DOVE

WILL the American business woman become as dull in private life as the archetype she is out to rival? Momentous question! Women heretofore have kept a dinner going with their light conscientious chatter; but we are now fairly launched into the era of sex-equality, and women are proving every day that they need only opportunity and time to become the mental and even the physical equals of men; and many with no urge of economic necessity are leaving the monotonous round of the home, and even of fashionable society, to lead an independent and more interesting life. Something of the kind is going on in European countries, but they may be left out of the reckoning in this article.

So far, of course, the vast majority of men are working and the women are not; the latter are still keeping the home fires burning, and filling their idle hours (those that have any) with luncheons, bridge, and light fiction; the more intelligent with music, languages, lectures, and serious reading.

The men have no time for reading, despise music and all but the lighter forms of drama. The women of the business world must inevitably fall into the same mental habits, and then what will become of society? It will be left entirely to the young, to whom it will still be a marriage mart, pleasantly prologued by jazz.

For the pressure is terrific. No man—or woman—can succeed in the business world without a concentration of all the faculties for something like eight hours a day—perhaps a modest estimate; and that means mental exhaustion until sleep does its work.

Professional men—lawyers, doctors, engineers, etc.—are not quite as hopeless, but even they must specialize so thoroughly that they have few if any lighter interests to make them interesting as companions at a dinner-table. I have met notable exceptions — and even among business men—but any bulk is made up of averages.

I have had a business man go to sleep beside me at a large and imposing dinner when I was doing my duty by my hostess in an effort to entertain him. It was impossible to feel offended; the poor man excited only sympathy. And the more prosperous the man the more to be pitied, for the world would be a poor thing without society.

Social intercourse and the leisure it involves are, or should be, the reward of the day's work. It should be the interlude for intelligent play, a dismissal of all responsibility, and a mental refreshment for the day to come. But the interlude more often than not is a signal for lethargy, with a temporary awakening perhaps after the women have left the table and the men are free to talk business.

The American business man is the dullest creature on earth in social intercourse. Not long ago I sat next, at a luncheon, to one of the greatest financial geniuses of his time. It was a Sunday luncheon, and presumably the man had had a good night's sleep, his habits leaving nothing to be desired. I had long looked forward to meeting him, for his career has been spectacular and he looked alert and interesting. As men go he is still young. Moreover, he is a handsome man, and handsome men usually permit themselves to be diverted by women into the lighter ways, from time to time.

I made no attempt to talk finance to him. I know nothing of that subject and have no desire for enlightenment. Moreover, I inferred that on a Sunday he would be glad to forget his normal preoccupations, and there are plenty of other topics in San Francisco for conversation.

But I might as well have addressed myself to his future statue in Golden Gate Park. He was polite and smiled occasionally, but his thoughts were elsewhere—on the morrow, no doubt, and his next big deal. Finally I gave it up, and turned to the politician on my other hand. Politicians can always be relied upon. They will do the talking.

But except in Washington, D. C., business men predominate in society, so what is to be done? Persons who can afford it want to give dinners and Sunday luncheons, and even intelligent women want to go to them, for what else breaks the monotony of life? One can not go to the theater every night, and Sunday is a long day.

NEVERTHELESS they are beginning to wonder if it is worth the effort of dressing up and going out. Personally, I have often worked so hard at one of these drab festivities that I have been worn out when I left, and wished I had stayed at home with a book.

I should have been quite willing to listen to some man's business adventures, for I am sure they have many, but they appeared to look upon a dinner-party as an occasion for mental rest and gustatory abandon, as well as to regard conversation as a lost art they had no ambition to revive. It is the greater pity because successful business men must have imagination and vision. Otherwise they would be failures and not asked out to dinner.

What is to be done about it? Not about them. They are hopeless. Their minds are overworked. The temporary release from the office means a welcome lethargy, not a desire for change of interest. If they read at all it is a detective story, and their energies are too used up to have anything left for subjects of general interest. As for intellectual ones, were they broached, they would rouse themselves sufficiently to flee in terror.

No, nothing can be done about them; but what of society? The time will come when they will be too tired to go out at all, or women will refuse to meet them. A business man in the family is affliction enough. Why multiply the boredom?

I see no hope save in inducing the men who follow the arts—writers, musicians, sculptors, architects, painters—and journalists to leaven the lump. The most esthetic men will go where they are well fed, and a sprinkling of them at one of these functions would be a godsend. But if women like them business men do not. They despise them.

To the man who spends his life in the arena converting a dime into a dollar, all who pursue any of the arts are "effeminate." Prize-fighters could not despise them more thoroughly. They "don't want them 'round." Of course this is due to a subtle inferiority complex, but they can not be expected to know that, and who would venture to tell them? Besides, it would be a waste of time and provocative of insult.

NEWSPAPER men are more tolerable, and if they have risen to the dignity of editorship, are regarded more or less as equals. Moreover they can talk business over the coffee. (I sometimes wonder if business men when alone ever tell naughty stories in these days. When left behind they look too sleepy even for that masculine diversion. But perhaps I wrong them.)

It is quite possible that men who devote their lives to the arts could not be tempted into the fold. Certainly one meets them but seldom at such functions. They flock together in the natural fashion of those with common tastes and interests. But an effort might be made, and the wives of business men are often charming and mentally ambitious. At all events they are bored and ever longing for change.

In time the husbands might be persuaded to take their dinner in bed (they look even now as if they would be far happier there), and then there might be a brilliant or at least lively and interesting dinner down-stairs.

For these men so despised by the business fraternity (red-blooded, hundred-per-cent. males), because they are not "doing a man's job," can talk on any subject, and life interests them consumedly. Moreover, they are no longer an offense to look at, for it is the fashion in these days for artists (using the word generically) to patronize the best tailors and barbers. Gone is the day of the flowing locks and deliberate untidiness. You can not tell a musician or a novelist from a man of fashion.

Moreover that "feminine streak" (which merely means a proper balance of faculties) that makes them artists gives them a natural sympathy with women and a desire to please. I have sat up half the night talking to one of these men, and then went to bed with a mind too excited to sleep.

Perhaps this works both ways; business men may have their uses as a soporific.

Probably the most delightful society of all is to be found in the university town—at least by those not forced to live there unless they wish. Some professors, of course, are codfish, but others are variously delightful, and always mentally stimulating. All women, however, can not spend even a part

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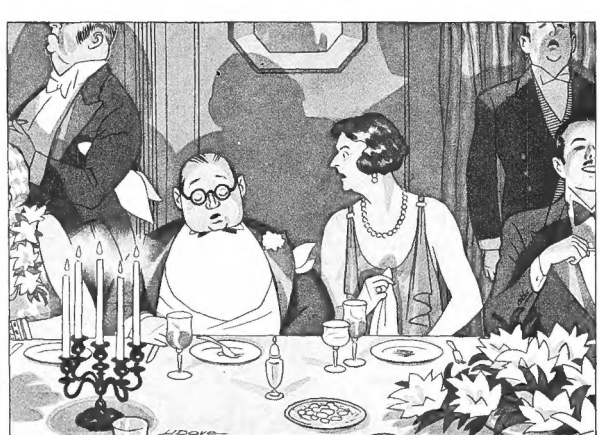

"I HAVE HAD A BUSINESS MAN GO TO SLEEP BESIDE ME AT A LARGE DINNER WHEN I WAS DOING MY DUTY BY MY HOSTESS IN AN EFFORT TO ENTERTAIN HIM"

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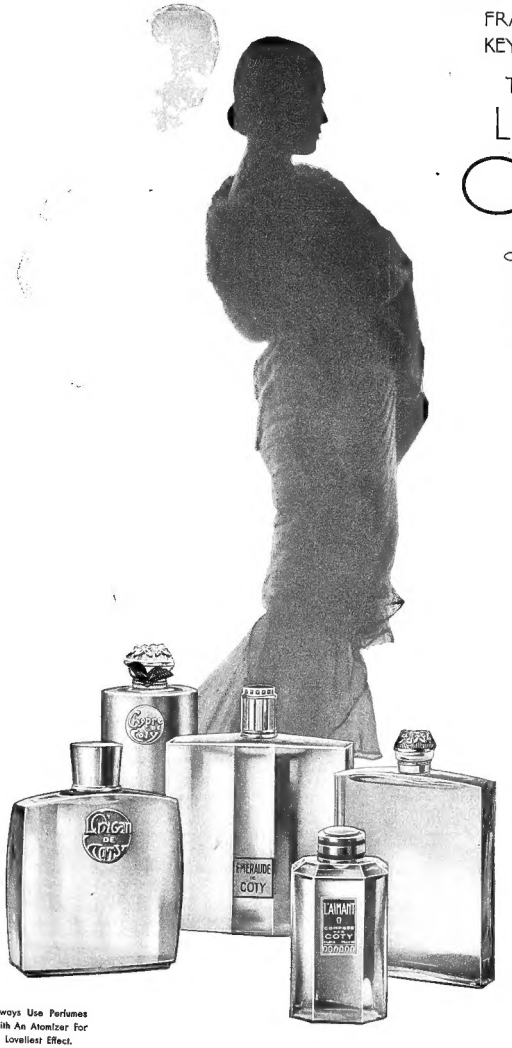

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"BEFORE I REACH HIM PETER HAS SNIPPED ANOTHER LEAF"

TO SPANK OR NOT TO SPANK

By ELIZABETH BREUER

Drawing by J. SCOTT MILLER

FOR a long time I had been dissatisfied with my methods of disciplining children. I became a convert to quick, enthusiastic spanking as the result of a conversation I overheard one day. I had walked down the woods-path to meet my daughter coming home from school. The sound of children's voices came to me around the bend, and, yielding to a sudden whim, I sprang behind a tree. As their voices came closer I heard a high-pitched argument.

"Aw," the voice I recognized as the oldest girl's spoke harshly, "your mother's no good!"

"She is too," my daughter insisted.

"She is not," said the one boy. "Our mom's better. She means what she says. Your mother says she is going to punish you and forgets to keep her promise. That's not much of a mother."

With these words my daughter was silenced, and her head was bent in acquiescence as they passed me unawares.

I remained behind my tree-trunk, and when they were well away, walked home by myself, meditating upon my failure to keep my "promises." This, then, was my reward for being sympathetic and merciful! This is how children really felt about mothers who were not stern and uncompromising!

When my girl had forgotten three days in succession to come home before dark, I had told her she would have to remain at home every afternoon for a week. But of course it was the very week that the pond froze over and gave a chance for skating—a rare occurrence in our spasmodic Winter. And there was a community tramp up the mountain, and a heavy snowfall, just made for skiing, or she was invited to come to town for a children's matinée.

Yielding to the special urgency of each occasion, I had pretended to forget the punishment. It had seemed cruel and unreasonable, and wasteful of her spirit and her time, depriving her of sunlight, experience, and exercise.

When I tried to discuss her backslidings with her in that tactful spirit of sisterly friendship which some mothers can build up with their daughters I got nowhere. She was sensitive, and, knowing she was in the wrong, shied at the slightest implication of fault. Or else she became sullen, and that goaded my tongue on, so that just to see her moved I said things more cruel than I really meant.

We both suffered, and nothing was gained by such conferences. If I could give her a swift slap, would that be best, I wondered? But no, I couldn't. The few times I had laid hand on her violently I had felt low and guilty and ashamed afterward.

I was never spanked myself and I had grown up thinking any physical punishment abhorrent and brutal, a relic of the darkest ages of man. The teachings of child psychologists and usage among gentle people further re-enforced my attitude. And altho I had become increasingly conscious of my failure to handle my daughter firmly, I held out for gentle-minded as against the harsher methods of discipline my husband advocated. The children's criticism bore out his contentions; and when I went to him with the story of my eavesdropping he suggested that I try spanking for a change.

"The children have only said what I've told you many times," he observed. "I don't believe in moral punishments. If you carry them out they're too hard on the child. If you don't stick to them your failure to keep to a decision has a vicious effect on the child's character. Anne never takes your word as final. She's always finding a way to get around you, and she usually succeeds, and gets out of it quicker and more wholesome results when I spank her paying for her wilfulness. She won't be able to stand up under the consequences that follow her mistakes when she is grown up.

"And all this talking to her and appealing to sentiment is wrong. It works her up emotionally to no purpose and makes her callous in the end. And when you banish her to her room she only sits and broods over her fancied wrongs, and it encourages unhappy, morbid tendencies."

Certainly my ways of moral suasion had failed by the testimony of all. I decided to try out my husband's methods. An opportunity soon came. Anne had been doing provoking things for some time, being mean to other children and sunk in a resentful mood. Nothing took with her. Finally in desperation I gave her a sound spanking. It straightened her up and brought her to her senses. When she quieted down I was able to talk to her without her flaring back, and make her realize how disagreeable she had been and the effect it had on others. She has never been like that since.

WITH my three-year-old son I find that spanking is the most effective way of training and disciplining him. I never call him "a good boy" or "a bad boy" because in these early years his spiritual processes are no more involved than those of a healthy puppy, and I train him exactly the way I would a good dog.

I spank him when he does something wrong, so that a physical reaction is set up in his basic, physical nature against doing the thing that has brought him pain—psychologists would call it conditioning his reflexes. He has a profound respect for spanking. At least he doesn't do the same mischief again. Or if he does he is willing to pay for his stolen delights with a swift punishment, like a man.

I do not say that the whole world should go out and beat up its young, but with my own children I have found that quicker and more wholesome results when I spank than when I wallow in moral sentimentality. It has been a hard fact for me to face, because I am a sentimental woman and would like to believe that love and moral suasion should be strong enough to move any child to do what is "right." But seeing how simple and definite my relation to my children has become I believe it would benefit other parents to revalue spanking as a wholesome way out of their involved psychic difficulties with their children.

Why is everything connected with the bringing up of children nowadays called a "problem"? If rearing them remains a problem after all the courses conscientious modern parents take in child psychology, after paying the utmost respect to their little egos from the day they are born, then something must be wrong with a system of conduct which not only takes the natural joy out of the relationship between parent and child by making it a continually conscious, habit-training affair, but which spoils the child at the same time.

In the little school my daughter goes to, the highest marks in scholarship and sportsmanship go to the farm children who have chores to do before and after school-hours, who pin tin-foil cigar-wrappings on their Christmas trees in lieu of ornament, children who are held to a strict account in all their ways of life, children who are rarely kissed or the object of solicitation, and who are shy before their elders; whereas it is the children who are given the finest advantages, who are stimulated by their modern parents to "express" their individuality, who are more likely to be unpleasant, rude, and egotistical.

There is no fun in having them around. They are so self-important that a modest adult feels apologetic in their presence. Their whole attitude breathes weariness and contempt for the people they may be compelled to put up with for a while. Or else they are apt to be pent up and difficult, rendered completely and solemnly self-conscious as a result of a training which psychoanalyzes their simplest wishes and acts.

ONE sees girls and boys in their early twenties, the first-fruits of such solicitation and "expressionism," who make one yearn for all the restrictions that hedge in the French young girl. It is of course proper that youth should know all, but not at all times and before all faces.

With the warnings of psychoanalysis in mind we are so intent upon giving children a full, free life in order that no inhibitions and repressions will accumulate, that too much deference of this kind is paid to children's feelings, and not enough consideration is given them in another and a deeper sense.

What is the use of unlimited freedom if they must pay for this "expressionism" with tragedy and thwarted will in their adult life? Why not prepare them, rather, to control themselves and their destinies? For, surely, if parents do not discipline a child, life itself will discipline him. It is much easier to accept discipline when one is a child than when one is grown, for the adult, being too old to remake himself, suffers, makes mistakes, and pays continually to the end.

Since these are the conditions of actual life, I am an advocate of spanking when it helps to do away with selfishness and temper and to teach children the primitive essentials which develop and strengthen the character.

Continued on Page 92

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CLEVER REALTORS *know the importance of* WALLS

CLEVER realtors the country over have discovered that it isn't necessary to furnish smart model apartments throughout ... Do the walls, hang the curtains—and the rooms come alive.

Well-chosen wallpapers—modern, semi-modern or classic—will start any new house on the road to chic, or revive the charm of an old house that now seems a little out of the movement ... To refurnish would take a fortune—in money and time. To repaper costs little, gives old furniture a modern setting—and now this expert assistance is to be had for the asking.

The Consulting Decorators' Bureau maintained by The Wallpaper Association will advise as to the types of paper and the colors best fitted for your rooms. They'll also tell you where to get papers that are guaranteed against fading. For fifty cents they'll send you 50 large-sized actual wallpaper samples and two booklets, "How to Modernize Your Home" and "Which Wallpaper and Why." Write The Wallpaper Association of United States, 10 East Fortieth Street, New York City.

The WALLPAPER ASSOCIATION

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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

Drawing by Edward Poucher

Making Airy Flights Practical

NOT "Airy, fairy Lillian," but "Aero, fairy Lillian"—this is the concession Tennyson would probably make to-day in view of woman's share in aviation. Such American names as Amelia Earhart, first woman to cross the Atlantic in a plane; Ruth Nichols, the ex-Vassar girl who after numerous exploits on foreign aviation-grounds became the first woman executive of an aircraft company; Phoebe Omlie, who emerged from a spectacular career as parachute-jumper and wing-walker to enter commercial fields, and who, in recognition of assistance rendered during the Mississippi Valley flood, was admitted to the International League of Aviators—the first woman thus honored—and "Bobby" Trout, holder of four records for women fliers—these bear witness to the progress made by women in the air since the time when Madame Blanchard, pioneer of her sex, dazzled the Paris of Napoleon by her balloon ascents.

Aside from these and other outstanding figures, our interest is witnessed by an ever-increasing enrolment in the various clubs. Such aviation organizations meet the demands of many who can not afford the rather appalling expenses of private ownership—the minimum of $2,500 for a good plane, the $25 to $50 for hangar-rent, the $300 for a course of lessons, and at least $10 an hour for running expenses. Compared to such items the $50 initiation fee, the $60 annual dues, and the $10 per lesson offered by certain well-established flying clubs sound almost like free air.

Are We Heading for St. James's?

THE passive rôle forced on woman throughout the centuries has resulted in one great feminine talent. It is that of waiting. Through watching for just the right moment when we may safely broach to the man of the family the subject nearest one's heart we have learned to bide our time. Nor is there anything disreputable in this gift. Does not Strachey point out that the ability to wait which Queen Elizabeth possessed in such superb measure is a sign of strength, not of weakness?

Possessing such patience in combination with tact, another quality evoked by our passive rôle, we have entered the field of diplomatic service with two temperamental essentials. One is reminded of this by the retirement of Miss Pattie Fields, first woman vice-consul ever appointed by America.

During more than three years at Amsterdam Miss Fields demonstrated so convincingly woman's fitness for diplomacy that to-day more and more women are being recommended for foreign posts. Yet it goes without saying, of course, that our native endowment has to be supplemented by rigorous mental discipline. Miss Fields, for example, won her appointment by passing a severe governmental test for which she had prepared by a course in political science at Radcliffe and by a year's study in Paris.

Movies—Silent and Chatty

KNOCKING Hollywood seems to have all the reputed virtue of knocking wood. Certainly it means good luck to do so among the *intelligentsia*, most of whom profess to find nothing good in the movies—unless done by Charlie Chaplin or the other side of the water.

It is in response to such superior minds that a great many independent motion-picture houses, small in dimension and usually sprayed against Hollywood, have sprung up in New York. Lately these, as well as less hallowed shrines of pure "art," have been exploiting films sent us by the Soviet. These are literally Russian caviar to the general. Few are the people who really enjoy them.

Why should they? Usually they are like the multiplication tables—they have progression, but no story. Not only this, but they are incredibly gloomy. Give the Russian the Czar's brutal officers, a snow-whipped prison wall, a few gaunt wolves, and one lone star and he begins to feel cozy and expansive.

In spite of such drawbacks, however, one must admit magnificent photography and a high standard of acting. For example, "In Old Siberia," a late picture, there is a portrait of a Czar-iest officer which is an artistic gem. The officer is introduced by his boots alone. These—immaculate, polished, precise—constitute a supreme foreshadowing of a nature which, insatiable in cruelty and sensuousness, moves in the inexorable rhythms of the military machine.

Meanwhile the wider audience attracted by our American talking films are finding much to buoy them up. Truth to say, the baby-talk movies are fast developing a more adult utterance. So far the best productions I have seen are "Madame X," with Ruth Chatterton, and "Alibi," but many other satisfactory ones are emerging all the time.

"Scarlet Sister Mary"—a Classic

THE elemental has not enjoyed much attention from our postwar writers. Old values have, in fact, been challenged perpetually by a generation which witnessed human stability mocked by the World War. Yet that the pendulum is swinging back is indicated by the selection of Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" as the Pulitzer prize novel.

The heroine of this novel is a negress of the high-class Dullah type. Because of her race and primitive environment she presents the old range of human emotion—love, motherhood, religion, courage—as unscathed by modern weariness and disillusionment as the heroës of the Trojan war. A heroine like this is a great test of the objectivity of a writer. To this test Mrs. Peterkin is more than equal. With rare and poetic insight she has penetrated a pure spirit involved in patterns of life that the world calls impure.

To read this story of the wise, tender, proud negro woman who, deserted by the one man she has ever loved, regards all other men as but agents to her indomitable youth and fruitfulness, is to re-enter an old literary kingdom.

Peace! Does It Begin in School?

I GREW up to hate the "redcoats" of 1776. So much was this hatred ingrained in me by early history classes in the public schools that even now, ardent admirer of the English as I am, that early ferocity is apt to overthrow the most pleasant relationships. Let an Englishwoman say something counter to my beliefs and I flame up at the whole world of feather boas, kippered herring, chintzes, tea-baskets, and correct inflections.

My case is representative. Practically all of my countrymen have come out of school with the same deep-rooted antagonism.

Parallel this by French children educated on resentment of the German invasion of 1870, and by German children fed with the belief that England was a sanctimonious robber nation.

If you do this—if you can, in fact, envisage every history class in every land as a mirror constantly holding up to impressionable young minds old bitter images of national grudges—you locate one of the chief reasons of war. The instant that the surface tolerance of the adult is scratched, lo! the teaching of childhood rises to put a sword in one's hand.

For this reason the Education Era Exposition of the World Federation of Education Associations, held at Geneva last Summer, represented a move toward peace more inspiring than any of the majestic propaganda heralded on every front page.

It was to the teachers of every land that this salient event addressed itself, and if at all successful it will affect more than one hundred million future citizens.

The exposition attempted by various exhibits and lectures to impress upon educators of the world a type of instruction far different from the former "My country is always right. It has the best of everything. Its enemies have nothing."

It stressed forming young minds on lines of patriotism that involves a respect for the achievements of other lands—in other words, of bringing up children on love rather than on hatred.

The Spiritual Clinic Expanding

FOR centuries the church represented to many a sanctuary to which the tired and baffled soul flies from the world. In late years, however, it is susceptible of many new interpretations. Not only to shelter and comfort the world-weary heart, but to provide means for making it less world-weary—this is the aspiration of many a modern ecclesiastic.

Such aspiration reached concrete expression in the spiritual clinic organized last Winter by the Rev. Moses R. Lovell, pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., under the title of the Washington Life Adjustment Institute. This institute offered each week the free services of physicians, psychiatrists, vocational experts, and spiritual advisers to all those suffering from maladjustments—the love-lorn maiden, the woman searching for an interest, the man who couldn't get along in business.

So popular did the clinic immediately become that this Autumn, when it reopens, it will be assisted by an unofficial nominational committee of prominent citizens, headed by Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, noted scientist, who sees in the movement an opportunity for a new "union of science and religion."

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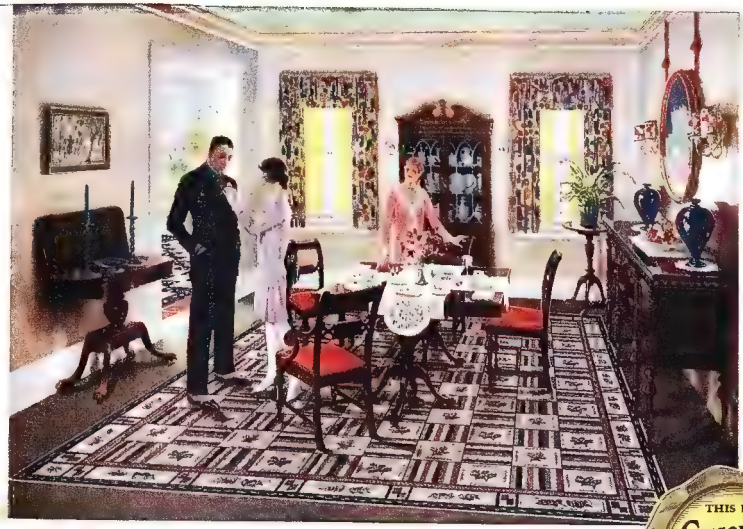

THIS IS A CONGOLEUM RUG
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

Now-the loveliest of hooked-rug effects in a *genuine* CONGOLEUM RUG

"CONCORD," the lovely rug shown above, was *really* designed by a maiden who lived in Colonial times. For this same pattern was originally woven into a hooked rug nearly 200 years ago. Today its charming simplicity and enduring beauty are faithfully reproduced in a labor-saving, inexpensive Congoleum Rug.

There are many other Congoleum patterns which are equally artistic. For example, *Du Barry*, *Poppy*, *Mikado* and *Palmetto* shown on this page. Of course, these swatches give but a hint of their real beauty. Remember the names and have your dealer show you the actual rugs.

Only Congoleum Rugs are made by the *Multicote Process* which assures years of satisfactory service. And the smooth, water-proof surface is indeed a blessing. Cleaned with a damp mop in no time at all, these up-to-date rugs bring to busy housewives golden hours of leisure.

Just a word of caution: You'll know Congoleum Rugs by the big Gold Seal pasted right on the face of the pattern. To protect yourself against inferior substitutes, be sure it appears on the rugs you buy. More rugs bearing this Gold Seal have been sold than all similar brands combined.

In every way, *genuine* Congoleum Rugs are the world's "best buy" in floor-coverings. All popular sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

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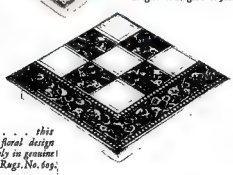
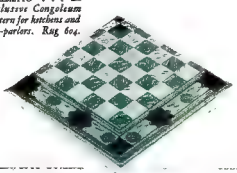
Beware of imitations—look for this Gold Seal!

"DU BARRY" . . . *a lovely old-world motif, to be had only in Congoleum Rugs. No. 326.*



"POPPY" . . . *this charming floral design is made only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. No. 609.*

"MIKADO" . . . *only in genuine Congoleum Rugs can you secure this rich Oriental design. It is Rug 607*



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

—none genuine without the Gold Seal!

Free—"THE QUEST FOR COLOR"

Let us send you this interesting folder showing the complete line of *genuine* Congoleum Rugs in their full, rich colorings. From it you can determine which design will go best with any decorative scheme. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.
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Original from

117 tasted

CAN Crisco improve the flavor of fried foods so much that people will notice the difference—even men who may not know the difference between a skillet and a double boiler?

I wanted to know. (I have an experimental kitchen where we're always making unusual tests. Besides, I have that kind of curiosity.)

So, for weeks I made tests to find out. I asked my visitors to taste potatoes fried in Crisco and then potatoes fried in another good cooking fat. I made tests in other kitchens, too.

In all, 117 people tasted. One was an executive of an important New York company. One was food editor of a leading women's magazine. Four were artists. Two were workmen who were making repairs around my kitchen.

Without knowing which was which, 95 out of the 117 chose the potatoes fried in Crisco!

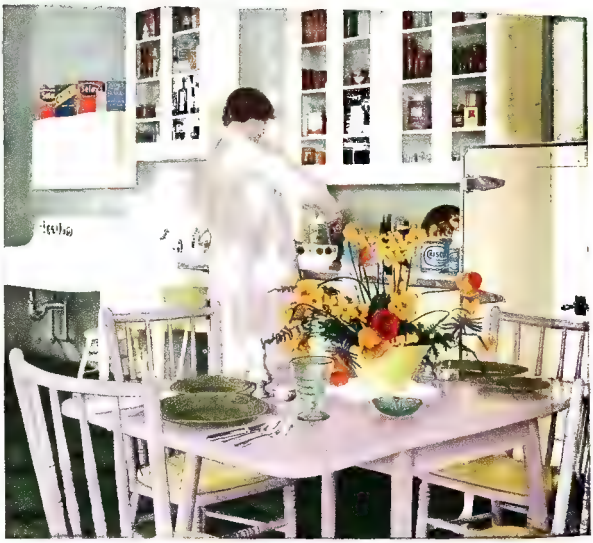
"Because they're nicer." "Because they're not greasy." "They taste more like real potatoes," they said in explaining their choice.

That proved something to me which I had long suspected:

Even people who may not be epicures *can*, and *do*, discriminate about the subtleties of food flavors. And especially about the flavors of *fried* foods. I've cooked for a lot of people, and I've found that when I serve them foods fried in Crisco, they usually say "What makes this *taste* so good?"

Crisco makes fried foods taste good because it tastes so good itself.

I have never been willing to fry food in a fat that I haven't been willing to taste in its natural state. That's the reason I use Crisco —because it tastes as fresh and pure as unsalted butter.



My experimental kitchen, where I made the potato tests.

If you want to make a vast improvement in the flavor of everything you fry in your skillet, I suggest that you just make this simple change: *Fry in Crisco.* And, if you wish to prove the truth of my statement—for yourself—taste Crisco, just as it comes sweet and fresh from its air-tight can. Then you will know why *95 out of 117* people preferred the Crisco-fried potatoes. Your grocer sells Crisco in various sized tins.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your

Go gle

potatoes --- 95 chose the ones fried in Crisco because they tasted nicer

POTATO APPLES — JULIENNE POTATOES — CARAMEL SWEETS

12 WAYS TO SERVE FRIED POTATOES

WITH Crisco and your skillet and your deep-frying kettle (or saucepan) you can surprise your husband and your family with potatoes fried in ever so many interesting and different ways.

On this page I suggest a dozen. Some of them are the old familiar stand-bys. Others are ways used by chefs in smart hotels and restaurants.

Cottage-Fried Potatoes

Slice cold boiled potatoes and brown on both sides in Crisco in your frying pan. Fried in Crisco, your potatoes will be a good-looking even brown, without unsightly scorched places.

Caramel Sweets

Slice cold boiled sweet potatoes and fry as Cottage-fried potatoes, with this exception: sprinkle the potatoes generously on both sides with granulated sugar while they are frying.

Rich Potato Cakes

You can make extra-delicious potato cakes to serve with cold meat by adding a beaten egg to left-over mashed potatoes. Form into round flat cakes and brown on both sides in the sweet-tasting Crisco in the skillet.

French-Fried Potatoes

All the utensils you need are an ordinary saucepan, a wire strainer (or a French-frying basket) and a 3-lb. can of Crisco.

Pare potatoes and cut in strips ½ inch thick. Soak in cold or ice water about 1 hour, drain and dry between towels. Fill saucepan about half full of Crisco and heat slowly. (Don't be afraid to use enough. You can use Crisco over and over—when done, simply strain Crisco back into can through cheesecloth or a fine sieve.)

When Crisco is hot enough to brown a bread cube in 20 seconds (395° F.), it is ready to fry potatoes. Don't wait for Crisco to smoke—it *doesn't* at the proper temperature. Fill strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat a little, as cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.

When brown, lift potatoes out of the fat, shake lightly, then drain potatoes on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt. Now enjoy the finest French-fried potatoes you ever tasted!

Julienne Potatoes

These are sometimes called shoe-string potatoes or potatoes allumettes (matchstick). Pare potatoes. Cut in matchlike strips. Soak in cold or ice water ½ hour. Drain and dry between towels. Fry as you would French-fried potatoes (see recipe) 'til a delicate brown.

Sweet Potato Puffs

4 medium size boiled sweet potatoes; 1 egg, well beaten; ½ teaspoon salt; dash of pepper.

Put potatoes through ricer, mix with egg and seasoning. Drop by teaspoons in grated bread crumbs, roll into balls. Fry as French-fried potatoes. Crisco browns them almost instantly, without soaking into the soft mixture.

Hashed Brown Potatoes

Chop and season cold boiled potatoes. Brown in Crisco in your frying pan. Stir occasionally until partly brown all through. Then let them brown over top, fold over like an omelet and serve immediately.

IN ITS NEW AIR-TIGHT CAN, AS SWEET AND FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE

Pittsburgh Potatoes

These are really hashed brown potatoes with a little chopped green pepper added.

Potatoes O'Brien

Dice cold boiled potatoes. Mix them with chopped raw bacon, onion and pimiento. Fry in Crisco in a frying pan as you would hashed brown potatoes.

Lyonnaise Potatoes

Slice cold boiled potatoes thin, add as much sliced onion as you like, a little chopped parsley and fry all together in Crisco in the skillet, tossing the potatoes with a fork until they are a nice brown.

Sauté Potatoes

Dice cold boiled potatoes and fry in Crisco in the frying pan.

Potato Apples

I discovered these in a smart Park Avenue restaurant. Choose potatoes about the size of crab apples (if you're clever with the paring knife you can fashion these out of larger potatoes.) Fry in deep hot Crisco (395° F. or when a bread cube browns in 20 seconds) until an appetizing brown and cooked through. Insert a clove in one side to look like the blossom end of an apple, a sprig of parsley on the other side to do duty as the leaf. Dash paprika on one cheek to give a rosy glow.

FREE! *12 dozen Time-Saving Recipes*

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free; simply fill in and mail coupon below.

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Please send me, free, the cook book "12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes."

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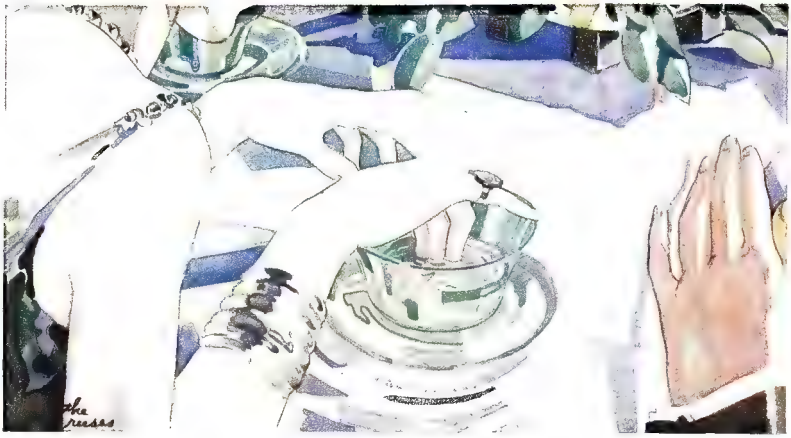


Do you ever wish you could *leave your hands at home?*

Isn't there something a bit heart-breaking about hands that carry tales of dishwashing and cleaning into a gay and charming party? They are like poor little forlorn strangers wandering among the lights and pretty frocks by mistake.

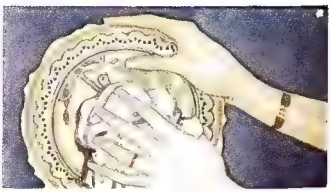
Hands *can't* look gaily smooth and white after a busy day in and out of the strong, parching suds of harsh "kitchen soaps." But if soap-and-water tasks are done with Ivory—*then*, hands can work cheerfully and tell no tales when working hours are done.

Have you ever thought that when you use Ivory for any purpose you are merely giving your hands a gentle Ivory bath? And Ivory baths are as kind to hands as they are to the millions of jolly little rose-leaf babies who receive them every day.

Ivory for dishes (and how they sparkle!). Ivory for your heirloom mahogany or new lacquered furniture (Ivory protects their delicate gloss). Ivory for cottons and linens (colors are safer). Delicate cleansing tasks or sturdy ones—Ivory does them for you quickly and well.

And your hands, as we believe you will discover if you try "Ivory for everything," will be smoother and whiter and lovelier . . . ready to adorn any party with a carefree grace. PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free: *A little book on charm.* What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? For figures? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming," and address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VR-119, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Don't let the beauty of your hands slip away in three-times-a-day dishwashing. Ivory will protect them. (And isn't it a much nicer idea to use pure Ivory for the dishes anyway?)

A pure soap is the best cleansing agent you can find. While Ivory is protecting your hands, it will also do all your soap-and-water tasks quickly and well.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % Pure

Kind to everything it touches

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"HE MADE IT CLEAR HE WAS NOT GOING TO BE AWARE OF HER PRESENCE UNTIL HE HAD GOT RID OF HIS OTHER VISITOR."

FASCINATION

First instalment of a strikingly powerful modern novel dealing with a certain social problem that many women have to face

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrations by R. F. JAMES

CAREFULLY unclosing his clear turquoise-colored eyes, Eugene thought he must have been very drunk the night before—or no, not very drunk, he added, giving his conscience a quick rap on the head. His curtained room was almost dark, but something in the quality of the sunlight that came in on the blue carpet told him that the hour was late.

So far, having moved nothing but his eyelids, he was under the impression that he felt remarkably well. Well, that is for a man who had consumed as much liquor as he had. Yes, he thought complacently, perhaps he had been drunk—Titanically drunk—and here he was the next morning feeling a Titan. Ah, ah, strength and a good constitution!

And then the thought of Linda brought him down to earth. She would be angry—no, distressed—and oh, so tactful! She wasn't a woman to attack a man before he had had his coffee. She would wait until late in the day, perhaps even until the next day, and then she would let him know that she was deeply disappointed in him.

He would much rather she met him with a broomstick from behind the door than behave as if she had been obliged to acquire a technique in dealing with him; as if she had married a drunkard instead of a man with a rich, joyous instinct for companionship which did now and then lead him. Really these virtuous, untempted people—What did Linda know about the impulses that led a man to get drunk? Nothing. Yet that did not keep her from judging him.

He remembered bitterly something she had said to him the last time he was drunk. She had said—he could hear that tuneful beautiful voice of hers saying it, "You're ruining your physique and your temper, Gene, which were abou all you had to offer." Strange that a gentle, dependen creature like Linda could be so hard and icy at times. was only last Sunday she had said that. And this was Fri day. Good gracious, had he been drunk as lately as Sun day? Ruining his physique, was he? He'd show her.

He made a sudden movement, sat up, rang the bell b his bedside, and at once wild pains shot through his head and then his whole body seemed to become nothing but case for pain and nausea. The streak of sunlight on th carpet was a jabbing injury. The pale gray wall-paper—dots on a paler gray background danced and weaved horribly like maggots. Why did Linda choose a wall-pape with dots? How horrible to have a tongue, a mouth, throat, a stomach!

He had rung twice, the signal for his coffee. He hopec

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Linda would not bring it to him herself. Often when they had spent their nights apart she came in with his tray, or he with hers, and sat on the edge of the bed, and told the story of the last night's entertainment, or the morning mail. But now if she came she would be reserved, or determinedly pleasant, or blank like a sheet of glass. That was the trouble with marriage. After you had been married thirteen years you knew the other person so well that you could always prophesy too accurately.

An icy bath and pick-me-up that a doctor in the Argonne had once given him somewhat restored him by the time Delia, the waitress, brought him coffee.

"I only brought coffee, sir," she said, "as lunch will be ready in half an hour."

Any one but a fool would know he did not want anything but coffee—black coffee. Delia belonged wholly to Linda. He knew she disapproved of him. He would not ask her where Linda was, altho he wanted to know.

An hour later he came down-stairs, and went blinking into the afternoon sunlight—a pure blue sky and a bright russet world. He could not touch luncheon. He thought he would go over to the country club and play a few sets of squash with the marker, and abandon all idea of going to the office that day. It was so late. By the time he got there the exchange would be closing.

He telephoned, and learned that the senior partner, Mr. Mellick, had not been down-town that day. Eugene was relieved. "The old slacker," he thought, as he hung up the receiver, "taking his Fridays off now as well as Saturdays —in this market, too. Well, he can't reproach me."

He rang, and Delia appeared, very neat in a gray uniform. He thought her dark, pointed face was like that of a shark. He said he did not care for any luncheon, and where was Mrs. Fenwick. Mrs. Fenwick had gone to town about midday.

"By train or in the car?"

Delia looked blank. "By train, sir." And then she added, "I believe the car is out of order."

"Out of order?" said Eugene, not angry, for, as Linda had said, his temper was excellent, but he was surprized. Mack, their chauffeur, did contrive to keep the old car in excellent running order. "What's the matter with it?"

"I believe Mack found it run into the tree at the corner this morning, sir," said Delia, and left the room.

Darn the woman, she had scored again! He remembered now that he had found a tree unexpectedly placed. There had been a sort of scrunch. He had walked the last part of the way. What a bore! He'd go and talk to Mack, a man, who would not regard him as a criminal, like all these women. Right or wrong, you could not let yourself be woman-ridden.

In the garage he found Mack, who during the course of the morning had succeeded in getting the car back, was working at it in brown overalls, looking like a large, napless Teddy-bear.

"Well, sir," he said, "I see the big tree at the corner got in your way last night."

For the first time since he woke, Eugene's features relaxed. Mack himself was not quite so steady as a chauffeur should be. Not a word was said between them on the subject, and yet Eugene felt that to be drunk at times was the great prerogative of the human male, against which women like Linda and Delia might set their pale disapproval in vain.

He would walk to the club, refusing Mack's offer to drive him over in the disreputable old truck. Yes, he would walk; he needed exercise. Besides he remembered there was some old whisky in his locker—just what he needed at the moment.

SUDDENLY, in the middle of his third set, he began to think about Linda, his lovely Linda. Where had she been? Why had she gone to town at all? What if she had already come back and had been waiting and wondering? What a husband he was to her, poor child, to be drunk the night before and smash the car, and then not even be on hand to apologize!

He stopped short and ran all the way home. It was dusk; dark in the woods. There was a delicious smell of dead leaves as his feet crushed them as he ran.

Suppose that this time she were really angry, not with a fierce, burning anger, but with that cold remoteness of hers which he could never bear? He came in sight of the house, a low, gray-shingled farmhouse, built in the early eighteenth century by the first English settlers on Long Island. He and Linda had bought it just after their marriage. It was tiny—only one story and the great gabled roof.

They had changed the two little rooms on the right of the door into one sitting-room, and left the two on the other side as a dining-room and a study for him. Their bedrooms were up-stairs, under the gable of the shingled roof, and the servants' rooms and the kitchen in a small extension hidden away at the back. They had always intended to add a big room for themselves, but their finances never made it advisable. It did not take him long to look through the house for her. She was not in.

He went and sat down by the fire in the living-room. The walls were painted green, with recessed book-shelves, and opposite the fireplace hung a magnificent Gothic tapestry, the most valuable thing in the house. Nicholas Watts had given it to him as a wedding-present. Tea was set out, as if Delia were expecting Linda. He felt comforted at the sight. He and Linda had laughed in old times about an aunt of his who made a practise of disappearing with all her children whenever her husband, Eugene's mad uncle, took to drinking. He never knew where they were, and had been known to seek them half round the world.

Lately the story had seemed less humorous. But Linda would never do anything like that. She was too gentle, too tender, too loyal. Still he did wish she would come home. Perhaps he ought to know where she was, if he always listened more attentively to her plans, if his mind were clearer.

He rang the bell, resolved to question Delia, who came presently with the kettle, having misunderstood the ring.

"Did Mrs. Fenwick say when she would be back?"

"No, sir."

He felt the woman was glad that she could not help him.

"Of course she'll be back for dinner?"

"We have dinner, sir, tho Mrs. Fenwick went away without ordering it."

"Oh."

He was glad to hear the door close discreetly behind Delia. How unlike Linda to forget to order dinner, or deliberately not to order it! He felt cold and shivery in spite of the roaring fire. His circulation was bad. Whatever Linda might resolve, he would never let her go, never. He thought he would get a whisky-and-soda —or no, he would not greet her smelling of it. He would take tea. He made himself a cup, black as strong coffee.

As second after second passed he felt the rising tide of terror. If Linda had left him he was done. There was nothing but Linda between him and an abyss. How was it possible that people—men—a man like himself had allowed himself to become so dependent on a woman that her presence was life or death to him? Linda was lovely as a dream, but not a strong character, not a dominating woman.

Why was he in this bondage to her—that only she could save him? He had been so sure of her love he had never asked himself why she should continue to love him, drunken beast that he had been. But now he asked himself, and waited for an answer like a man screaming for help into the empty night.

Then suddenly he heard outside the wished-for sound of brakes, the rattle and slammed door of the only station taxi, the creak of the little gate. He stood up, set down his untouched cup with an unsteady hand. He was relieved beyond all power of expression that she had come home, and yet still frightened of what he might see in her face.

She stood in the doorway. She had not been shopping, for her hands were empty, and she held them out to him. "Oh, my darling!" she said. They met in the middle of the room and clung to each other. They did not speak. This was not unusual in Linda, who, even in moments of stress, had great capacity for silence. Indeed one of the most bitter criticisms ever made of her had been made by another woman who said, "She is the sort of person who never speaks unless she knows exactly what she's going to say."

But now even Eugene, much more vocal than she, had nothing to say; but then speech is not necessary in emotional crises to those who have complete freedom of physical contact.

It was Linda finally who spoke. "Do you want some tea, dear?" Her voice sounded liquid, like the voice of a person who has been crying, but her eyes were dry. Eugene's were not—quite. He blew his nose. He felt something recently changed in her, and thought that he had made her suffer too much, so that she was not quite the same Linda that she had been yesterday.

Delia came in with the tea things, and he said rather stupidly, "It must have been uncomfortable for you going into town in the train. I'm so sorry about the car."

"Oh, I've been in a train before in my time, you know, dear," Linda answered. He could feel her attention drift a little from him as a man while she looked to see that he had everything he needed as a husband.

When Delia had gone he asked, "Why did you go to town to-day?"

There was a pause. At first he thought she was merely busy about the tea. Then looking at her, he saw that she was hesitating, that she did not want to answer; had not, characteristically enough, quite made up her mind what to do in a crisis which she had perfectly clearly foreseen.

"AS MARION TOOK OFF HER HAT SHE WAS ALREADY DINARY THINGI A BOX OF GARDENIAS, AND IN

"Linda," he said sharply, "why did you go to town?"

She had made up her mind now, and answered quietly, "I went to see Mr. Watts."

His hand, still not very steady, had been going out for his cup and was frozen by her words. "You went to see Nicholas?"

Her great gray eyes fixed themselves sadly on him. "Yes," she said.

"Nicholas. Why in thunder Nicholas?" It was not really a question; it was a form of disapproval.

"I thought, Gene, you would mind him less than any one."

He minded terribly. He minded the sudden picture of himself as a problem over which she must have help; he minded the fact that she had taken definite independent action. He was frightened by it. He had always recognized the independence of her mind. He could remember years ago, when they were engaged and trying to devise vows different from other people's vows, how she had tossed off the suggestion that future generations would look back on people who kept their marriage vows as we look back on nuns who allowed themselves to be walled up alive.

Intellectually Linda had no moral limitations, but in her actions she had been almost childishly dependent

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Why de-
his approval. Before she dismissed a servant or changed
ghbrades person she had a craving to be assured that she
as right. It frightened him now to know all the stress she
to suffer have been through to take action like this—to go
to live to town and see Watts, a man she hardly knew. She
ly must have telephoned for an appointment. He almost
-phrased *Hamlet* as he reflected, "My beautiful wife

URING TO LINDA: "THE MOST EXTRAOR-
DEST THE MOST DIVINE WRIST-WATCH"

action! All is not well." "I can't understand your
ing such a thing," he said.

She did not rush to defend herself; said nothing at all.
might have added also that he did not understand his
n intense repugnance to her action. It was like fear; it
s like jealousy, except of course he could not be jealous
a man she had never seen before, a man who was forty,
d not quite of Linda's world. And a great friend of his.
ght was fear. He feared Watts, as we all fear those mem-
rs of our own sex whose qualities we admire and envy.
en fear such people more than women do, for the reason
at the qualities men admire in men are more dangerous
ed predatory than the qualities women admire in women.
To certain women Watts's contemptuous liberality was
ossistible, but Eugene was not really afraid that Linda,
pective and overfastidious as she was, would be danger-
ally attracted to him. But it seemed more than possible
him that Watts, in the course of a long emotional inter-
w, might experience one of his sudden passions for
nda. Yes, as Eugene thought of it, his wife was the
wer of the type that Watts had always chosen—those
n, long-legged, clear-eyed girls—
And it was to this man that Linda had gone for help,
, her husband, had driven her to this. It seemed to him

that Linda, of all women in the world, was least able to cope with a man of Watts's type. Stupider women could have managed him better. It was not exactly that she lacked will, but behind her will was a delicate logical process, like some lovely glass structure that could be destroyed by a rough jolt, a harsh word, and then she was utterly defenseless, like a child who has forgotten its way. He saw how she could be shocked and hurt by Watts, even while Watts was trying to help her. That was perhaps the change in her—she had been wounded and had come home to him.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I won't reproach you, altho I think it was a terrible thing for you to do, because I imagine you already regret it."

"I think it was the wisest thing I ever did." Her tone frightened him.

"Linda! What did he advise you to do? To put poison in my tea and forget I had ever lived to plague you? That's about Nick's idea of dealing with an emotional problem."

She looked at him and slowly shook her head—either in negation or reproof, he could not be sure.

"What did he say to you?"

She spoke now as she sometimes had a fuhey, childish way of doing on an intaken breath. "Oh, Gene, he told me to love you more—better."

Eugene, deeply moved, covered her hand where it lay beside him on the sofa. His heart melted within him, with relief and love. But behind this more serious feeling was a satisfaction that Nick had been on his side, had not been led away by the flattering visit of a lovely creature like Linda, had been his friend first and her adviser after.

"He wasn't rude to you, was he?"

"Oh, no."

"He can be."

"I have no doubt that he can be," she replied.

"What did you really think of him?"

It was a hard question to answer. She hesitated and then laughed.

"I'll tell," she said, "what I rather fatuously thought—that nothing showed your wisdom and quality so much as the fact that at twenty you were wise enough to pick him out of all the men you knew at college and make him your friend, so that now when people are making such a fuss about him he remains so intensely loyal to you."

Eugene smiled. It was not quite as Linda suggested. He had not stooped and picked out Watts. Rather the other way. The specter of Watts coming between them was completely laid.

"He has been a very dependable friend to me," he said.

"But don't let's talk of him," she answered. "I want to talk about us—you and me. I see everything so clearly."

And she went on eagerly to tell him where she now knew she had failed him, where her nature seemed always to fail; that she had been just and kind where she should have been partizan and generous, and that, however much she had loved him, she had always reserved the right to judge, to criticize. She had never, as it were, gone off the deep end for him, and

He seemed to hear the ring of a phrase not Linda's own. "My darling," he said, "I can't see how any of it is your fault."

"If I had been different you would have been different. And I will be different," she added proudly. He saw that she was stirred, inspired by a new idea. Some of the ice in her nature had broken and new streams of emotion flowing. He felt instantly how much easier reform would be with this new Linda. All his sense of guilt disappeared, because he was no longer in the presence of his judge. Nevertheless he made his vow to her. He had made it before, as long ago as when he married her against the will of all her family and friends. They were very happy together that evening, gay with the gaiety that is the crest on the wave of an enormous wave of emotion.

THERE are and always have been giants in the world; only in old days they were gigantic in stature, and to-day the general like-mindedness and easy intercommunications of modern life make them giants in personality. That is to say there are men and women of remarkable attainments whose prestige is greater, more magical, and, alas, too often briefer than those attainments seem to justify.

If they are portrait-painters, every one must have a picture by them; if they are actors, every role suitable and unsuitable is pressed upon them; if they are financiers, they must serve on every executive board and be a patron of every charity, at least as long as their star is high. This prestige of theirs is like a fever, a pestilence that spreads no one can tell how. It is a quality in itself, as truth or beauty is a quality.

Mysterious as it is, there are certain attributes that those who possess it hold in common. They are usually lonely people, emotionally unattached, unmarried, or unhappily married, remote from any family group; they are of course eminent in their own line of work, whatever that may be; they have some charm or distinction of physical appearance, and they never appear to seek the publicity that they attract.

At the moment Watts was such a figure. He was known to have made money in the last few years, and he was believed to be a strong, able man; but these facts in no way accounted for the interest he excited, since richer and abler men were passed by.

The word spread through the financial districts as inexplicably as news is said to spread through the jungle of Africa, that Watts was the man to make a new company or save an old one. And this opinion, held by men powerful in finance, spread easily to wives powerful in social affairs. Linda noticed that an old friendship with Watts was nowadays considered a social asset.

BUT it was not of course because he was a giant that Linda went to him, but because he was a friend of Eugene's, a friend they had always been able to count on. It was he who, by bringing his great trading account into the office of Mellick and Company, had made Eugene's junior partnership inevitable. For many years Linda had thought of him with that warmth we feel for those who are kind to one we love.

She had seen him, as a matter of fact, only a few times. He had, she was told, been at her wedding, but of that rather terrible occasion she remembered very little. When after a year of bitter opposition her family had consented to her marrying Eugene, they had known no alternative but a conventional wedding—Grace Church and a reception much too large for the tiny house in East Fifty-fourth Street.

She recalled the long drive down-town with her father, whose anxieties were divided between fear for her future and terror of his part in the approaching ceremony, so that at Forty-second Street he was saying, "Remember, my dear, whatever happens, you will always have a home with me," and at Fourteenth Street was asking which hand of hers he should give Eugene, and must he walk all the way round her train.

She had felt inclined first to cry and then to laugh at his distress. She remembered taking his arm, and the first sight of Eugene waiting for her at the altar, so golden-headed and broad-shouldered in his new black cutaway; then her brother Richard's face as she turned from the altar, looking at her as if she were dying and he would never see her again.

No, Watts was not among her recollections of that day, but she did of course remember that Eugene had brought him to the little farmhouse once or twice, but never when she had had much chance to talk to him. The only time she had really spoken with him had been a few months before at the races, when Eugene had led him up to her saying that it was absurd that she and Nick didn't know each other better.

With that acute consciousness of Eugene's whereabouts, which was partly love of him and partly distrust of his habits, she had been aware, far off, that he was bringing Watts to her. She recognized Watts's tall, spare figure and those too jutting black eyebrows—too jutting, that is, for any one but the caricaturists, to whom they were a godsend, since Watts could always be depicted with two black wings

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over his eye-sockets and a right angle for his jaw. He came and stood below her, looking up at her with dark, intense blue eyes, more brilliant than is common in eyes of so dark a blue.

She had been a little excited, a little more alive and cordial than was her habit, for she had even then been thinking that it might help her to make a friend of this dominating friend of Eugene's.

"Come and talk to me, Mr. Watts," she said. "Or are you so interested in the horses that you can't talk?"

"No, I'm not interested in horses."

"How disappointing! Neither am I, but I thought you were the sort of person who never did anything he wasn't interested in."

"I didn't say I wasn't interested in gambling," he returned. "You, I imagine, are not."

They looked at each other reflectively for an instant, and in the pause Flora Lynton interrupted. It was the Lynton box, and Flora had some time since decided to acquire Watts for an industrial school in the South in which she was interested. She had no art, no indirection, nothing but an iron will and a conspicuous social position. She came forward, insisted on Watts being introduced to her, bent over the box, and talked to him.

"SHE LAUGHED. 'I'M GOING FURTHER THAN TOWN. I'M GOING TO ARIZONA.' 'OH,' HE SAID, 'I CAN'T BEAR IT'"

LINDA felt herself growing a little rigid as she thought, "Flora wants this more than I ever wanted anything. Is it philanthropy or despotism?" As Flora talked she could see Watts sinking into a deeper and deeper silence. People stopped to speak to her, came into the box. Bells rang, judges appeared in the stand, but still Flora talked over the edge of the box.

"And so you will go on the board, Mr. Watts?"

"No, Mrs. Lynton."

"Well, you'll become a life-member?"

"No, Mrs. Lynton."

"Nonsense! I'll send you the literature on the school."

"No, Mrs. Lynton."

Flora inveighed against him after he was gone. Really what one suffered with these people who didn't know how to behave! But Linda knew that Flora would continue to pursue him. She did not much blame him for his rudeness. She herself had been caught in the tide of Flora's activities.

That was the only time she had ever talked with him, but of course she knew a great deal about him—knew, as now every one did, the dramatic story of his first meeting with Eugene.

It was the Winter of Eugene's senior year in college. Handsome, light-hearted, good-tempered, and a magnificent, natural athlete, Eugene was at the very summit of life—a god, as only in old times a college could give a man godship. He and five or six of his friends were in the habit of playing poker every Saturday night in a room over a saloon in town, which they could rent without fear of disturbance from the college authorities.

A man called Raymond was playing with them that evening. He did not always play, but they usually asked him to. He was a little out of their circle—a graduate student, a shy, quiet man, whom they all liked, and forgot about until Saturday night came round. Then it was usually Raymond who went into town a little ahead and had the chips counted out for them. He often won, not large sums, but as he was indisputably the best player no one resented it.

The evening in question he was winning more heavily. It was the last Saturday before the mid-year recess, and every one felt a little reckless. Raymond had just won an enormous pot with four tens against a full house of Eugene's, when the waiter, who had been in and out all night with mugs of beer, interrupted them.

"Any one here by the name of Raymond?" he said.

Eugene, glancing up at the tall black-browed waiter, felt vaguely that he had seen him before, but he was troubled by his losses, and was gathering up the cards to deal.

Raymond looked up from piling his newly acquired chips. "You're wanted on the telephone."

Raymond was surprized. "Isn't possible. No one knows where I am."

"Isn't your name Syd Raymond?" He was finally persuaded and left the room, while Eugene was dealing. The next instant the waiter had upset a mug of beer over the cards, and, profusely apologizing, gave them another pack of the same pattern.

The hands were dealt when Raymond came back, declaring there hadn't been any one on the wire. He stood watching the cards for a moment, and then rather suddenly started to leave the room again.

"I'll be right back," he said. "Just deal me out a hand or two."

But the tall waiter was between him and the door, and said to him in a clear voice that every man in the room heard, "Don't you want to take your own marked cards with you?"

Every man was on his feet in an instant. The first wave of emotion was in favor of Raymond and against the stranger. But the crisis had been neatly brought about, and no argument was possible. Watts, the waiter, gave a short talk on marked cards. He was working his way through college in a position slightly more hazardous and better paid than those recommended by the faculty committee on self-help.

ALL the men were grateful, but Eugene most of all. The others could better afford to lose money. Eugene was going through college on money carefully saved and counted out by his father, the dominating and terrifying figure of Eugene's youth. Gambling was, in the old man's eyes, a black and unforgivable sin. It would have meant the end of Eugene's college career, perhaps a return to the Indiana farm, over which the old man ruled like a despot.

If there were any hate in Eugene's nature he felt it for his father, and yet when a few months later the old man died suddenly Eugene found himself strangely wildly upset—alternately triumphant like a wild animal set free, and frightened like a lost child. In his distress he had turned to Watts, as if Watts alone could take the place of the other man's directing force in his life.

For the few months between his father's death and his graduation Linda knew that Watts had kept Eugene sober and at work.

One other incident she has from Watts—a less favorable element. A few years before there had been a peculiar public scandal. Watts's name spread across the front page of every paper in New York. Rosie Bradford, a very beautiful show-girl, had sued Watts for a large sum of money on the ground that he had kidnaped her on his yacht and taken her to an island he owned in the West Indies. Watts had defended the suit and won a verdict.

Most people felt that he and his lawyers had made a great mistake in letting the case come to trial at all. The girl had evidently expected that they would not, for the case was made on her own letters asking to be taken on the trip. Somebody had said in Linda's hearing that Watts had certainly dished himself socially; but if in these liberal days scandals do dish people socially, they certainly don't dish those who appear to be utterly indifferent to social attractions.

Linda could not see that Watts had suffered in the least. A few people said that they would never ask such a man to their houses, but, as Eugene remarked, these were just the people to whose houses it wouldn't amuse Linda to go anyhow.

THIS was the picture she had of the man to whom a few days before she had written asking for an appointment. She wanted, she said, to consult him about something in relation to Eugene. "He'll probably think we want to borrow money," she thought, but could not think of any way of reassuring him on paper, and she could come to his office if that were more convenient for him.

She had expected him to answer that he would stop at her house, for he had a place not fifteen miles away on Long Island, chosen not for the advantages of the neighbors, but because it was accessible to town, and offered good anchorage for his yacht. But he didn't. He gave her the appointment, just as she suggested, at his office at half past three.

It was five minutes past three when she ran down the steps of the elevated at Hanover Square, and then came to a complete stop. She hesitated. Broadway must be over there. Silly to be so uncertain in her native city. She did not want to ask her way, because she possessed strangely undependable sort of beauty. Some people do not notice that she was good-looking; a lovely slim figure, yes, not beauty. But other people found something strange in her appearance, and if she asked the way of one of these he was apt to take too much interest, too much responsibility, to insist on accompanying her.

She had gray eyes, not slate-blue, but real gray, like some Chinese porcelain, and they were set obliquely, her cheek-bones were a little high, and her cheeks a little hollow; otherwise her face was quite according to the models, only she was pale, not translucent white like gardenia, but an ordinary healthy ivory. A color would have made all the difference. Perhaps that was why, when she asked her way, she was apt to excite more attention than she desired.

The clock on Trinity steeple pointed to twenty minutes after three. Oh, dear, she was going to be too early, and all her trouble. She was naturally punctual, but this time she had made a determined effort to be late, so that she could say casually as she entered, "I'm afraid I kept you waiting, but it takes a little longer to

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...ne—" He had not suggested coming up-town to see her. ...e turned north into Broadway, and, opening her hand-...g, took out his letter. It was typed on bleak office ...per.

...My Dear Mrs. Fenwick: I should be very glad to see you ...any time. I shall be in my office Friday afternoon, and shall ...pect you at half past three if I do not hear to the contrary.

Faithfully yours,
Nicholas Watts.

...She derived comfort from it, holding it folded in her ...d. He could not deny having given her the appoint-...ent. He must think it queer—a total stranger. As she ...became aware of being nervous her manner became more ...olent. She drew her slender figure up until her back was ...e an arrow.

...This was the number. She entered a building crowded ...the street outside. Express to the twentieth floor. That ...as her car. She hated elevators, and often in shops walked ...half a dozen flights of stairs rather than be dropped ...her destination. But it was not only the elevator that ...making her heart beat. She was frightened, not of the ...an she was going to meet.

NO, what she feared was action. She admired almost ...slavishly activity in others, but on the rare occasions ...when she herself took action, there always seemed to her ...something ugly, dangerous, and irrevocable about it. This ...demand of hers for an interview with Watts was as drastic ...action as she had ever initiated in all her life.

She entered the elevator, and stepped back in the car. ...e kept her eyes fixed on the floor. If she had raised ...em she would have seen men removing their hats, some ...gently, some sulkily; some hardly noticed her, others were ...insulted.

The car made a leap to the twentieth floor, and hung ...here vibrating, as if trying to make up its mind whether ...to drop to the ground or to go on again. It went on. Doors ...slammed now at every floor. One by one every one had ...gone, and she was left alone with the elevator-man. He did ...not look at her at all. She hoped he had not forgotten her ...door. She hoped the elevator would not go on irresistibly ...through the roof. Eugene would never know why she ...had been killed in this particular building. Oh, yes, Watts ...should tell him.

The car had ...topped. She ...stepped off and the ...door slammed be-...hind her. Perhaps ...the feature of the ...coming interview ...which she most ...dreaded was the ...initial struggle ...with a secretary.

Even Eugene's ...telephone-girl ...made her hang on ...the wire when he ...wanted to speak to ...her; and the secre-...tary of a conspicu-...ous man like ...Watts— She was ...glad she had his ...note with her.

She found herself ...in a paneled ante-...room, very dark ...and silent, and not ...at all her idea of a ...busy man's office. ...A secretary came ...forward, eager as a ...terrier about to be ...taken out for a ...walk. "Mrs. Fen-...wick, isn't it? I ...thought it must be." ...She opened a door ...for her, one hand ...on the knob, the ...other playing with ...his watch-chain. ...She saw he was de-...lighted with every ...aspect of his work.

So it was as easy as that to get to the great man. Linda composed her face a little and entered, not Watts's office, but a small bright room where a woman with a face like a mask was wildly typewriting.

"This is Mrs. Fenwick, Miss MacIntosh," said the young man, as if this too were a great happiness, and left them alone.

Miss MacIntosh was a middle-aged woman in brown, with a waxy, parchment face lacking eyebrows; rather, Linda thought, like the portrait of Mary Tudor in the Prado. She looked up.

"Sit down, Mrs. Fenwick. He'll be at liberty in a minute. He's been trying to get rid of this man for some time, and it never takes him long."

"Oh, there's no hurry," said Linda.

Presently Miss MacIntosh stopped typing, and listened.

"I'll go in if you say so," she suggested.

"Oh, no," said Linda. "I think I was a little early," and she added, "Poor Mr. Watts. I suppose he leads a hunted life."

"Oh, don't worry about him," replied the other without taking the trouble to lower her voice. "I have all the trouble. He never sees any one unless he wants to."

"It's very kind of him to see me," said Linda mechanically.

"Oh, he doesn't always see them for kind motives," answered Miss MacIntosh. She nodded her head toward the closed door. "That man in there—he's just torturing him."

Linda thought this very amusing. "Dear me," she said, "do you think he will torture me?"

"No, I shouldn't think so," answered Miss MacIntosh.

Presently a buzzer sounded, and Miss MacIntosh seized her pad, and disappeared through a door into the inner office.

LEFT alone, Linda's eye fell upon a fat, chunky red volume, one of a row of reference-books. If she could read Watts in that— She was not without curiosity. Looking like a child about to do wrong, she rose with a snaky motion, and took the volume from the shelf. "Watson—Watterson—Watts, Nicholas, born Castleton, Vermont, November 25, 1890, served in the U. S. Navy from 1916. 1918—" a long list of his chairmanships and presidencies and boards. Nothing about his education. Nothing about the events of his life. A very meager, dull biography.

She skimmed to the end, and replaced the volume. So he was forty? She had not thought him as old from all Eugene had said.

She was sitting once again in the stiff visitors' chair when the door of the inner office opened and two men came out, one talking, the other silent, but steadily steering his companion through the little room and toward the elevator. She recognized at once those straight, heavy brows; his head was round, as the heads of executives are so apt to be, and his black hair was so thick that it gave the effect of one of those fur caps that are common in his native State—black, but now streaked evenly, like a striped material, with gray. He was dressed correctly, but obviously without much interest, in clothes so nearly black as to give him a slightly clerical effect.

LINDA had plenty of time to observe him, for he made it clear he was not going to be aware of her presence until he had got rid of his other visitor. They went out into the corridor, but as they left the door open she could still see and hear. The lighted elevator was waiting. Watts put out his hand, and as he did so backed him into the car.

"And so," the other called out genially, "you see why I came to see you."

"Oh, yes," said Watts, "I know the subject you came to see me about; it hasn't even been mentioned."

The grating had already shut, and Watts turned away, but Linda could see the astonished expression of the little man as the elevator sank.

Watts did not shake hands with her, or even smile, but somehow she felt herself adequately received as he opened the door of his inner office and said, "Come in, Mrs. Fenwick."

She preceded him into the room. A den of vice? No, quite the contrary; rather an austere little cubicle. A flat desk, a dark leather sofa, and two armchairs; two great windows, showing two unbroken patches of sky; a crow's-nest, a point of observation over the entire world.

She sat down rather quickly, her heart thumping again at the consciousness of her own stupendous act in coming

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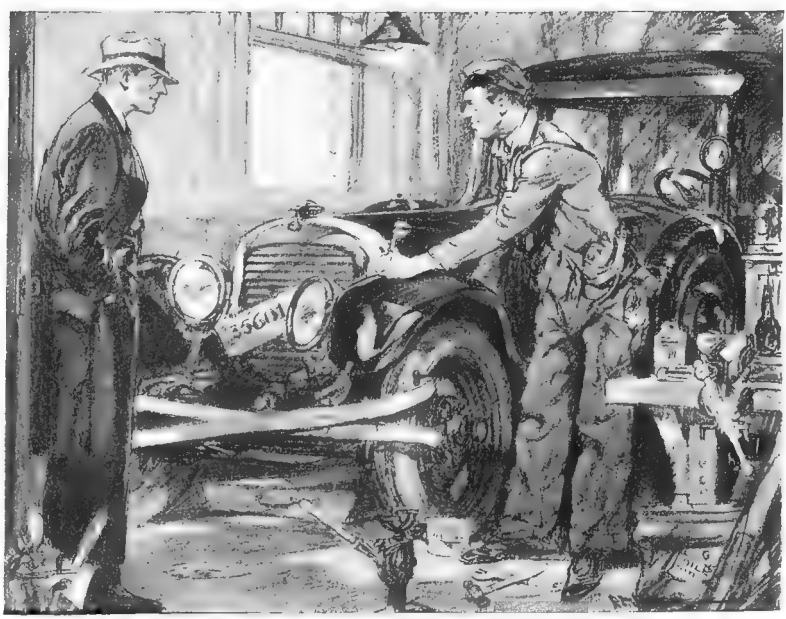

"MACK, DURING THE COURSE OF THE MORNING, HAD SUCCEEDED IN GETTING THE CAR BACK. 'WHAT'S SIS?' HE SAID. 'I SEE THE BIG TREE AT THE CORNER GOT IN YOUR WAY LAST NIGHT'"

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THE NIGHT OF THE CYCLONE

In which we learn that a stumble in the dark may sometimes have tremendously important results

By ELINOR MORDAUNT

Illustrations by FREDERIC ANDERSON

IT WAS close upon five o'clock when Lucy Van Rennen drove up the short strip of drive between the dragon-trees and the royal palms, with the sun, already a little low, slanting down upon the leaves of the ruby and scarlet, yellow and black-splotched crotons beneath them.

She had never liked the crotons, but on this particular afternoon there was something sinister about them, about the dragon-trees, too, with their immense weight of foliage, their long leaves edged and veined with scarlet, the ruby-clear, dripping gums which smeared the trunks like true dragon's-blood. The palms alone remained aloof, and somehow chaste, with their perfectly smooth, gray trunks aspiring upward, their magnificent coronal of glossy leaves perfectly still in the still air.

That stillness. Never since she had first come to the island, six months ago, had Lucy felt it like this, terrifying somehow: deadly hot, still and sinister as the crotons and dragon-trees, the strange copperish light, which was like a hot sunset, long before sunset-time.

The morning had begun all right, bright and fresh. It had, indeed, been a heavenly morning when, just before six, she had stood on the smooth sand just below their house and waved good-by to Dick, sitting at the tiller on his little ketch, while his native boys set the sail; with a brisk wind slapping it against them, tearing it from them.

Lucy had heard them laughing; and how jolly they had looked with those hibiscus-blooms behind their ears! One boy had powdered his mop of hair snow-white—pretty and quaint with the crimson flowers, the clear-cut bronze face.

Then Dick had taken off his topi and waved it, and she had called to him to put it on because of the sun. But how jolly his smooth, yellow hair had looked! Jolly—yes, that was the word—everything was jolly: the smooth sands like a baby's flesh, thick with tiny, clear, pink shells like a baby's toe-nails. Lucy adored babies, and for no reason at all both her hands had gone to her breast at the thought of them, while she felt her cheeks burn as she turned back to the house, with the brown, palm-woven sails of the ketch, pirouetting like a butterfly, already far away up the bay.

She had not minded the thought of being alone then. There were a thousand and one things she wanted to do: all those fresh muslin curtains to run the tapes in, see to the hanging of; the silver to clean, the flowers to do. Up to twelve o'clock she and Nouno, who was Javanese, with a head like a black-polled bird, small and exquisite, had worked like slaves, run to and fro, sung, laughed, chattered.

When the cook called out to her that lunch was ready she had delayed going to it for a good half-hour, hungry as she was; felt that she could hardly spare a moment for the minced chicken and alligator-pear, the precious leaves of rather limp lettuce, the coffee and cream he himself—for the house-boy was off with Dick—had set ready for her in the cool, shaded dining-room at the back of the house, where the round mahogany dining-table which had belonged to Dick's grandfather, come out with him and his wife from The Hague years before, lay looking like a brown forest pool, with the light and shade of the palms outside flecked across its glossy depths; with her little lunch set like a handful of bright, fallen leaves and silvery flowers at one edge of it.

She had even thought then that, supposing Dick did not come back that night, she would not much mind, she had so much to do. And at the end of the day to stretch out alone within the mosquito curtain on the wide, flat expanse of the smooth, white bed and just think of him. That might not be so bad: to seem to feel him near her, know that he was coming back, dream over that other possibility, a glimmer of which had come to her on the sands that morning with a sudden feeling as tho some inward life-force had taken her, twirled her round, left her standing giddy and a little sick, scarcely knowing where she was.

All over in a minute, forgotten, until half-way through lunch she realized the utter stillness; with the freshly hung, clear, starched muslin curtains hanging as straight as icicles: strange to think of icicles there, in that heat. But then everything was strange, for in general the soft wind ran like a laughing child through the house, puffed at the curtains, blew them in, blew them out, as tho just for the fun of the thing.

A SUDDEN feeling of there being nothing to do worth doing, that she was letting herself get depressed for no reason whatever, swept over Lucy, sitting sideways at the table, dangling her shoe on one toe, staring down at the reflection of her own face in the polished mahogany—a grave, closely folded, full, sweet, red-lipped mouth and deep-set, dark-gray eyes.

What was it Dick had said of those straight, black brows of hers? "A storm on the horizon!" It was the connection of the thought that had drawn her to her feet and out on the veranda, where she had called out to the stable-boy to put the fat, little Sandalwood Island pony in the tub-like trap for her.

It looked like rain, but before it came she would drive over to the Chinese store five miles away, do some necessary household shopping, have tea with Elsie Childers, and perhaps tell her— But no, no, she would not do that, not yet until she was more sure—just tea and talk about indifferent things—then back through the short twilight in time to bathe and change, have an eye to the dinner-table before Dick got home.

BUT Elsie was out, and by the time Lucy had finished her shopping, started her pony on the long, white coral road homeward she could think of nothing apart from her longing to feel her husband's arms around her; to feel—a ridiculous thought with everything so peaceful about her in this kind and peaceful place—just to feel safe.

The gallant little gentleman between the shafts seemed to go so quickly: tappity, tappity, tap, his tiny hoofs scampered along, almost running away with him. And yet with all the will in the world his steps were so short that by the time Lucy turned into her own drive her cheeks were scarlet, and she felt as tho she had been pushing him along the whole way; as tho every nerve in her head screamed to him to go faster, and for no reason whatever.

What was happening? What was it? What was wrong with those horrid blood-red and spotted crotons, wrong with the dragon-trees?

The stable-boy was a long while answering her call. When he did appear he looked heavy and stupid, all the gloss gone from his bronze skin. He must have been chewing betel-nut again. Lucy accused him, but he took no notice of what she said; was complaining about something to do with the weather.

In general she liked these New Guinea boys her husband

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had for outdoor servants; their jolly playfulness, more like puppies than men. She did not like them now, however, unreasonably enough condemned—tho it was only a mood—the whole race for the surliness of one man; thought that she would ask Dick to send them all away.

But she did not like her Javanese woman, either, when she at last came up from her hut yawning: taking so ridiculously long over getting tea, boiling water on the spirit-lamp, for the kitchen was locked; the cook not yet back from his afternoon sleep. Really it was too much of a good thing, thought Lucy; they were a lazy lot and dinner would be late. She was sure of this, tho it had never been late yet, and the servants were always dawdling.

She told Nouno to prepare her bath, put her evening things out, tho it was much before the usual time, for no other reason than that she wanted to feel that there was some one else about the big, empty house. She even, at that unprecedented hour, handed her over a bag of stockings to mend; for these native servants were forever slipping away, disappearing; had their own deeply secret lives, which engrossed them; did not really concern themselves much about you or your needs once the morning was past.

They were different in the morning; everything was different.

Lucy wandered out onto the front veranda and lit a cigaret with a nervous hand, realizing that the match never so much as flicked, while the sea—as much of it as she could catch sight of between the pale trunks of the trees—was the color of dark, old lead; seemed to be moving like a snake under its skin.

For a moment or two she stood hesitating, altogether at a loss. Something was going to happen, something immense, outside herself; and yet she could not say what, much less how to avoid it.

Then quite suddenly the leaves of the palms began, not so much as to shake as to fret together, with a harsh grit like sheets of sandpaper. From somewhere over the sea came a sound like the single, deep note of a gong, and the next moment the edge of the leaden sea seemed to be sharply ripped up, apart from the leaden sky; rolled toward her like a carpet flecked with white.

Then came another deep, gong-like note, while the stems of the palms bent all one way; another and yet another, each one following more quickly on the last. As Lucy

"SHE REMEMBERED THAT DESPERATE FLIGHT AS, MAD WITH TERROR, SHE HAD BOLTED ROUND AND ROUND THE ROOM, BRUISING HERSELF AGAINST EVERYTHING"

turned and ran into the house the wind pressed after her; hot and fierce, scorching the back of her neck.

Now she knew what it was—those widely separated, violent gusts of wind, that gong-like sound. Dick had told her how a cyclone always started like this: that immediately when it did start one must make haste to shut all the doors and heavy shutters; by no means to allow the wind to penetrate inside the house, or the roof would be lifted off it like a hat from your head.

She ran to the back of the house, outside of which lay the servants' quarters, calling to them as she struggled with the heavy bars. But there was no response, and, tearing her hands so that they bled, she ultimately got everything on the ground floor secure—as secure as she could make it, for there seemed to be something wrong with the lock of the front door, and the key did not seem to turn as it should. Only when she had lighted the lamp with trembling hands, used up the last match in the box, and sat down to breathe, feeling her clothes clinging round her from the heat of her efforts, did she remember, with a start of horror, the upper story.

What a fool, what a fool she had been to forget that, when that was the very thing that mattered most; that precious upper story, the only one in the island, which Dick and she were so proud of; always said it made them feel superior and aloof!

Picking up the lamp, she moved toward the arch which gave onto the hall, out of which rose the twirled staircase.

But the wind was already coming in from somewhere above, tearing down the stairway, blowing back her dress, blowing her hair about her face, while the lamp flared so wildly that she set it down.

She knew of no other matches that she could immediately put her hands upon if it went out; and anyhow it was not very safe; far best to go without it.

As she hesitated her eyes rested on the heavy, polished table by the door.

Just before she had driven off that afternoon she had arranged some flowers there, cutting the thick stems with a large meat-knife which Nouno had fetched her. She had told her to take it away, clear up the mess of stems and leaves, but there it still was.

In some queer way Lucy's sense of exasperation against her maid, who was behaving so altogether badly, neglecting her work and leaving her like this, overcame her fear—tho the wind was now terrific; one frenzied blow on the top of another—and she turned again toward the hall and stairway.

AT THE moment, however, she was transfixed by a sound overhead: a strange sound that, for a moment or so, she could not place.

Then with a sense of horror, which left her with her face so bleached that the skin felt tight upon it, her mouth a little open, she remembered.

Sometimes when Dick was late for breakfast she would move toward the stairs, call up to him; and immediately there would be this same sound; then his voice, boyishly, laughingly insisting, "All right, all right, old fuss-box, I'm up."

The sound of some one dropping his feet to the floor from off the bed. But this was not Dick—this——

The footsteps, far heavier than Dick's, heavy and soft-padded across the large room above her: her room and Dick's.

There was the sound of first one, then another window being banged to, the wooden bar dropped into place. Then the footsteps padded away to Dick's dressing-room above the hall, and another window was shut.

Of course it was Nouno. Who else could it be? Likely enough she had lain down on the bed and gone to sleep there, the impudent slattern. Lucy thought how she'd give it her, what she would say to her when she appeared, how she'd tell her—tell her.

She repeated these words to herself, but could get no further; standing just within the arch, holding her hands pressed to her heart as tightly as tho she were endeavoring to hold something silent and safe there. For of course all the while, in the depths of herself, she knew that it was not Nouno, so small and light-footed; that this was a man in the room above her.

As he moved heavily down the stairs she gave one dart to the door. But the key, which had seemed to refuse to turn, was fixed, and she swung sharply round again, with a sudden horror of having her back to what was to come; while that strange stiffness of the skin of her face invaded her entire body, and she felt her trembling knees touch each other, icy cold and wet.

AGAIN and again, for days after that, Lucy Van Rennen endeavored to realize in what sort of sequence everything had occurred. She remembered the man's first words; his laughter at the sight of anything so small, so scared; his brutal order to her to fetch food and drink, "and be nippy about it, too."

She remembered how somehow—somewhere—in swishing past it in her terror, her desperate flight, the lamp had gone out. Then—then—oh, but before that, had come that desperate flight as, mad with terror, she had bolted round and round the dark room, bruising herself against everything; tumbled at last straight into the arms of her aggressor; heard his coarse, triumphant laugh as he caught her by the shoulder; felt the whole weight of his hot, heavily breathing body against her.

Yes, it was then—then—he had pushed her up against the table, and, stretching back her hand to keep herself from falling, she had touched it against the knife which Nouno had left there.

And it was almost immediately after this—after her mad thrust with the knife, the amazing suddenness of the fall, with a crash like a tree—oh, but it was unbelievable that any one so full of dreadful life should be put an end to so easily—that the wind had stopped. Just when its fury was at its worst, just when it seemed to be taking up the entire house—shaking it as a dog shakes a cat—the wind had stopped: not a breath more out of it, silent as the thing upon the floor.

For all this, far away up above the earth—in some other indifferent and freer world—some air must have stirred. For the black clouds parted as tho sucked back, showing a circumscribed lake of clear, silvery-blue sky with the full moon set like a round-faced Madonna in the midst of it.

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Original from

THROUGH SEVEN

Vassar's Call Rings Loud and Clear

By JEANETTE EATON

Drawings by Philip Kappel

THE LIBRARY

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is the second of a novel series of articles by Jeanette Eaton on seven leading colleges for women. An account of Bryn Mawr appeared in the October issue. Sketches of Wellesley and Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe and Barnard colleges will appear in the early Spring.

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, the first endowed college for women in the United States, opened its doors in 1865. It was a great moment. Matthew Vassar, who had succeeded in making ale, was now to succeed in making history. When he put to its ultimate test his great principle that "woman has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development" three hundred young women immediately came forward to claim that right. And, altho the vast majority of them had to enter the preparatory school, their number testified to the tremendous eagerness awaiting just this opportunity.

It testified, also, to the effectiveness of the first prospectus. This document guaranteed an education of six orders: physical, intellectual, moral and religious, domestic, social, and professional. It promised "such simple feminine sports as archery, croquet, graces, and shuttlecock." In a notice appearing in *Godey's Lady Book*, Vassar also pledged practise in conversation "suitable for balls, routs, and kettle-drums," and assured fearful parents that the course of study would be "ample, but not crushing." The curriculum included the fine arts, sciences, languages *(ad libitum)*, and literature. Social education consisted of all "forms of elegant composition," reading aloud, and charades to be acted "with historic fidelity, truth to nature, and artistic skill."

Such was the compromise between old and new ideas of women's possibilities. The preparatory school had gently to lead young ladies from refined accomplishments to serious college work, and college work had to achieve the level attained in men's universities. Within four years the trick was turned. The next prospectus, issued by what was now Vassar College, was filtered of all the quaint ingredients which smacked of an age gone by.

Expanded, this announcement might almost be issued this Fall of 1929. For not only are art, music, and religion once more stressed in the course of study, not only has archery minced back among campus sports, but nowadays Vassar girls have recaptured something of the old passion which once made them pioneers in America. Once again they are coming to college for an education.

Yes, it's true. Otherwise they would never make the grade demanded for entrance. Otherwise they would never select difficult courses nor compete ardently for places in that group of juniors which goes to France for study at the Sorbonne. Still less would they plait the thorny crown to be won by independent work. Oh, certainly, this college has its generous percentage of idlers and of those with docile minds; but the aggressive minority has snatched the reins of leadership and snapped the coach out of its lurching meanders.

Photo by Royal Atelier

HENRY NOBLE MacCRACKEN
PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE

The kind of destination now arrived at is illustrated by the *Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies*. This publication consists of papers, written by upper classmen for various courses, which are annually selected by a committee of the faculty. Any one who has read one of these volumes will hardly be surprized at the extravagant praise offered the latest number in the series by the *English Journal of Chicago University:* "These thirteen brief monographs," ran the comment, "are brilliant and original and worth the total crop of doctoral dissertations issued in America in any calendar year."

Perusal of one of these journals should precede any first visit to Vassar. Otherwise there will be nothing to offset an impression of untroubled light-heartedness which greets one's very entrance to the gracious campus. Especially is this true on a Saturday evening. For then every drive circling between the halls and shadowy lawns is buzzing with motor-cars filled with young men, hatless but resplendent, for the weekly dance. Then girls become fashion-plates in tulle or chiffon, and their sparkling eyes reveal nothing but an age-old zest for personal life.

Even on a Monday morning no aspect of high seriousness meets the eye. Girls in riding-clothes, girls spinning by on bicycles, girls in quiet groups smoking and reading their mail under the spreading evergreens near the gymnasium, give a lilt to workaday life which is anything but academic. There's not a stocking to be seen—much less a blue-stocking! One has to visit classes, look up records, read theses to discover that under this debonair surface lives a vital love of learning.

The tendency to disguise earnestness is characteristic of the entire generation. But this institution has been conspicuously singled out as an embodiment of the tendency. In the opinion both of other colleges and of a large portion of the general public Vassar is regarded as entirely too sociable for high academic achievement. Why so, you may well ask, when it was the first to blaze the trail? Why so, when its standards are so high?

Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of the college, offered an explanation cheerfully explicit. "I understand perfectly Vassar's reputation for frivolity. We don't go in for being particularly dignified nor intellectual. I grin all the time. The girls enjoy to the top of their bent whatever they are doing. We all chat volubly about superficial changes and say little about the more important signs of progress. We're gay here. And people don't yet understand that gaiety and hard work can be combined."

Dr. MacCracken, however, not only understands but practises this theory of reconciling opposites. He is young enough to enjoy a sense of contrasts. With his Socratic brow and his reputation for scholarship he has a natural affinity for the academic role. But his height, his physical power, and his ability to master the job in hand—even the intricate business details of running a college—attest a virility proof against the traditional conception of a professor.

First-year students find him a little bewildering. Gowned and grave in chapel, he might be an Oxford don. In the course called "the advancement of learning," a bird's-eye view of civilization in relation to the curriculum, he fairly

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THE CHAPEL

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CAMPUS GATES

The Vision and Spirit of Smith

THE GRÉCOURT GATES

BEFORE the entrance of the theater, excitement ran high. Taxis and limousines were continually dashing up to discharge gentlemen in evening dress, ladies in delicate wraps. The lobby had become a funnel for a constant stream of color, of airy confusion, of animated talk. Passing the ticket-collector, a charming woman murmured to him triumphantly, "My husband has spotted two big music critics already!"

"Good!" replied the man. "I've seen the Boston *Transcript* column here in person."

Stairways to the gallery had the air of slowly rising escalators packed with girls in gay chiffons. Every seat in the orchestra was filling. From the crowded aisles bits of French, German, Italian floated like sparks over the general chatter.

Cosmopolitan, this audience. Cosmopolitan, this event. It was the double première in America of Monteverde's "Orfeo" and Handel's "Apollo et Daphne." Marie Theresa led the dance in the one; Mabel Garrison was singing the lead in the other. Looking about from the lighted stage to dimly effulgent audience, one might have supposed oneself in a metropolis. On the contrary, a small New England town was the setting for this significant performance. It was presented in Northampton last May by the department of music of Smith College.

This brilliant adventure dramatized for the visitor better than anything could have done the predominating characteristic of Smith. For here has been applied the perfect antidote to collegiate isolation. This college brings the world to its doors.

Altho the music department may be the busiest of all the shuttles which weave back and forth these manifold threads of interest, there are many at work. Artistic culture is constantly stimulated by lecturers and by exhibits, permanent and transient, held in that gem among small museums, the Tryon Gallery. The course in dramatic production brings contact with modes of staging which traverse the gamut of modernism from Broadway to Moscow. One might permissibly mention as contributory influences the formal dances which several times a year transform students into fluffy débutantes and which filch young men in shoals from social and collegiate activities far and near. Certainly the sending of forty-five girls to spend their junior year at the Sorbonne adds a definite flavor of international associations.

And, finally, the same world-wide relationship is sustained on quite another level. The present holder of the William Neilson research professorship is Dr. Kurt Koffa. Associated in Berlin with Dr. Kohler in the most important of all recent psychological studies, Dr. Koffa continues at Smith to be an exponent of *gestalt* psychology.

Nevertheless, no matter how high you pile the diverse reasons why Smith in its New England hills is neither sequestered nor merely academic, one explanation surmounts all others. It is impersonated in the president.

Photo by Eric Stahlberg

WILLIAM ALLEN NEILSON
PRESIDENT OF SMITH COLLEGE

Born a Scotsman and graduated from the University of Edinburgh, adorned with many degrees, successively professor in half a dozen leading colleges and universities, Dr. William Allen Neilson brought to his presidency of Smith a high attainment in scholarship and broad academic experience.

When you have said that, however, you have just begun. Not only is he widely traveled and profoundly cultivated, but he is a social being. Having graced a formal occasion, he can sit down with relish for a private, pungent chat and a good pipe. He has a twinkle in his gray eyes. His genial tolerances place him at the utmost distance from fanaticism. In his deep perspective Smith represents but the absorbing foreground. In short, he is from heel to crown a cosmopolite.

It would be impossible for such a man to consider book-learning the whole of education. Himself imbued with a sense of the rich and intricate pattern woven by modern life, he naturally furthers any effort to expand and embellish the life of the college. Yet he looks at every innovation with a calmly appraising eye.

Said he, "Of course, when we talk in collegiate circles about progressivism we merely mean a willingness to experiment. I doubt if anybody knows exactly what modern education for women should be. It must inform, but it should also tap individual gifts and interests. Mental discipline is essential and, likewise, an awakening to every kind of beauty. The curriculum must be a balanced ration. It has to be served in such a way that youthful choice has the benefit of seasoned wisdom. In the same way our enthusiastic support of personal liberty for the younger generation has to be reconciled with ideals of good manners and of accomplishment.

"We're quite convinced, for instance, that in order to do their best work even brilliant girls ought to be here in person. When week-end leaves came to be interpreted as extending from Friday until the next Wednesday we simply had to let down the portcullis. Of course, the new ruling was established by students and faculty together. The day is gone when college administrators exercise arbitrary authority. In such matters, as in everything else, we are feeling our way. Our philosophy is quite pragmatic—to be candid about it."

Dr. Neilson is candid about everything. His disregard of formal discretion, so flattering to his confidante, stimulates further among the girls that protective feeling already engendered in their hearts by his small stature, his none too robust state of health, and a certain whimsical wistfulness. Obversely, he is a leader of dynamic force, and his suavity has plenty of tart flavoring. Nobody knows quite what he is going to say. "When prexy conducts chapel," declared one sophomore, "none of us take a cut. We don't want to miss anything good."

Morning chapel at Smith is, in President Neilson's words, a "voluntary, involuntary requirement." He means that the student government makes it compulsory to attend on an average of four times a week. This is but one of a series of restrictions which make this college an exception among the sevenfold group. Nobody can motor after dark unchaperoned.

Sunday at Smith, when all radios are silenced, when no provision is made for playing bridge with boy friends, when there is no place to go except the tennis-court, the library, or a possible concert, has all the festive jollity of a Sunday in London. Only seven nights of absence are permitted each semester. If, therefore, Thanksgiving time consumes three nights there are but two week-ends left.

This curtailment, like the present smoking provisions, is the aftermath of an excess of freedom which reached its zenith three years ago. Then girls who hadn't left for week-ends got up early in the morning and sat up as late as possible to puff their cigarets. Like vestal virgins, they kept the sacred fires burning, and in their ardor reduced a number of portières and several large pieces of furniture to ashes. Now the collegiate cigaret glows only on one sequestered section of the path around the lake, in the crew-house, and in a cellar-lounge forlorn enough to discourage all but the most serious smokers.

Doubtless when every girl proves that she can meet Dr. Neilson's suggestion "to smoke either like a lady or a gentleman" rules will relax. That they were established

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COLLEGE HALL

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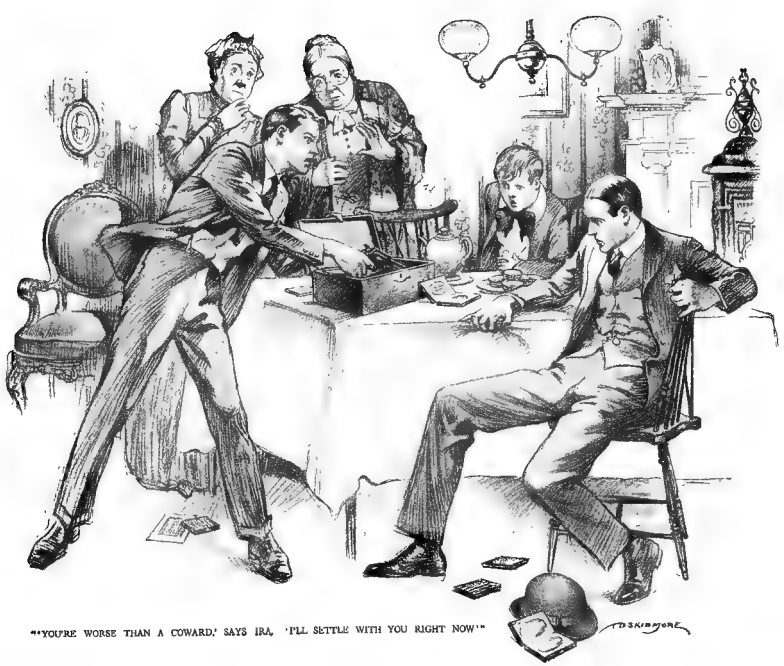

"'YOU'RE WORSE THAN A COWARD,' SAYS IRA, 'I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU RIGHT NOW'"

FROST ON THE PANE

The Tapscott family suddenly turns turtle

By STELLA RYAN

Illustrations by T. D. SKIDMORE

NOW, I'll tell you a funny thing! Gordy Tapscott come out to visit us last Sunday, and my wife wanted to have something special for dinner so's to please him. She hit on a hunter's pudding. It's a kind of suet pudding with molasses and raisins that long ago, when Gordy was a little boy, my wife got the receipt of from his grandmother.

When he got to the house the pudding had just been turned out, and my wife was making the sauce. He got a smell of steaming molasses and a whiff of lemon cutting across melted butter. "My gosh," he says, "that smells just like a hundred Winter evenings!"

And after dinner he says the same thing. He says he don't remember his grandmother's features so very well except at certain times, like when he smells that pudding or when he tastes hoarhound candy. Then he sees her plain, every hair and wrinkle, and looking just as she did the time they had all that trouble.

It was Winter when the Tapscotts had that trouble, one of them hard spells of cold that come just after Christmas. Gordy says he cold drove him in early that evening. He went smelling around the kitchen, and his grandmother says to him, "What's keeping your mother up-stairs? Here's the table not set and everything done and ready. Go up and tell her."

Well, Gordy hopped up the two flights of stairs pretty fast, it was so freezing cold in the halls. The Tapscotts was a nice, comfortable family, not stylish, but they had a nice, comfortable house, only, like a good many old houses them days, it wasn't heated except with stoves. So he run up fast, and when he got to the top landing he let out a yell for his mother.

He heard her give a dash across her room and lock the door. Now, they weren't much for locking doors in that house, so it puzzled him. But anyhow he rattled the knob.

"I hear you," says his mother. "Tell grandma I'm coming right down."

He didn't ask any questions, for the cold was inside his clothes by then. He dashed back quick to the kitchen.

"What was she doing?" his grandmother wanted to know.

"She locked the door," says Gordy.

"Couldn't you hear nothing?"

"I could hear a rustling like when she wears her silk petticoat."

"Well," says his grandmother, "I hope she ain't putting that on of a Thursday."

Then his mother come down. He listened, and he could see his grandmother listening, but his mother didn't make any rustling sounds. Whatever she'd been doing, it wasn't changing her alpaca petticoat for the silk one.

The family all come in about then and they had supper. There was Gordy's big brother, Ira, who was going over to the high school at Morris Lake. He was a surly chap unless he took a liking to you, and then there wasn't a nicer boy. He was too big for his age, and he was trying to feel as old as he looked. Then there was the uncle, Nick Tapscott. A kind of nice fellow, I always thought, ready to laugh, and a great hand for playing baseball. He used to pitch a wonderful game over there in the lots. He was almost twenty-seven or so, about fifteen years younger than Gordy's father, John Tapscott.

John was quite a figure in town. He had a carpenter-shop down at the river that give steady work to over a dozen men. Some thought he was a hard man, but he had his soft spots. He'd go into the woods just for to admire the birds, and for a close man he dropped an awful lot of money in the second-hand store buying books.

Well, there they were all sitting at supper with old Mrs. Tapscott directing, saying, "Ira, you've had enough. Laura, John wants another piece of bread." Laura, that was John's wife, Gordy's mother, she would jump up to get the bread. She was turning thirty then and just beginning to lose her color. But even after it went no one seemed to notice, because it left behind a kind of lovely stain that was years in fading out.

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Now, that evening it kept getting colder and colder, and right after supper old Mrs. Tapscott filled three bottles with hot water and went up to bed. Gordy and Ira went into the dining-room to study their lessons, and their father went with them because he was studying too.

He'd always wanted to know Latin, and now he could because Ira was able to teach him how to pronounce the words. Laura stayed in the kitchen to wash up, and Nick Tapscott stayed, helping her.

After a while Gordy finished his lessons and began to crack filberts on the hearth beside the Baltimore heater.

His mother called out, "John, don't let him do that. That hearth's getting all nicked." So Gordy took his nuts into the kitchen hearth.

"Why do you have to bring them in here?" says his mother, cross as two sticks. She was talking to the uncle in front of the dish-closet; but when Gordy come in they both went into the dining-room.

He went on cracking his nuts. The only sound from the dining-room was his father saying his Latin lesson out loud to Ira. Suddenly there come a loud knocking high up in the house. Gordy knew it was his grandmother banging her shoe on the bedroom floor. His mother called, "Gordy, go up and see what grandma wants." But first she made him go in the dining-room till she pinned her white shawl around him.

He went up and found his grandmother's room all dark; but he could make her out in the middle of her large bed under the feather tick that was always brought out on extra cold nights. It went over her in hills and hollows and looked like the putty maps children make of the Rocky Mountains.

"Is that you, Gordy?" says his grandmother. "Well, tell your mother not to forget to leave the taps running in the bathroom, else the pipes will freeze sure." Then she wants to know, "Did your uncle Nick go out? I've been listening for the hall door."

"He's in."

"What's he doing?"

"He's sitting in the dining-room."

"Where's he setting?"

"On the sofa."

"Where's your mother setting?"

"On the sofa, too."

She began to cough. She says, "Get me a hoarhound-drop out of the pocket of my skirt." He found the pocket and the bag of hoarhound-drops. One he put in his own pocket and one he carried over to her. "It's too cold to take my hands out," she says. "Put it in my mouth."

He could see her head now done up in a little white cap that tied under her chin. He said, "Here," and she stretched up her neck and seized on that bit of candy as fierce as a baby robin seizing on a bit of worm. She says, sliding it to one side of her mouth, "Are they each setting on an end of the sofa or are they setting together in the middle?"

"They're sitting together on one end," says Gordy, and he run out and down-stairs. She called after him, "Remember about leaving the taps dripping!"

He delivered that message, and then it was time for him to go to bed. He remembers his mother come up-stairs and put a hot-water bottle at his feet and got an overcoat of his father's to spread over him. She says, "It's cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey." He fell asleep laughing, because it was the first time he'd ever heard about the brass monkey. He couldn't stop chuckling, and he almost strangled on the hoarhound-drop he was sucking.

THE next day he went to school as usual, but in the middle of the morning the classroom door opened, and one of the big girls come in, leading little Milly Rice by the hand. While the big girl was speaking to the teacher Milly spied Gordy. She piped out, "Gordy, your grandma says to come home right away."

Every one laughed, and the big girl began leading Milly out. When she got to the door Milly pipes up again, "I'll wait for you outside," and the whole room just shouted.

Gordy got outside somehow, and the big girl was waiting for him, too. She says, "Maybe your grandmother's sick. You better run."

"Guess I better," says Gordy, glad of an excuse so's not to have to walk with Milly. He run for all he was worth.

When he got home his grandmother was waiting for him. She says, "Run down to the shop and tell your father to come home right away." She only opened the door on a crack without letting him in.

"Let me in first," he says. "My hands are cold. I left my mitts in the desk."

"Wrap them in this," says his grandmother, and quick as a wink she pushed through the crack the little pepper-and-salt shawl she always wore across her shoulders. "Say he's to come right home." She sounded excited.

Gordy run to the river with the shawl around his hands like a muff. He'd caught some of the excitement from his grandmother, so he felt big and upperty as he went down the rows of clean, new frames that stood in his father's shop and smelled so nice. He says to his father, "Grandma wants you home right away." And then he added a conviction born right there on the spot. He says, "Momma's awful sick."

He'd never seen his father hurry so before. But Gordy managed to get home ahead of him. He pushed past his grandmother and went running up the stairs, shouting, "He's coming! He's coming!" He thought maybe his mother had another one of those pains in her back his father always had to rub out.

But the big walnut bed with its towering high back was empty. It was dressed with the best lace spread, and the best pink-silk lambrequin was on the mantelpiece, blowing in and out on the blasts of hot air puffing up from the Baltimore heater. He looked in all the bedrooms, and they was all empty and dressed in their best as tho it was Sunday or his cousins was expected from Jersey.

HIS father come up-stairs, and Gordy followed him into the front bedroom. He went over to the bureau and opened the top drawer. It was a big drawer fenced off into little pens for ribbons and gloves and things. His mother kept her dotted face-veils there and her lace handkerchiefs and those small taffeta bustles she pinned in the hollow of her back under her skirt. They was all gone, even her curling-iron and her glove-stretcher.

Gordy says, "Where are all the things gone to?"

His father was pushing the drawer shut, and altho the Baltimore heater never made the room any too warm even on mild days, he was sweating. It stood out on his forehead and around his mouth.

"Why did momma take the things out of the drawer?" says Gordy. His father made no answer. He just took Gordy by the shoulders and landed him out in the hall and turned the key on him

Gordy run down-stairs to find out what it was all about,

"GORDY RATTLED THE KNOB. 'I HEAR YOU,' SAYS HIS MOTHER. 'TELL GRANDMA I'M COMING RIGHT DOWN'"

and met his grandmother coming up. She says, "Gordy, my foot's very bad. Go up and get the rosewood box off the top shelf in my wardrobe. Don't drop it, and don't make any noise because I don't want your father to hear you."

He went up again like a thief and got the rosewood box and carried it down quietly past the locked door. He was careful not to drop it because Ira'd once told him it held a loaded pistol that had belonged to their grandfather. He gave it to his grandmother, and she put it in the kitchen closet at the bottom behind the big crocks. "I'm hiding this," she says. "You're not to tell any one."

Well, he wanted to know where his mother was. "She's out," says his grandmother. "Eat your bread and milk and hurry back to school."

He couldn't understand it, and he kept asking more questions.

"Well," says his grandmother, "I suppose you've got to know. The truth is your mother's run off with your uncle Nick. You'll just have to make up your mind to it and put up with it."

"When's she coming back?" asks Gordy.

"She's never coming back," says his grandmother. "She's eloped."

And by something in her voice Gordy knew his mother'd done a wicked thing. And it puzzled him why eloping should be wicked, because he thought it was riding in a sleigh with a team of horses. In his mother's bedroom closet there was a book with a picture where it said, "The Countess Eloping with Rathmore." It showed a beautiful lady stepping into a sleigh. He couldn't see how his mother had eloped when there was no snow on the ground.

He went back to school, and that afternoon on his way home he met the big girl. She says, "Was there something the matter down at your house?"

"No," says Gordy.

"Wasn't any one sick or anything?"

"No," says Gordy.

"Well, what was the matter?"

Now, Gordy knew right well there was something about this affair he shouldn't mention. He knew he was never to talk outside about things that happened at home, but he admired the big girl and he wanted to impress her. When she questioned him hard like that he couldn't help himself. He just had to let go, and he says, "My mother's eloped with my uncle Nick."

WELL, sir, that girl shot away, and she shouts to some girls walking ahead, "What do you think? Mrs. Tapscott's eloped with the uncle. Gordy's mother's eloped with his uncle Nick."

When Gordy heard her shrilling that out a feeling of shame come over him. He took to his heels, but he was afraid to go home. He thought his guilt must be sticking out like a pair of horns. He played around the street till the cold drove him in.

He found his aunt Hattie had come over from Jersey. She was standing in front of the looking-glass between the dining-room windows, taking off her hat. She come over to kiss Gordy, crying and holding the hat to the side of her head because it was all tangled up in the veil, and the veil was all tangled up in her hairpins. Then she had to let go the hat to feel in the pocket of her skirt for her handkerchief. It was a turban hat and it hung by the veil dangling down to her shoulder, making her look like a tall sapling swinging a wasp's nest.

There was a little talk, his aunt crying a good deal, and then his grandmother says, "Take Aunt Hattie's things up-stairs at once, and then hurry down to Bunt's and get a dozen tea biscuits."

As he was collecting his aunt's wraps his grandmother says, "Hattie, I can't make it out. Laura baked two cakes yesterday, a lemon coconut and a currant-loaf, and there was half a marble-cake in the closet. And she swept both parlors, tho it wasn't their day, and finished every stitch of the ironing. She was like a woman getting ready in a hurry for a burial. That's what I said to her, I says, 'Laura, you act like there was sudden death in the house.' She turned short and run

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Hubbard Wace discovers that nothing is quite so cruel to a humorist as to be misunderstood

"'YOU SEE,' HE SAID, 'I ALWAYS TAKE A SHORT WALK IN THE OPEN AIR IMMEDIATELY BEFORE DINNER'"

FUNNY MAN

By RICHARD CONNELL

Illustrations by FRANCES ROGERS

IN COLLEGE Hubbard Wace was too small to play football, too near-sighted to play baseball, and too fat to run. An inborn shyness and outgoing ears kept him from essaying rôles in the college dramatics. He couldn't even play a banjo. But it was a tradition of his college, and particularly of his fraternity, that a fellow has to go in for or out for some extracurriculum activity, and Hubbard Wace was a conformist; besides, he was constantly being chivvied by older men in his house to show some spirit.

He did try valorously to become a cheer-leader, but he had a high, squeaky voice, and was no acrobat, and his failure in that field of endeavor approached perfection. Had he been of scholarly bent, with high marks, and a dangling gold key in the offing, he might have scraped by, but his scholastic attainments were as modest as his nature.

It was his roommate, Stuffy Kruger, who suggested a way out of his trouble. Hubbard Wace was disconsolately applying liniment to a bump on his head sustained that afternoon on the lacrosse-field just before the coach told him to go and return no more, when Stuffy, who had a thick neck which led nowhere, but who could throw forward passes fifty yards, spoke up from a tome on the appreciation of the Greek spirit in statuary, and said:

"Look here, Hub, why don't you go out for the *Spotted Gander?*"

Hubbard Wace favored his roommate with a sour look.

"I'm not funny," Hubbard Wace stated.

"Neither is the *Gander*," said Stuffy. "Besides, anybody can make up jokes."

"Go ahead and make up one," said Hubbard Wace.

"I don't have to. I'm a full-back," rejoined Stuffy. "But it's about time you did something——"

"Oh, sure. I've heard that before. But, honest, Stuffy, I'm not a bit funny."

"You look sort of funny," said Stuffy. "Besides a couple of our crowd are on the board and they might be able to ease you in."

"Oh, well," said Hubbard Wace sadly, "I guess it's just about my only chance. Got a pencil?"

"What for?"

"I'm going to be funny if it kills me."

Hubbard Wace was a persistent worker and he had a good memory. Every day, religiously, he set himself to the task of manufacturing a joke, and then he took it round to the office of the college comic paper. Now and again, for one reason or another, his efforts found their way into print. His most successful joke, all things considered, was probably:

He—Will you have a drink?
She—I'm glad you flasked me.

Some, however, thought he attained his zenith with:

First Student—Do you know Joe Guzzle?
Second Cannibal—Sure. Joe and I are booze'em companions.

He turned out several hundred other jokes, equally good.

In time, with the aid of a bit of politics, Hubbard Wace was elected to the editorial board of the *Gander*. In his senior year, as nobody else would be bothered with the job, he was made editor-in-chief. The *Gander* remained about the same.

After graduation Hubbard Wace slipped unobtrusively into New York, and fitted into a quiet niche in his uncle's bank as assistant to an assistant vice-president.

It was on a certain day in August that he made a discovery which shocked and appalled him. He had gone into the big club maintained in the city by his college for its graduates, planning to spend a peaceful evening in the library reading about the beauties of investment trusts, when on his way through the lounge he was slapped violently on the back, and he heard a bovine voice roar:

"Well, if it isn't Hub Wace! How are you, ole horse?"

It was Stuffy Kruger. He had never cared much for Stuffy. In fact he disliked Stuffy with that particular intensity which can be engendered only by rooming with a man. He winced and forced a grin and said he was fine, and how was Stuffy and what was he doing.

"I'm a steel man," Stuffy told him. Then, "Come on, Hub. I want you to meet some fellows."

Rather reluctantly, for he was timid, Hubbard Wace was propelled toward a group of older graduates. In clarion tones Stuffy introduced him.

"Get used to Wace—Hub Wace—the funny man, you know."

They all nodded, mumbled their pleasure, and stared at Hubbard Wace expectantly. He gulped and reddened and tried desperately to think of something to say which would convulse them. He couldn't. All he could do was mutter that he was glad to meet them and that he guessed he'd have to be hurrying along, altho until that second he had had no intention of leaving the club for hours.

He wished, very much, as he left them, that he could toss off some sparkling quip, but the only inspiration which came to him in his flustered state was that if he couldn't say anything funny he might at least, on taking his departure, try to contrive to look funny.

He spent that evening in the public library.

Later, from time to time, he encountered in the club some of the men he had met. Invariably, on seeing him, they chuckled and said, "Oh, hello, Wace! How's the funny man?"

Then they waited. Generally nothing happened. Hubbard Wace did not wish them to think of him as a stick-in-the-mud. Sometimes, half-heartedly, he would begin, "Have you heard the one about the monkey and the sailor?" Usually they had. He began to shun the club.

His plight was borne in on him even more poignantly at the annual dinner of the executives of his bank. The president had delivered himself of his annual homily on service, loyalty, and co-operation as impressively as at the twenty other annual dinners where he had spoken it, and the first vice-president had given expression to a few thoughts on service, loyalty, and co-operation, and then the toastmaster, who was the second vice-president, boomed forth:

"AND now, gentlemen, let's stop being serious for a while. Everybody enjoys a good laugh—even bankers. [Laughter.] I learned, only recently, that we have in our organization a funny man——"

Hubbard Wace's heart went icicle. His worst fears were amply justified. He heard the toastmaster pronounce his name. He stumbled to his feet and gripped the table-cloth with clammy palms. What he said he did not know then—or later.

He had a dim and horrid feeling that he told a number of bored, all hoary with age, and that he told them

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execrably. His ears seemed to recall sundry bursts of bored and hollow laughter. His most distinct memory was of the face of the president, where pain struggled unsuccessfully with tolerance, and in which Wace read all too plainly the thought, "What a deuce of a banker you'll make, young fellow!"

He felt that he must work with extra diligence, and he did so; but his upward progress was not sensational. It seemed to him that his superiors appeared to think that any piece of work of his, no matter how earnestly he toiled over it, harbored in it, somewhere, a hidden joke. It did him no good to look solemn, even morose.

On New-year's day Hubbard Wace went to an egg-nog tea at a cousin's house. He went to the function out of a sense of family duty, and stole in late, planning to encompass one egg-nog, wish his cousin a happy New-year, and steal out again, for experience had taught him that he could not look forward to parties with any really strong hope of pleasure. His reputation, like a ghost, dogged his heels with grisly chuckles.

The apartment was jammed. His cousin, a linoleum man with loud and hearty manners, spied him and promptly shouted:

"Ah, here he is at last! The funny man!"

Over the tops of their egg-nogs the assembled guests regarded him, some with anticipatory snickers, some apprehensively.

"What kept you so late, Hub?" his cousin asked in the manner of an interlocutor in a minstrel show.

"Well," said Hubbard Wace, "I had to go round to Uncle Elbert's house. He's laid up in bed with a very bad attack of sciatica."

This announcement was greeted with whoops of laughter.

"Have a sandwich?" asked the cousin.

"No, thanks," said Hubbard Wace. "I have a toothache."

His audience regarded this as devastatingly comic.

Other guests arriving just then, he was able to slip away into a corner, where he was hastily bolting his egg-nog, when his cousin, ever the efficient host, pounced on him and towed him to a girl who was sitting on a sofa in the living-room. Hubbard Wace looked at her, and at that precise second he began to be in love.

"Lila, let me present Mr. Hubbard Wace," said the cousin. "Hub, this is Miss Lila Morrison. Hub is a funny man. You'll die laughing."

The girl smiled and bowed.

"Sit down here and make me laugh," she said helpfully.

HUBBARD WACE sat down and groaned.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, people are so stupid!" he burst out.

"Thank you."

"Oh, I didn't mean you, Miss Morrison. Truly I didn't. You, well, I mean to say, anyhow you don't look stupid."

"Thank you again."

He sipped his egg-nog. He wished that he had a gift for small talk, but was perfectly aware that he hadn't. He did recall, however, that one principle of conversation, especially with a girl, is to be interested in her. So he said:

"Look here, what do you do?"

"Do? Oh, I work in a bank."

"That's funny," said Hubbard Wace. "So do I."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

He took another sip, and began again.

"What's your bank?"

"Sixty-first National and Continental."

"That's funny. Mine is right near yours. I'm with the Second Lake and River Trust."

"Oh, are you?"

"Yes; funny, isn't it?"

Another sip, and a fresh start.

"What do you do in the bank, Miss Morrison?"

"I'm supposed to be learning the business. Right now I'm in the statistical department."

"I like statistics," said Hubbard Wace.

"So do I."

They talked about statistics. They were still talking about statistics when the last of the guests, full of egg-nog and good resolutions for the coming year, filtered out.

"Well, Miss Morrison," said Hubbard Wace, "I suppose I won't be seeing you again soon; that is, I hope I will, but I suppose I won't; I mean I'd like to, but can I?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Morrison.

On the way down in the elevator, Hubbard Wace, staring hard at the sepia neck of the elevator boy suddenly observed:

"I know a place to eat."

"Do you really?" said Miss Morrison.

"I don't suppose you want any dinner?"

"What makes you suppose that, Mr. Wace?"

"I mean, if you do want dinner, well, I know a place to eat." He glowered at the elevator boy's ears, and said, "Want to come along?"

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Wace; but I told my parents I'd be home for dinner."

"Oh, have you parents?"

"Why, of course."

"I mean here—in New York?" he said. "Of course I knew you must have parents somewhere."

HE HAD been thinking of her as alone, practically friendless, gamely struggling with statistics in her battle to win her bread.

"I'm sorry," he said presently.

"That I have parents?"

"No. I mean that you can't go to dinner with me."

"Maybe I can. I could telephone mother."

"Here's a nickel," said Hubbard Wace.

They went to dinner and talked about statistics. She wouldn't let him see her home. He lived down-town, and she up-town, and "The bus passes near my door," she said.

"Maybe we could have lunch together some time," said Hubbard Wace as they waited for the bus.

"Maybe we could."

"You wouldn't mind?"

"No, I wouldn't mind."

HE WALKED home. It was thirty-six blocks from that spot to his one room and bath, but he did not know that night whether it was thirty-six miles or thirty-six inches.

They discovered that by a curious coincidence their lunch-hours coincided, and that they both liked the vegetable salad and butter-scotch pie at the Umustkum Inn down back of old Trinity Church.

When two young people lunch together nearly every day for a month or so, it is probable that the subject of statistics will, in time, be exhausted and that their talk will turn to other things.

"Hub," said Lila Morrison, "my parents want to meet you. I've been telling them about you——"

"What?"

"Oh, about your work in the bank, and about you being a funny man——"

"I'm not a funny man," said Hubbard Wace.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of. Will you come to dinner Wednesday at seven-thirty?"

"Yes. I'd love to. But, Lila, they won't expect me to be funny, will they?"

"I don't know. Maybe. They wanted to know all about you, and I had to tell them everything. But now, Hub, I want you to make a good impression on them——"

"Of course I'll try to," he promised. "You know how much it means to me."

"Does it mean much to you, Hub?"

"Everything, Lila. You know why."

"I'm sure they'll like you," she said. "Mother likes to play the haughty duchess a bit, but she's all right; and dad's sense of humor is a bit odd, but they're both dears, really."

"I'm sure of it," said Hubbard Wace.

"Here's a tip for you. One sure way to please mother is to rave over Puckle."

"I would if I knew what it was."

"It's her dog. Actually he's a rather nasty little albino Pekingese, who'll nip you if he gets half a chance; but he's rather valuable, and you have only to hear mother gush over him to realize how fond she is of the little monster."

"I'll rave over Puckle," declared Hubbard Wace.

For two days before the crucial Wednesday, Hubbard Wace was able to do but little work or get only little sleep. He had no high opinion of his power to impress Lila's parents, or anybody else, for that matter. Yet he must make them like him. That, he felt, was vital. But what devil had prompted her to tell them that he was known as a funny man? Well, it was done. They'd expect things of him. He must be prepared. He bought a joke-book, and, scowling, whispered over the stories in it till he had several dozen by heart.

Her house was in West Fifty-fourth Street. He had never visited there. His hope was that he would find the parents rather humble, homey folks, easy to entertain.

On his way to dinner in

"'SIT DOWN AND MAKE ME LAUGH,' SHE SAID. 'OH, PEOPLE ARE SO STUPID,' HE BURST OUT. 'OH, I DIDN'T MEAN YOU. TRULY I DIDN'T.'"

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a taxi, he rapidly rehearsed the shafts of wit he had learned, with the intention of inserting them in loopholes in the conversation. Not that he felt very sprightly; indeed he felt, as most young men feel on their way to similar ordeals, as cheery as a frog which is about to have its spine whittled in the interests of science.

He was in a state of jumping apprehension as the taxi brought him nearer to her home. The stories and jokes began to jumble together in his brain.

He would say, if Shaw were mentioned:

"He has too many ironies in the fire."

If somebody mentioned Carlyle, or Carnegie, or even Scotch, he would tell the story about the Scotchman who gave his wife for Christmas a set of paper plates and an eraser. Apropos of almost anything, he was ready to tell the story of the man who wanted a servant and was sent a small boy afflicted with boils. The man sent him back with a note which read, "I like a manly man and a womanly woman, but I do not like a boily boy." He would—and then the taxi stopped.

So did Hubbard Wace's heart. The address she had given him was that of a very large and imposing mansion. He had steeled himself to be calm, bold, confident; but he was not prepared for a mansion with a big bronze door, nor for the butler with a granite face, who opened it.

"Does Miss Lila Morrison live here?" he quavered, hoping the man would say "No." But he said;

"Yes, sir. This is the residence of Mr. Colin McGregor Morrison. What name, sir?"

"Hubbard Wace," said the owner of that name weakly.

No wonder Lila worked in that bank. Her father controlled it, and others, and this discovery did not elate Hubbard Wace, but, on the contrary, gave him a chill and hollow feeling inside.

"Will you please step into the reception-room, Mr. Wace?"

The butler's manner was polite but disapproving. As his hat and overcoat were taken from him Hubbard Wace's poise was further shaken by the realization that he had not dressed for dinner, and that, in his excitement, he had come nearly half an hour early.

"A swell start," he muttered. Then, getting a grip on himself, he tried to make a nonchalant entrance into the reception-room, even if it were empty; but he tripped on a rug and sat down sharply in an easy chair, on what, in the rather dim light, he had thought to be a white cushion. But it yelped. One brief, agonized yelp. He sprang up. One glance told him that his first meeting with Puckle was also his last.

He stood gazing stupidly down on his victim. Somewhere he heard footsteps. Panic gripped him. He seized the deceased Puckle and tried to stuff him into a Ming vase, but in vain.

With the wild notion of hurling the unfortunate beast into the street, he rushed to the window, but he could not get it up. The footsteps were drawing nearer. Some one was at the door.

HUBBARD WACE tore open the coat of his best double-breasted blue suit, pushed into his bosom the remains of Puckle, buttoned his coat, thrust his hand into it to keep Puckle in place, and in this Napoleonic attitude turned to face a large lady who wore black velvet, pearls, and a tight-lipped expression.

"Good evening," she said. "So you're Mr. Wace!"

The way she said it did not make him glad that he was.

"Yes," he admitted, bowing. "How do you do, Mrs. Morrison?"

"I thought," she said, "that I heard Puckle call."

"Oh, indeed? I've heard about him, Mrs. Morrison. A most lovable little creature, wasn't he?"

"Wasn't he?" said Mrs. Morrison sharply.

"I mean isn't he?" said Hubbard Wace, and he felt he was setting a new world's record for feeling uncomfortable.

"I'm sure I heard him call," declared Mrs. Morrison.

"That was I," said Hubbard Wace.

She stared at him.

"Indeed? You?"

"Yes," said Hubbard Wace, speaking fast, "I often yelp. I mean—you see—I do imitations, and when I get the chance I practise them. Naturally, in the bank, I don't get many opportunities; you can see that, can't you, Mrs. Morrison?"

"Quite," said Mrs. Morrison, the word coming out squeezed flat by her lips.

He was aware that her eyes were resting on the protuberance caused by the presence of Puckle under his coat. He continued to stand there, frozen and Napoleonic.

"Please sit down, Mr. Wace," she said.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Hubbard Wace. "I never sit down. Before dinner, I mean, of course. Other times, yes. Before dinner, no. Positively no. Doctor's orders." He cast at her what was intended to be a waggish look. "I have to watch my figure, you see," he said.

"Yes, I see," said Mrs. Morrison. "I wonder where Puckle can be."

"Puckle would awooing go," said Hubbard Wace, and felt extremely silly directly he had said it. From her look he judged that she thought him so, too. His brain began to buzz. Mr. Morrison would be coming down soon, and that meant shaking hands, and that meant the popping out of Puckle. He said briskly:

"Excuse me, Mrs. Morrison, but I must be going."

She lifted surprized eyebrows. "But aren't you staying to dinner, Mr. Wace?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; yes, indeed. Of course. But, you see, I always take a short walk in the open air immediately before dinner."

He marched out swiftly. He hoped that the worst Mrs. Morrison would think of him was that he had been drinking, altho he hadn't. His groping brain had caught hold of a plan, and it was to get outside and drop Puckle into the nearest ash-can; but he saw no ash-cans. A mail-box proved inadequate. It seemed to him that the street was full of policemen and of passers-by with accusing eyes. Under their scrutiny it seemed that Puckle was growing to the proportions of a great Dane.

He paced stealthily to Sixth Avenue, and there, acting on an impulse, bought a newspaper, stepped into a shadow, and hastily wrapped up Puckle. He walked back through the rain, clutching his guilty secret to his breast, and in front of the Morrison mansion haled a passing taxi.

"Here," he said hoarsely, "take this package to Mr. Hubbard Wace, Brushwood Apartments, Washington Square. If he's not home leave it anyhow. Be careful of it. It's valuable. Here."

And he handed the driver a ten-dollar bill.

Damp, but fairly triumphant, he entered again the Morrison house. Lila was in the drawing-room, charming tho nervous, and with her was her father, a man of considerable size and gravity.

"Lila's been telling me about you," Mr. Morrison said as they shook hands.

"Oh, has she?" said Hubbard Wace, and realized that this was hardly a bright answer.

Drinks were brought. Hubbard Wace seldom touched them, but on this occasion he touched three, and when dinner was announced he felt rather surer of himself than he had.

The dinner was elaborate, but a bit disjointed, because Mrs. Morrison was concerned over Puckle, and servants kept scurrying in with the latest bulletins about the search that was being made for him. Conversation, in the circumstances, did not flourish, and Hubbard Wace did not mind that. He decided that all he need do was to cast a sympathetic look toward his hostess now and then, even if he did feel like an assassin as he did so.

"Now, Myrtle," spoke up Mr. Morrison, not too soothingly, Hubbard Wace thought, "for pity's sake stop fussing about that dog. He'll turn up. You can't lose him. Here, Mr. Wace, you tell us a funny story that will take Mrs. Morrison's mind off this for a while."

Hubbard Wace, in the act of taking to pieces a squab, and making a bungle of it, hastily ran over his mental file of stories and stopped at "dog."

"Well," he said, "it reminds me of the lady who lost a little white fuzzy dog, something like Puckle, and when she found him next day, do you know where he was?"

"No," said Mrs. Morrison decidedly.

"Well," said Hubbard Wace, "a man had him on the end of a pole and was washing windows with him."

Mrs. Morrison uttered a low, anguished sound. Hubbard Wace sincerely wished he were dead.

"Of course," he added hastily, "the little fellow was not a bit the worse for his experience; rather better, in fact."

A SERVANT bent over and whispered in his ear. At first Hubbard Wace thought that it might be about some flaw in his attire, until he realized that the man was telling him the brand and vintage of the concoction. He wondered what one should say, and finally did say:

"Quite so. Quite so."

The man filled his glass. It was a large opaque purple glass. A little game developed between Hubbard Wace and the man. Wace tried to keep the glass empty and the man tried to keep it full. He was a determined man. Hubbard Wace decided that he liked the Morrisons, that they were very nice people once you got by their initial austerity, and that he was sorry about Puckle, and would confess as soon as he tactfully could. He also decided that he should try to entertain them, to cheer them up in their bereavement.

"Did you ever hear the story about the Scotchman?" he remarked.

"What Scotchman?" asked Mr. Morrison.

"Oh, any Scotchman," said Hubbard Wace. "Well, anyhow, it seems this Scotchman gave his wife for a Christmas present a set of paper dishes"—he paused and twinkled at Mr. Morrison, who did not twinkle back—"and an eraser."

"Mmmmmmph!" said Mr. Morrison. It was a snort, and a rather ominous sound, too. Hubbard Wace caught Lila's eye. It shot him a warning. Then through his mind flashed the name of her father—Colin McGregor Morrison.

"Of course," added Hubbard Wace, trying his best to beam, "he did it just for a joke, and he also gave her a handsome set of china and a gold watch and a diamond ring."

The meal drew to a close in silence. They went into the drawing-room for coffee. To Hubbard Wace it seemed that the room had become much bigger and much brighter. He counted four chandeliers. He remembered that before dinner there had been only two, and he thought this so droll that he burst out laughing. Mrs. Morrison stared at him over the silver coffee-urn.

"What's the matter, Mr. Wace?" she asked.

"I was thinking," he replied, still laughing, "about Shaw having too many ironies in the fire."

"What Shaw?" inquired Mrs. Morrison.

"You'd be surprized," said Hubbard Wace.

"Have some coffee, Hubbard," Lila urged.

He was drinking it when the butler announced Bishop and Mrs. Addison.

"My aunt and uncle," whispered Lila. "Stuffy but nice."

The bishop was a man of dignity and Mrs. Addison had a lorgnette. Hubbard Wace was duly presented to them. The bishop addressed him, sonorously, as one whose every word is uttered from an invisible pulpit.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Wace. To be sure. Lila has spoken of you. A humorist, are you not?"

Hubbard Wace made a deprecatory face and noise.

"My young friend," said the bishop, with his most benign and tolerant smile, "a humorist indubitably has his place in the scheme of things. I always say that a man who can cause others to pause in the serious business of living, and bring to their lips a laugh, or, indeed, even a

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What has become of the *short* short story? Authors say it doesn't pay to write one; that it takes just as much time, energy, and creative ability to write a short story of 2,500 words as it does to complete one of 10,000. Well, Guy de Maupassant wrote "short shorts." So did O. Henry.

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"'PLEASE,' SHE BROKE IN, 'IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE TRUTH TO BE HORRIBLE.'"

THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET

Concluding chapters of this baffling mystery, in which the unexpected suddenly comes to pass

By ROBERT J. CASEY

Illustrations by JOSEPH A. MATURO

SANDS turned quickly to Bull Bailey.

"You'll have to keep quiet about this, Bull," he said. This is the biggest mess you've ever been mixed up in, but here's a proposition for you. I'll put you up at a decent hotel and fit you out with some new rags, and after this is over I'll take care of you. In the meantime you're not to ride in any street-cars and you're to keep your hands out of other people's pockets. That clear?"

"Fair enough," agreed Bull "I intended to go straight, but dis bird's pockets was right dere, beggin' me to prowl 'em."

"Don't apologize," returned Sands. "Your sin has been very successful. Get your clothes off and take a bath and I'll have your dinner sent up to you. You're in for the night."

"Santa Claus, we are here!" observed Bull. "Show me d' way to dat tub."

THORPE read and reread the note, and then passed it back. "Do you think Bradley really wrote that thing?" he asked.

"It's in his handwriting and on a page torn out of his red memorandum-book. I'd like to bet it was the last thing he wrote."

Thorpe rubbed the back of his head.

"It sounds to me like fifteen feet of a Hollywood serial film," he said.

"Remember Bradley's background," counseled Sands. "He'd been writing melodramas all his life. Anyway he wrote it. I've proof of that. And inasmuch as he was murdered shortly before the man who carried it left the house, I'd say you've got to take it seriously."

"It begins to look as if the previous theories about motive were considerably wet. And this girl? Where does she fit?"

Sands looked troubled. "I can't tell why I think she isn't mixed up in this murder, but I do."

"You don't think the jane Bull Bailey saw was another one, do you?"

"Hardly. I've had a hunch for some time that Esther Carbine was in the house Monday afternoon or evening, and I thought I knew why, but I never thought she was in as deep a mess as this."

"Of course Bailey's evidence isn't complete. You don't know that she didn't leave before this man who carried the note in his pocket."

"I know that. But on the other hand she may have a hard time trying to prove that she did. And if she didn't— Well, you can see what it means. She's at least an accessory to murder."

"I wish I could understand this stuff. I can see that the note is important, but I can't see why."

"Well, to begin with, we can start to look for a new figure in this case—a man with some sort of grudge against Cyrus Bradley, presumably on account of a robbery committed at a place named Grainger at a time not specified. We have evidence that Cyrus double-crossed his associates and escaped with the loot, but was never able to touch it. A man come but whom he hadn't seen go in. We know that the murder was committed shortly before 8:45 P. M. Monday. We know that the man in the gray overcoat is out of the calculation. And I'll tell you something else we know: We know why somebody went to all the trouble of raiding Bradley's house and shooting at me the other night.

"He didn't know his pocket had been picked. Probably he stuck the note into an old wallet he'd found in the writing-desk just as soon as Bradley had finished it. Then his first thought on finding it gone would be that he had dropped it out of his pocket. You can see the risks he'd run to get it back, but I wonder why he didn't keep after me?"

"What about Doc Perry's theory that he wasn't after you in the first place?" Sands shook his head.

"Bunk," he replied. "This would explode the theory if nothing else. The bullet wasn't intended for anybody in particular. It was intended for whoever might happen to find this note. So the recess in the pistol-practise would seem to show that he knew I hadn't discovered it."

"I follow you," agreed Thorpe. "And I'm beginning to admire this boy."

"I'm not sure that I am," commented Sands. "Let's see. If that note was in his overcoat pocket it's reasonable to suppose that he was wearing his overcoat at the time he picked it up. Therefore he hadn't been in the house very long. You'll remember it was darned hot even when we got there. So we'll have to find out where he was between, say, 8:30 and 9:15 o'clock on Monday night."

"Find out where who was?" put in Thorpe.

"I didn't say," grinned Sands.

SANDS kept his information to himself when he called on Crewe at headquarters the next morning. His reticence was instinctive. He had no lack of respect for Crewe's judgment, but the verdict of the coroner's inquest and the obvious attitude of the higher officials of the Police Department made Sands wary. Chief Krauss, provided with an alibi in what had promised to be an embarrassing case, might pass the word any time now that the Detective Bureau could drop the Bradley inquiry for more useful work, and Sands was dubious concerning Crewe's attitude should he become aware of Bailey's testimony. For the present a policy of silence seemed safest.

The lure of new interests was already at work on Crewe when Sands entered the chief's office in the Detective Bureau. Another gang war was in the process of evolution, and Crewe was evidently glad of the diversion. Here was a case he understood—with no queer alkaloids, no mixed motives, but sawed-off shotguns blazing from limousines according to established technique. Crewe was back in his own element, and the Bradley affair was beginning to seem of little consequence.

(Continued on

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"I got a goofy reply from the chief of police in Pelham," Crewe told Sands between telephone conversations with his field officers in the gang war. "It's there in the pile somewhere. Find it for yourself."

Sands found it and smiled.

"Don't know what you mean," read the message. "Do you refer to the Mollitor case?" and it was signed with the name of Jasper Cammick, chief constable of Pelham.

"Nice illuminating note," commented Sands. "You'd think that nicotin-poisoning was an every-day occurrence in Pelham. I think I'd better get this bird on long-distance. It would take a hundred years to dig anything out of him by telegraph."

So half an hour later he found himself talking with Mr. Cammick.

"We want to know about a case in which a man was poisoned with nicotin, but we don't know the name of the victim."

"Hard to dig out information in a case when you don't know who it's about," demurred the chief. "When did it happen?"

"We don't know that either."

"That ain't much to go on."

"I dare say it's plenty for a man who's intelligent enough to be a chief of police. Offhand, now, could you say how many murders have been committed in your town in the past thirty years?"

"Two. Karl Koppes busted Bill Williams's head with a piece of gas-pipe in 1895, an' a bum named Tony Bilder shot Homer Dazey in the Little Gem Lunch-room in 1920."

"Nothing doing on those. What was this Mollitor case you mentioned in your telegram?"

"Well, nobody knows much about that. At first somebody thought it might be a suicide. There was this here nicotin stuff talked about. Nicotin—that's tobacco, ain't it?

"Theodore Mollitor was the son of Nicholas Mollitor—an old-timer here. Good family. Never a word agin any of 'em. When he was young maybe Theodore was a little wild. But he come home an' got married an' run a general merchandise store here.

"Twelve year ago come Washington's birthday he died. Jist as clear a case of heart-disease as I ever see. A smart-Aleck doctor here smelled tobacco an' said maybe it was this here nicotin-poison. But Theodore always smoked a lot, an' his heart was bad anyway.

"I don't know why they was so much hullabaloo raised about that case. Some cops come here from Pittsburgh—they said it was just like some other case they'd heard about somewheres. They was howling for post-mortems and all that sort of stuff, but the family wouldn't stand for it.

"I see Theodore after he died. He was sittin' right there at the table. He'd got up early an' fixed breakfast for his wife an' the three kids. Anyways the breakfast was there, an' it stands to reason nobody else could have fixed it."

"Had the breakfast been eaten?" The detective's voice, low and eager, brought Crewe over from his desk.

"Beats all how you fellahs find out things," laughed Mr. Cammick. "Now that you mention it, I remember it had. We figured it that Theodore was dizzy from a heart-spell an' didn't know what he was doing, an' ate all the toast an' drank all the coffee himself."

"Was he tied up to his chair?"

"Nope. The Pittsburgh cops tried to say that the clothes-line on the floor had been used to tie him an' that he'd wiggled out of it. But why should he tie himself up after getting breakfast? Clear case of heart-disease, it was.

"Say, listen, you ain't trying to open up all that old stuff again? It ain't right. Mrs. Mollitor was Jane Edgecomb—daughter of Irving Edgecomb, who runs the bank here. Big people. An' she's married again, an' it don't do no good to go raking over dead bones."

"Don't worry about it," Sands advised him. "We're not much interested in what happened to Mr Mollitor. What happened to the doctor who thought it was a nicotin case?"

"Died of flu during the War. He wasn't any good anyway. You ain't going to make no trouble for Mollitor's widow, now, are you?"

"You probably will never hear from us again," replied Sands. "Just forget we called you."

"I sure will," Mr. Cammick assured him in a relieved tone. "Let dead bones lie, an' besides old Edgecomb would be taking my head off."

SANDS hung up the phone.

"The thing I've been trying to remember is almost in reach," he said. "Mollitor—Pelham, Pa. . . . No, I never heard of that business before."

"What the devil do you make of it?"

"Well, offhand I'd like to bet that Mr. Mollitor, who died of heart-disease, was murdered with nicotin. Mrs. Mollitor was the daughter of Banker Edgecomb, who probably holds a mortgage on everything in Pelham. Mrs. Mollitor was willing to have it known that her husband died a natural death. Maybe she was afraid if she kicked up a row she'd be murdered herself. Probably little things that we'll never have explained. But I think we can assume that there was some connection between Mr. Mollitor and Mrs. Bradley."

"What do you suppose it is? Some society like the Black Hand that puts out a badge of buttered toast? It's a dumb idea."

"I'll tell you quite candidly that I don't know. But it's beginning to be pretty obvious that the breakfast for four has some sinister meaning."

"Think we ought to send somebody to Pelham to look into the business?"

Sands shook his head.

"We probably wouldn't be able to gouge anything more out of Pelham than the chief has told us. Besides I believe I can get a lead on Mr. Mollitor from some other angle."

"You're more sanguine than I am," observed Crewe.

"Got anything more on Carbine?" Sands asked.

"Yes, but we haven't been able to pick up the bird yet. We found out that he was here last week. You suggested that he might have been here, remember? Ever heard of the Hosmer Guild?"

Sands nodded.

"Private theatrical association out North run by Mrs. Samuel P. Lloyd, isn't it?"

"That's it. They own a little soap-box of a theater that used to be a garage out in Dover Avenue. For the past year they've been reviving all sorts of weird shows. Trying to copy some joint in Paris."

"The Grand Guignol. I know. I read something about their plan."

"You've got it. The Grand Guignol. That's what they call their theater. And they've made a wad out of it. Society troops out there every week in evening dress.

"Well, that's the joint Freddy Carbine was putting Cyrus Bradley's money into, and the big point of it is that he cam out here several times during the past two months to put on some of Bradley's old thrillers. There's one on this week called 'The Dead Voice.' Bradley wrote it, altho there's some other name on the bills. Maybe you could get a line on the old boy's background by giving it a look—see? I understand there's at least one murder in every act."

"Do you know," Sands said suddenly, "that mightn't be such a bad idea. I'll drop in there to-night. Want to come along?"

"Me? Not a chance. I've got work to do. I can't be wasting my time on stage murders when Perelli's mob is putting on real ones."

Thorpe readily consented to visit the Grand Guignol. And he listened with a pleased expression while Sands related his newest tale of murder.

"Looks like another development of this Grainger stick-up, doesn't it?" he commented.

"Surely seems to be cut right off the same piece. But I'm wondering where it fits."

"Not so hard to figure that, is it? The note mentions two birds. What were their names? Fresno and Halley. Fair enough, if Mollitor wasn't Fresno he was Halley."

"It's not a bad guess, but remember that in his note Bradley took all the blame for double-crossing Fresno and Halley. If somebody murdered Bradley for double-crossing it's not reasonable to suppose that either Fresno or Halley was murdered for being double-crossed."

"Well, then, I can't help you," admitted Thorpe cheerily. "The thing for you to do is go to Grainger—wherever that is—and look around for yourself."

Sands smiled. "There are eight Graingers in the Postal Guide, scattered all the way from Oregon to North Carolina. It looks like a large contract."

In the celluloid-collar period of the city's esthetic development gun-and-gore melodramas had backed to cial standing. But time is long and art is fickle. And wit the passing of the years the dusty old melodramas wou dug from the discard and revived in all their luckless seriousness. They were spread before the intelligentsia, and the intelligentsia liked them. The audience might snicke at the pleadings of the heroine in the face of a fate worse than death, it might guffaw at the lady's head-on dive toward the buzz-saw in the biggest scene, but whatever the motives, the highest intellects found the old plays a entertaining as the rabble of the celluloid collars once had found them. All of this explains the popularity of place like the local Grand Guignol, which carried out faithfu the traditions of the theme whose products it displayed. Ushers in the garb of the nineties escorted the audience downstairs covered with Turkey-red carpet to chairs done in crimson plush.

The house was illumined by unseen electric globes, but the light seemed to be coming from scores of gas-lamps resurrected from the city's junk-heaps. A calendar for the year 1895 hung on the rail of one of the boxes.

The curtain was of steel—as provided by city ordinance—but it had been skilfully painted to represent worn canvas. It was covered with advertisements for mercantile establishments long defunct, for livery-stables and phrenologists and blacksmiths and patent medicines and saloons. And it worked an odd necromancy.

"'I'M NOT BLACK,' HE DECLARED. 'I DON'T KNOW WHO BLACK IS. I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN'"

"THE last frontier of 1895!" ejaculated Sands as he dropped into a seat beside Thorpe and looked about him. "I feel as if I ought to apologize to the management for having neglected to arrive in a hansom."

He opened his program, and discovered that the play was named "The Dead Voice," and that it was written by Raymond Picard. For a moment he considered the *nom de plume*.

"Wonder why the management sticks to that name," he mused. "If they advertised the thing as the work of the late Cyrus Bradley they could pack the house for a year."

"Probably they don't know about it," suggested Thorpe. "And anyway the birds who run places like this never read the newspapers."

"I think more likely they aren't sure—whatever they may suspect—and Carbine isn't around to tell them."

An explanation, later verified at the box-office, was discovered in a foot-note at the end of the program. The cast of "The Dead Voice" was not the regular stock company of the Grand Guignol, but an ensemble imported with scenery, properties, and orchestra from another Grand Guignol in New York for an exchange engagement. The play had not been seen locally, and its authorship had seemed of no consequence.

The synopsis of the action gave little clue to the importance of a drama that within a few hours was to become a season's sensation:

"The banker's lovely daughter." "I know you, Ralph Banford." "The lonely road to Birmingdale." "Marry me or I'll expose your father." "You may force me to wed, Ralph Banford, but my heart is in another's keeping."

Sands read and reread the two pages of jerky quotations.

"I've seen this thing before," he declared suddenly.

"Sure," agreed Thorpe. "Why not? This is just a compilation of all the bunk that went before it. The synopsis would fit any melodrama that was ever written."

"It isn't that," argued Sands. "Some of those names stick in my mind. I saw the thing at the old Bijou Theater when I was a kid. That's what I've been trying to remember—the nicotin business——"

The orchestra came out, tuned its fiddles with a great

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deal of zeal, and played "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De-Ay," "Little Annie Rooney," and "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

A manager-in an ill-fitting frock coat emerged from the flies to announce the merits of his production and to request that the ladies remove their hats. He was booed enthusiastically, and the curtain rose upon the painted grandeurs of "Banker Bingham's Palatial Parlor." The actors came on to speak their archaic and yet familiar lines, and stalked about with all the pride of a forgotten day. The crowd had come to scoff and was doing it with a rare zest. Thorpe caught the spirit of the thing, but Sands, like the dim gaslamps and the queer costumes, remained embedded in 1895.

"'ONCE I THOUGHT I HAD YOU IN NEW YORK, BUT YOU GOT AWAY, AND I HAD TO GO ON. YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT, CHARLEY'"

The plot began to unfold itself in a maze of histrionics Actors spoke their stilted lines to the moon of the spotlight. Runaway locomotives, perilous leaps across canvas chasms, all the effects of the period were brought forward to show how complicated had been the lives of Banker Bingham, his lovely daughter Ysobel, Tom Borden, the penniless hero, and Ralph Banford, the scoundrel.

The story was slight and the incidents ludicrous. The audience was close to hysteria when the drop lifted on the third scene in the third act: "The Parlor of the Deserted Mansion."

Then for some unaccountable reason the laughter died, and a hush came over the house, to be followed instantly by a nervous thrill.

It may have been that the reaction was merely physical—fatigue. It may have been that the quick eyes of the scoffers had noted in the scene what Sands had noted. Whatever the cause, the actors stepped forward to the footlights to perform their mimicry before a silent house. They seemed surprized, then shocked, and in a moment they, too, had been captured by the spell.

The scene itself was crude—a series of canvas panels done in gray and streaked with water-stains, and creating the effect of a large room with what seemed to be a conservatory visible through an archway at the rear.

Much of the furniture that littered the stage was wrapped in sheets, but uncovered chairs lined the walls. Pictures in piles stood by the door of the conservatory, and two rolls of carpet lay before the footlights. A massive table occupied the center of the scene, and on it stood a silver coffee-pot. A perfect reproduction of the dining-room at Number 37 Hardy Street. Sands held his breath.

As the curtain lifted, Banker Bingham and his comic man servant were discovered entering from the doorway at the right. Both were carrying lanterns, which they placed on the table.

"We must go carefully," said Banker Bingham. "Some of these scoundrels may still be about."

"This is the place, all right," said the man servant. "This is the mansion of Thomas Gregory, Esquire, who has gone with his family to a resort in the mountains not far from Havertown to spend the Summer. How ghastly it seems!"

"Aye, indeed ghastly. A fitting spot for devil ment. You remember well what I have told you."

"Oh, indeed, Master, I have. You have told me that there is a plot to force you to rob the bank and that the scoundrels are to meet you here."

"That is right. And of all the dastardly scoundrels on the face of the earth none is more dastardly than Ralph Banford. Remember that."

"Aye, I will."

"Good. And now I shall tell you what you must do. You must fly through the mountains—through the secret pass I told you of—and you must get Tom Borden. He will know what is best to be done. And go at once, for there is no time to be lost."

Then the man servant went out with his lantern while Banker Bingham picked a chair and sat down at the table.

"A ghastly place," he soliloquized, "a fitting place for murder. I wonder what will come of this night."

A NEW figure entered from the conservatory —a man dressed just like Banker Bingham, a Vandyke beard and silver-rimmed spectacles, everything. Banker Bingham's twin brother had arrived!

"You!" gasped Banker Bingham.

"Yes, I," retorted the twin. "I whom you had thought dead."

"Heaven help me! Why couldn't your grave have held you? Why do you come back to me now after all these years that I have been carrying your crime, fearing the exposure that should be yours?"

"Bosh! You are a faint-hearted milk-sop."

"I am not a faint-hearted milk-sop. But I will have no more to do with you or your wicked ways. I can not believe that you are my brother."

"I am your brother, all right. And that is why I have come here to help you make your fortune. I am working with Ralph Banford."

"What? That scoundrel?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Well put. You always were clever with phrase. He is indeed a scoundrel. But a clever one. He will make more money out of your bank to-night than you could make in a dozen years."

"Yes, by stealing the money of those who have entrusted it to my care."

"Let them earn more—the fools!"

"I shall refuse to have anything to do with it."

"Ha! Ha! Who cares? To-night while you were coming up the lonely road to Birmingdale what was I doing? I shall tell you. I was walking into your bank and leaving doors unlocked so that Ralph and his two men might enter easily. Nobody mistrusted me. Every one who saw me mistook me for you."

"You are a devil!"

"I am your brother."

"Yes, but an unnatural one!"

"Do not say so. Many times I have saved your life when my companions would have killed you. Who knows but I may save it again? I do you no great harm. Possibly nobody will even suspect you of complicity in the robbery. Ralph and his brave ruffians will be here later. We shall have our breakfast here and divide the loot. After that we scatter to the four corners of the earth."

"Alas! Is there no justice in this world?"

"You have a chance, dear brother. You can quit your pious, sniveling ways and join us. You can help us get away by deceiving the constables."

"Not so long as the breath of life is in me will I do any such thing. I have been a worm long enough, Henry Bingham. I have fled into the shadows because I bore the weight of a crime. Your crime. But I shall be a worm no longer. I shall be a man. And I defy you and your brother ruffians. Do your worst."

He sprang at the ludicrous figure of his twin brother and was promptly bested, trussed up, and dragged off the stage. But the weird lines of the piece, the stilted action, the ill-fitting costumes, and the preposterous situation seemed unnoticed by the audience. It was ballbound.

The false banker returned to the stage and talked to himself about his prospects while he unearthed a small stove from the pile of furniture, set it on the table and lighted it. He put the silver coffee-urn on top of it and placed slices of bread in the toasting-racks at its side. From a draped cupboard he brought out plates and glasses and napery and silver and began to set the table.

"Breakfast for four," he repeated to himself. "Breakfast for four. And in a life like ours we should be setting a fifth place for Brother Death."

HE WAS putting down the last of the forks when a footstep was heard off-stage.

"Ah, they come!" he observed. And onto the stage walked a man whose long, black cape and broad-brimmed hat marked him at once as the mysterious stranger who had snatched the papers in the first act.

"I guess I don't know you," remarked the false twin. "What is your name?"

"You may call me Earl Densmore."

"And where are the others? What has detained them?"

"Important business, I dare say. I did not ask them."

"I do not trust them. How do you know that they are not getting away with the loot?"

"Because they never had it. I took it from the bank-vault myself and fled with it."

"Where is it now?"

"I have hidden it."

"Where have you hidden it? Speak up, man."

"I shall say nothing about it until we are all here."

The twin turned his head and spoke in an aside.

"What does this mean? The money hidden—Ralph not here. And I am alone with this arrogant stranger. I see it all now. I am being cheated out of my share. Perhaps he has killed them, and is here to kill me. I must humor him."

He turned once more to the stranger.

"I suppose they will be along presently. In the meantime why should we delay our breakfast? The coffee is hot and the toast is ready. Sit down. Perhaps we may find some eggs and bacon in the larder."

The stranger took a chair and drew it up to the table. While his hands were still clasping it the false Bingham leaped upon him from behind, lassoing him with a cord snatched up from the stack of pictures. The stranger struggled, but was quickly bound to the chair.

"What do you mean by this?" he inquired.

"You are trying to cheat me out of my share. Maybe the others are in this with you. Maybe you have killed them. Anyway I am going to kill you like a dog. If the others have deceived me I shall kill them too."

"Shoot and be done with it!"

"I am not going to shoot you. I have a more subtle plan. Look at what I found in the conservatory." He held up a bottle.

"And what is that?"

"A poison called nicotin—a poison swift to kill and almost impossible to detect. And you will tell me where the loot is hidden or I will pour this down your throat a drop at a time."

"I am not afraid of you, Henry Bingham. Kill me if you will, and then what? The secret dies. You will not pour the poison. You are afraid, afraid."

But the taunted Henry Bingham hurled himself upon the mysterious stranger, whose sepulchral voice boomed the familiar tag-line:

"Life is full of hope for me. I would not die so soon, so horribly."

Whereupon Henry Bingham caught him by the nose until he gasped, and then, with a vicious jab, forced the bottle-neck into his mouth.

"It's done," he exulted. "He'll not cheat me now."

He looked once more at the figure in the chair and a look of horror came into his eyes.

"But he has cheated me," he wailed. "Dead! And the secret with him."

A step sounded off-stage, and Henry Bingham fled through the conservatory as the curtain fell.

A murmur rolled across the pit, and the audience awoke to the realization that they had been sitting hypnotized since the beginning of the act.

"You called it," came the voice of Thorpe to Sands's ear. "There's your murder for you."

Sands roused himself.

"That's the murder of Cyrus Bradley," he agreed. "The lines may have been different. The motive may have been

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"HE WAS POLITE. 'I KNOW YOU HAVE MANY FRIENDS HERE, BUT ELSPETH AND I MISS YOUR COMPANY'"

CONTINENTAL MANNER

More proof that a young-looking mother is also a woman

By NEVIS SHANE

Illustrations by OSCAR HOWARD

IT REALLY began fifteen minutes after the great liner had left its pier.

Elspeth said, "Mother, have you arranged for our table-seating?"

And Mrs. Dana, laying out toilet articles on the smart little dressing-table, replied, "Why, no, dear; I didn't think it necessary. Mr. Keldon always arranges things for us. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Elspeth, "there's a perfectly fascinating man on board whom I shall probably fall in love with. And I want to do it as conveniently as possible."

Her mother finished arranging the dressing-table. Then she said mildly, "But, my dear Elspeth, you are always falling in love with some one."

Elspeth nodded. "I know, darling. But this is different. I really think this is going to be serious."

Mrs. Dana smiled, and went on unpacking the little silver-topped bottles and jars from Elspeth's dressing-case.

Elspeth changed her hat. Not that the beige felt she was wearing wasn't ravishingly becoming, but she thought the rose Reboux was much more so. Her mother watched her, a faint smile still lingering about her lovely mouth.

She said, "Where are you going, Elspeth?"

"To reconnoiter, darling." And Elspeth departed.

Mrs. Dana finished unpacking. She was putting away the final bottle in the little cabinet when Elspeth came in.

She said nonchalantly, "Dear, I'm so sorry, but it's the captain's table."

Mrs. Dana sighed. She would have preferred a quiet table *à deux* in a corner where formalities and punctuality weren't required. But she did not say this to Elspeth.

She said instead, "I suppose you asked the purser?"

Elspeth smiled. "Oh, no, darling. I asked *him*. Sometimes the purser is mistaken."

Mrs. Dana faced her daughter sternly. "Elspeth, you didn't!"

Elspeth nodded. "I'm sorry, but I did. However, it happened quite naturally so you needn't worry."

She took off the more-than-becoming rose hat and ran her slim fingers through her fluff of dark hair. "I bumped into him—really accidentally—and dropped my bag—not so accidentally. He said, 'So sorry,' and picked it up. I smiled, of course, and said, 'Not at all. My fault entirely—beastly wind and all that.' He agreed. 'Beginning of the equinox,' he explained. So then I said, 'Of course, but what is the equinox?'

"Naturally, he had to explain, and I listened. I almost corrected him once on latitudinal air-currents, but caught myself in time. Finally I said, 'Thank you so much. Now I must go dress for dinner. Have you your seating yet?' He said, 'Yes,' so I said, 'How nice!' then I added, 'You look important, so you must be at the captain's table.' He said, laughing, 'Not important at all, but it is the captain's table.' So I said, 'In that case I'll see you at dinner—*au 'voir*,' letting him take it for granted we were seated there too. Mr. Keldon says we can be at the captain's table—that the captain had asked him to put you there when he heard you were on board. So hurry, precious; it's dreadfully late."

Elspeth herself had been disrobing throughout her entire recital. She now stood, a slim dryad in rose chiffon.

The stewardess came in and started the bath.

Elspeth said, "You'd better take first go, darling. It takes you longer. You really must shingle your hair—it saves such time in dressing."

Mrs. Dana regarded herself in the triple mirrors with a vague smile. No one ever took her and Elspeth for mother and daughter. Elspeth was tall and slim and dark, she was small and slim and fair. Elspeth was nineteen and looked twenty-five; her mother was forty and looked twenty-nine.

Elspeth said, "Wear your white dress with the pearl embroidery, darling. I want you to make a special impression. But which shall I wear, the silver Molyneux or the peach Chanel?"

"The peach," said her mother, "and I'll lend you my jade for the evening."

THREE hours later Elspeth said, "Mother, I know you must be tired. If you want to turn in early I'll not wake you when I come down."

It was the old signal, and Mrs. Dana responded to it immediately.

They were seated at a little round table near the dancing-floor of the great steamer—Mrs. Dana, Elspeth, and Raoul, Vicomte de Vriac. For that is who the "perfectly fascinating man" had turned out to be.

Her mother now made a movement of departure.

"But surely you'd like a little air—perhaps a little liqueur first?" protested De Vriac.

He was tall—exceptionally tall and dark. As for his age, "He must be every bit as old as I am," thought Mrs. Dana a little resentfully. But that vague resentment died almost immediately under the warm fascination of his smile.

She said hurriedly, "No—no, thank you," then to Elspeth, "You had better take my wrap in case you go up on deck."

They walked with her to the lift.

"Not too late," she warned them, and entered the lift.

As it descended she glimpsed the smile Elspeth gave De Vriac, and the warmth with which he returned it. And for the first time in her life Lenore Dana felt a sudden pang of envy of her daughter's youth. Not so much her youth, perhaps, as what it represented—dreams, romance, anticipation. But when one was forty—no, forty-two!—ah, that was a different matter! Especially when twenty of those years had been spent in desperate pretense.

"Mother, why are you crying?" "Mother, what is wrong with father?" "Why must I go away to school? I don't want to leave you." Oh, those years of lying and evading! And then the final ignominy—"Well-known New York banker and chorus-girl killed in motor crash on Post Road. Witnesses say——"

Forty-two! But a hundred in experience.

Lenore was still lying wide-eyed when Elspeth came in and banged the stateroom door behind her.

Her mother said, "I'm still awake, so you needn't worry. But aren't you early?"

Elspeth switched on the lights. Their sudden brilliance made Lenore close her eyes. When she opened them again, she saw Elspeth staring sulkily down at her.

"Why, darling, what's wrong?"

Elspeth shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing," she said. "Only Galahad thought it improper to detain a sweet young thing on the upper deck after *maman* had removed her chaperonage—the poor fish."

Mrs. Dana smiled. "But, Elspeth, European men do hold different ideas from ours about unmarried——"

"For pep," interrupted Elspeth rudely, "for pep give me a nice, middle-aged butter-and-egg man from Squash Center, Arkansas. He'd make that dark angel of a vicomte look like a magazine-cover for the old year!"

Her mother shook her head. "But what did you expect him to do, child?"

"I'd hate to tell you," returned her modern young offspring. "But the least of my great expectations was a

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dark, sheltered corner, and a preliminary skirmish for the big battle which I expect to launch to-morrow. Drat this boat anyway for being a record beater! It's not time enough in which to plan a campaign, muster forces, decoy, attack, and capture the enemy! Good night, darling. If you think of any good points for me to adopt in this latest war of the sexes, don't wait till morning to tell me."

AND so, as Elspeth termed it, the war was on.

Not that it seemed a difficult battle so far as Lenore could see. Raoul was the most obliging of enemies: he met every attack with the utmost politeness. But while he met Elspeth on her own ground—met her moods with moods to match or offset them—he was always considerate and attentive where Lenore was concerned.

"As if I were already the grandmother of his child!" Lenore said to herself.

But she could not sustain her resentment under the batteries of his fascination. Tho subtle, it was too pervading to be combated, so one morning, when Elspeth said suddenly,

"Mumsie, would you mind terribly having a foreigner for a son-in-law?"

Lenore replied, "If you mean Raoul, I'm afraid I should like him no matter what his nationality. Has he proposed so soon?"

Elspeth tried to look unimportant. "Oh, no, darling. He only suggested last night that we drive from Cherbourg to Paris in his car instead of taking the boat-train. And——"

"And?" prompted Lenore.

"Oh, well, he also said, in speaking of his château in Loire, 'You're sure to love it.' Now, that means something, doesn't it?"

"But, Elspeth dear, do you really love him?"

"Absolutely dippy over him, darling."

"But I wish you weren't. European men can look so much and mean so little. Charming, flattering, attentive, but insincere. And Raoul is years older than you—old enough to be——"

She broke off abruptly. There! She had almost said it. Old enough to be her father. Why on earth should that matter, unless——

"I'm going up on deck for a little air before luncheon," she said, and went hurriedly out of the stateroom.

Unless—unless—round and round the deck—and that little word went with her.

At luncheon Raoul said, "Madame Dana, perhaps Elspeth spoke to you about permitting me to drive you both to Paris. It is a lovely trip. I am sure you would enjoy it more by motor than by train."

Said Lenore briefly, "If you wish——"

And at the gleam in his eyes, at the flash of his smile, she felt suddenly old. Forty-two! Women were old then, while men— She glanced at Raoul, studying him. There were streaks of gray in his dark hair, and deep lines in his face. And these discoveries gave her pleasure.

PARIS. Elspeth was quite *fasé* about it—this was her second trip over—but Mrs. Dana never failed to thrill to its peculiar magic. She had spent the majority of her girlhood years at a school in Passy, and she loved Paris—loved the fascination of it all.

They arrived on a Friday, so Raoul took them to Ciro's to dine, to the Casino de Paris later, to the Florida still later, and to Casanova latest of all.

Lenore would have preferred a quiet dinner in a small restaurant with, perhaps, an act or two at the Grand Guignol, and an unhurried supper over in the Quartier, where one could relax and talk. As Raoul's curriculum unfolded she was disappointed. She had expected less conventionality in his tastes.

It wasn't until at the Florida, across the tiny table on the edge of the multihued glass dance-floor, when Elspeth said breathlessly, "Oh, Raoul, I adore this! How could you know I wanted to go everywhere the very first night?" that Mrs. Dana suddenly realized that the program had been planned to suit her daughter's taste. Of course he was not catering to the whims of a middle-aged woman. She found him looking at her.

"What are you smiling about?" he asked.

"Myself," was all she said.

"Let's dance," said Elspeth. Raoul rose, took her in his arms, and whirled her away. Lenore watched them.

"*Madame voudrait danser?*"

"'ELSPETH IS JUST A CHILD. SHE DOESN'T MEAN TO HURT PEOPLE,' LENORE SAID"

She looked up at the sleek young gigolo—she knew all about these male lilies of the night-club fields. The insolence of him!

"*Non, merci,*" she said coldly, "*madame ne veut pas danser.*"

She saw Raoul and Elspeth coming toward her. They sat down. Raoul said, "I'm awfully sorry you were approached, but it's impossible to prevent it. They intend no insolence——"

"It was nothing," she interrupted him.

Of course he would defend them!

"Isn't it time to go on?" asked Elspeth. "We mustn't spend too much time in any one place. We might miss something."

"Greedy one," laughed Raoul.

Under his smile Elspeth flushed a little. Then she hunched her shoulders, lifted her chin, narrowed her eyes, and smiled back at him.

Mrs. Dana had seen Elspeth do this before. It was her announcement of determination.

It was after four when they finally reached their hotel. Raoul said good night at the lift, clasping Elspeth's hand and bowing, clasping Lenore's hand and kissing it. She withdrew it quickly.

"Good night, and thank you so much," she murmured, and entered the lift.

"Gorgeous night!" trilled Elspeth. "Thanks awfully. *Au 'voir—tout à l'heure,* or whatever it is till to-morrow."

"TO-MORROW" turned out to be a drive to St. Cloud, golf, luncheon, another drive, tea at a remote inn, a hurried "*Tout à l'heure*" at the door of the Crillon, the tinkly little telephone, "*Monsieur le Vicomte de Vriac est arrivé,*" then dinner, a play, and Chez Fysher later.

To-night was her night, Lenore realized. All the things she loved: pojarsky—delicious! La Prison du Vice—horrible! Lya Dyla—ravishing!

Back in their apartment, Elspeth said coolly, "Darling, haven't you any appointments for to-morrow? You know—old friends, dressmakers, modistes?"

Her mother looked at her quietly. "Why?"

Elspeth smiled, shrugged. "Darling, don't you really know why?"

She knew she knew why.

"If you mean Raoul, I don't think that he will take you about alone. He appears to have rigid ideas of propriety."

Elspeth inspected her nails. Then she said, "Don't be absurd. Of course he wants to take me out alone. Only he can't very well say so." She smiled coaxingly at her mother. "Darling, are you sure you don't want to see Chanel's collection to-morrow morning?"

Suddenly Lenore returned her daughter's smile. "Of course I want to see it. Shall I select you several models?"

Elspeth flung her thin, young arms about her mother's neck. "Darling, you're a peach. Please order me something seductive and not too virginal."

And Lenore ordered. She spent hours in the great *maisons.* The *vendeuses* all knew her. They fluttered, like anxious moths, about her, jotting down numbers, seeking names. *Nuit d'amour. Matrn au Bois. Swines-moi*—ah, that was a creation!—sophisticated? *Mais certainement—pardon? pour un trousseau?* For madame's trousseau, perhaps? For a young girl? Ah, that was different—*alors*—regard now, the little model there—*Le Premier Jour*——

Of course, she saw him every day. He was always gravely polite, solicitously regretful. "Of course, I know you have many dear friends here, Madame Dana, but Elspeth and I miss your company. Still if you have an engagement this evening, we will make it for the first night you are free."

Later Lenore, feeling absurdly self-conscious, said to Elspeth, "Dear, I told you it is the Continental manner to include a chaperon in parties for a young girl."

Elspeth looked at her darkly. "Applesauce," said she tersely, and turned and looked out over the Place de la Concorde.

It was three nights later at le Grande Écart they met him—Paul Deschamps; tall, dark, and young, and he was Raoul's nephew. He said so in clipped Oxonian English. He came suddenly up to where they sat before the long polished bar.

"I'm Raoul's nephew. Raoul, am I not your nephew?

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MRS. JONES
of Pipestone
says her say...

Yes, Mrs. Jones is convinced. Time and again her efforts to get the family laundry satisfactorily done were thwarted. For one thing the water in Pipestone, Minn., like so many other places, is quite hard—you know how discouraging that is. Then she noticed an advertisement for 20 Mule Team Borax and tried it.

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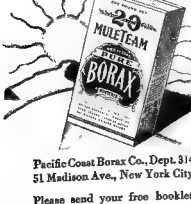

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FASCINATION

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at all. She did not say to herself that any man would be glad to have her there alone to talk to for a few minutes because she was a beautiful woman. She had none of the psychology of beauty, a thing quite different from beauty itself, and often possessed, rather irritating, by the ugly. Linda was thinking that he was a busy, important man, and would be wanting to get rid of her if she wasn't brief. So she looked up at him out of her fringed eyes and said sweetly, "Must I hurry very much?"

"You need not hurry at all," he answered. His voice had retained all these years a certain New England flatness of tone and neatness of enunciation. He leaned back in his chair and threw one leg over the other knee. Her eye fell upon his ankle—a slim ankle, an elegant ankle, the only thing approaching elegance in his make-up. She drew a long breath and folded her hands in her lap.

"I have come to you for advice," she said, "because I know you are a great friend of my husband's."

"A great friend?"

To her intense surprize she found herself on her feet. "If you are not," she returned, "there is no excuse for my being here." He hardly noticed her.

"Yes," he said evenly, "yes, I am a great friend of Eugene's."

WAS he making fun of her? She could not detect a twinkle in those bright dark-blue eyes of his. She sat down again. There was nothing else to do.

"Eugene is drinking very badly again," she said. "You have a great deal of influence with him. I want to consult you. I can not go to my own family. You must wonder why I come to a stranger, but they were all very much opposed to my marriage. They all prophesied that Eugene would never stop drinking."

"They were in fact right."

"They were not right to be bitter and insulting. My brother said things I shall never forget—never."

"Your memory is a good one, I imagine."

She opened her eyes. "You mean I'm unforgiving?"

"That was my meaning."

She was startled, for he was quite right, only no one had ever said it before nor suspected it as far as she knew. She was unforgiving. Just now mention the opposition of her family brought back, after fourteen years, the sentences her brother had pronounced. "The most wretched fate a woman can have is to marry a handsome drunkard. He won't even be able to earn a living, because, having been a tin god at college for four years, he won't take discipline from an office manager."

Well, Richard had been wrong. Eugene had earned his own living—not brilliantly, but well, very well indeed. Yet her brother had been half right. Eugene had been reformed. If Richard had been wholly right she would have apologized to him. If he had been wholly wrong he would have apologized to her. As things were, they never mentioned the matter, never discussed it, or anything intimate, any more. A very close relation ruined.

But how did this man know that she was unforgiving? She smiled with a rather sly amusement.

"It is generally conceded," she said, "that I have a very amiable disposition."

"Indifferent people are usually amiable. Why shouldn't they be?"

But was she indifferent? She would have liked to go on talking about her own nature. She found this man's comment on the edge of impertinence, but sage and stimulating; only she could not allow herself to be light and egotistical in what might well turn out to be one of the most serious interviews of her life.

She spoke gravely, "I need hardly tell you that before we were married Eugene promised me that he would never drink again, and many, many times since then. But we had not been married more than a year before it all began again. Sometimes I think it was the War that ruined us. It was such agony to part. We had been married less than two years, but he would go; he thought it right——"

"He wanted to," said Watts. "We all did."

"Yes, perhaps, but when he got over there it didn't do him any good; and after the armistice—that dreadful time—when he couldn't get back to me, altho there was nothing really to do, that finished him. I hardly knew him for the same man."

"Let me see. You two were married very young?"

"Yes, we were very young and very silly, I dare say, and very much in love." She did not think she could explain to any one the complete satisfaction of that early romance, the golden quality, the realization of an almost unimaginable joy that made all future sacrifices inevitable. It was something she could never be untrue to.

Watts was smiling. "I don't blame you," he said. "I remember him very well then. He was extraordinarily good-looking."

"Some one said he was like Hermes in tennis-flannels. But it wasn't only his looks; it was much more to me, his physical strength. I remember we were together one evening right in New York, and two men got fighting in the streets, and Gene simply picked them up, one in each hand. I thought it so superb." She laughed indulgently. "I had then the ideal that men must be strong and dominating and women gentle and appealing—so silly."

"Is it silly?"

Oh, dear, of course he thought himself a strong, dominating man, this kidnaper of chorus-girls, and perhaps thought her gentle and appealing. He really must not be allowed that trait. "Yes, it's silly," she returned, "because men and women don't come that way—we're mixed. The stronger men are to confront the world, the more they have hysterics with their womenkind, and the more women cling in public, the more often they dominate and direct." She stopped. She was not at all sure she really thought all this, and besides it suddenly began to sound like a criticism of Eugene. And after all she was not there to criticize his line of action, but to get some advice about her husband.

"You don't seem to have been very much influenced by your family's opposition," he observed.

"No," she answered; "no, it's curious, but it never affected my conduct in the least—only hurt my feelings. From the first moment I knew Eugene wanted to marry me, and that was within a week of our first meeting, it seemed something that had to happen, like the rising of the sun——"

"Or the going down of the same," said Watts.

She glanced at him and, not seeing any clear meaning, glanced away again.

THERE was a short pause. "I assume," he observed, "that in consulting me you are prepared to be candid." She nodded, and he went on. "Does Eugene love you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You're not sure?"

"How can any one be sure? I don't want to be like these idiotic women who are always saying, 'My husband adores me,' when you can see he loathes to find himself in the same room with her." She saw a shade cross his brow. "I see you do think I am like them."

He shook his head. "On the contrary, I can tell you, if you don't know it, that Eugene loves you uniquely, always has and always will."

For a second she was less interested in this opinion, which she shared, than in the fact that she must have appeared doubting, almost faithless. She wanted to explain her position why it was she was uncertain of her ability to hold a man. Her sister-in-law, Marion, Richard's wife, would look at her and say reflectively, "I can not see why it is, Linda, that no one ever seems to make a pass at you." Marion's own life was just a complicated pattern of passes.

But not since her marriage, and she had been married at twenty, had Linda been much troubled or flattered by the love of men. She liked to think that she had developed a technique, having early discovered a violent, hidden, possessive jealousy in Eugene, but she actually believed that the cause was less commendable. She thought that in spite of her looks she was not attractive to men, and, to be candid, she regretted it—mostly for Eugene's sake—but not entirely.

She wanted to explain this. She had an idea that this remote man would have something illuminating to tell her about herself. Or perhaps she just wanted to be praised, tho why should she be so sure it would be praise? Still she wasn't going to take it up. Good manners was always a matter of self-control, and it wasn't good manners to discuss your own charms with a stranger.

Watts did not give her long to debate. He passed on. "And you, I take it, are still in love with Eugene?"

She nodded.

"There isn't any one else?"

"There never has been. I don't see how there ever could be." She found herself coloring under something intent and still in his look, and she hurried on:

"That's what I don't understand. These psychologists tell you men drink as a flight from something unsatisfactory in their lives. I want to ask you if you know of anything unsatisfactory in Eugene's? It seems to me he has more than most people—the complete devotion of the woman he wanted, a pleasant house, a job he likes. Is there anything he has to fly from—anything I don't know?"

"Nothing that I know."

"Yet it's getting worse and worse. For the past few weeks he has been drunk, or getting over being drunk, continually. Yet he behaves each time as if it had never happened before and would never happen again, as if I were small-minded to comment on it. I've not to comment too much. Well, I'm at the end of my tether. I don't know what to do."

SHE was not to hear from him, apparently, for he continued to stare at her in silence, and she went on:

"I don't suppose you can have any idea what it is to a woman to be married to a drunkard. It's worse than jealousy. I've never been jealous, but I'm sure this is worse. I have never had an easy moment when he isn't with me. I'm always wondering where he is, inventing pretexts for calling him up, to hear if his voice sounds right—and the things I have to do—finding him, bringing him home from disgraceful places—trying to protect him from the world and from himself, trying to save his self-respect." She suddenly looked at him almost fiercely "What life of my own have I? What leisure or peace or future? I am willing to go on forever if there is any hope. But is there? I chose him, I married him, knowing that he drank. I love him. I have a great responsibility, but——"

"You want to leave him?"

"No, I can never leave him. It would destroy him utterly. I couldn't do that."

"Then I don't understand—you can't cure him, you won't leave him. What do you want?"

"I want you to tell me first if there is any hope, anything I could do, any last wild, mad thing that might cure him. And then, if there isn't, I want to be justified by a friend of his, like you, in giving up a losing fight. I love peace, Mr. Watts. I can't live without a sort of inner calm that has been almost destroyed. I want to have a little mental existence of my own—not to care so much." Her voice died away as she saw she was speaking for the first time to an unfriendly audience. His dark eyes burned at her.

"I think that's terrible," he answered.

"Terrible?"

"Yes. Do one thing or the other. Be ruthless if you like. You are justified in saying I gave this man all I could. I tried to save him, and now I shall save myself. But to stay and be lukewarm, to pretend to care and to be saying in your heart, What is it to me if the poor fool drinks himself to death or not——"

"It would not be like that; it isn't that," she retorted, all the more passionately because she found herself unable to explain the difference between herself and this horrid picture.

Continued on Page 36

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4 UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY AND HOW TO USE THEM

1. Pond's Cold Cream

for thorough cleansing

apply it generously

always after exposure

and before retiring.

2. Pond's Cleansing Tissues

soft, ample, absorbent

remove cream and dirt.

To banish oiliness

and firm your skin

3. Pond's Skin Freshener

pat it on briskly.

For powder base

and soft, white hands

smooth in a little

4. Pond's Vanishing Cream.

VITAL MOMENTS in a well-groomed woman's day . . . the all-important, yet simple care she gives her skin . . . Study these pictures . . . follow these swift, sure steps . . . Pond's four famous aids are unfailing . . . they keep your complexion exquisitely fresh and clear.

Pond's Cold Cream comes first . . . pure, light . . . use generously for thorough cleansing two or three times through the day . . . at bedtime . . . always after exposure. Quick, caressing, upward, outward strokes to smooth it in . . . they keep your contours young and firm. Now leave a moment to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . CORK every particle of dirt up to the surface.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues next . . . to remove all cream and dirt. Take two at a time from the dainty latticed box. Fold or crumple in your hand . . . lift off the cream and dirt, using exactly the same caressing upward motion as when applying the cold cream.

Now Pond's Skin Freshener . . . cool, exhilarating . . . it banishes the last trace of oiliness. See how you soak a sizable pad of cotton . . . pat face, neck all over briskly. This gentle Tonic closes, refines the pores . . . for sallow cheeks it's magic to conjure back fresh vital color.

Now for the smooth, well-bred finish that adds so much to your poise . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Smooth in a delicate film before you powder. And don't forget your hands . . . It keeps them velvet-white.

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IT'S NEW—*the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢*

Continued from Page 34

"And now," he said suddenly, "I think we may have the reason for Eugene's dissatisfaction—you have always weighed and wondered and appraised and observed and—and——"

She could not bear it, she thought, if he said the word "aloof." The accusation of aloofness, which had been made of her in almost all of her lesser relations, terrified her. It had never been made of her relation to Eugene by anyone, least of all by Eugene. And now this man had said it—"You hold yourself aloof."

Tears convulsed her throat for an instant, but she managed to conquer her despair. "You are quite wrong," she said, and there was an edge of anger in her voice.

"No, no," he said. "There has always been a part of you standing back and doubting—doubting if he really loves you, doubting if he can be saved, doubting if he is worth saving."

"No," she answered. "I haven't. Except as every rational person must think."

"There it is. You keep your mind and opinions free."

"Must one give up one's mental processes like a slave?"

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, in love one must be a partisan, not an empress."

"I am the least insolent person in the world."

"Nonsense!"

"You are wrong; you are stupid. You can't imagine how completely I do give my mind to Eugene—too much so. I never make a decision, the most trivial, without bothering him about it." He shook his head irritatingly, and she went on, "But you're wrong. I often think that for an intelligent woman it is absurd to be as mentally dependent on any one as I am on my husband."

"In trifles, yes. In things you don't really care about." He was frowning at her. "Look at your action in coming here to-day."

"Ah, you criticize me for that?"

"No. I think it was sagacious and brave, but it was the action of an aloof, clear mind."

SHE felt wounded, hopeless. She got up. "Well," she said, "we're getting nowhere."

He did not move. "On the contrary, for the first time we are getting somewhere. I ask you to consider what it must be to Eugene, loving you and conscious that he has ruined your whole life, to meet that cool eye of yours as you consider whether or not you'll be off to some remote peak where you can live by reason."

She hesitated as she so often did.

"What can I do?" she asked. Something childlike sounded in her voice.

"You can shoot the works for him, really identify yourself with him, so that when he says he'll never drink again, you believe it. Say to yourself that you have no other life than his, that you'll go down with the ship. It isn't sensible; it may wreck you. If I were your brother or your father I wouldn't let you do it, but it may save Eugene. Love him more irrationally, more stupidly, more humanly——"

"Better?"

"Yes, that's it, love him better."

She stared down at him. What he said was true. "Tho I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity—" She had lacked something as essential. A profound, clear sense of her own shortcoming came to her, but without bitterness, for she saw the remedy. She knew suddenly that she could be different—completely different.

A glorious sense of this power rose in her, lifting her like wings. She was crying a little, half aware of Watts's presence. She wanted to take this joy away with her—whole—to be alone with it as quickly as possible. Her being was lighted by a purpose, like a religious conversion.

She became completely simple. "I must go," she said. "I see it quite clearly. Thank you—well, I can't thank you now—some day—" She moved toward the door. He did not make the least motion to detain her. On the contrary, he got up and walked in silence with her into the outer office, and laid his finger on the elevator-bell.

"Just one thing more," he said. "If this doesn't work——"

She wouldn't listen to anything like that. "Oh, it will work," she answered. "I can't put my conviction into words, but I know I can do just what you said—just that—just that."

"I think so too, but if it doesn't——"

The elevator could be heard opening its inner gate. There it was a gaping door of light. Linda looked back over her shoulder and nodded good-by to Miss MacIntosh. "Well," she said gaily, "if it doesn't work, what then?"

"Then you might come to me."

She was in the car, the gates shut. What did he mean? "Come to me." Not leave Eugene and go to him. He could not have meant *that*. You did not make suggestions of that kind to a lady. He must have meant merely— But what did it matter what he meant? He had advised her well. He had gone to the core of the situation and had given her something priceless. She might never see him again as long as she lived, but she would be living her life by a light he had lit for her. He was a great man, and he had shown her how to save the most precious possession in the world.

He, when she had gone, turned back to Miss MacIntosh's office and stood looking at her with his hands in his pockets. "Hannah," he said, "I have just discovered something very interesting—only it won't interest you."

Miss MacIntosh stopped typewriting reluctantly, and said, "Well, what is it?"

"I have discovered, Hannah, that virginity is a psychic, not a physical state."

"No," said Miss MacIntosh, "that doesn't interest me. It seems to me either meaningless or untrue."

He laughed. It was enormously to his credit that he liked Hannah MacIntosh as much as he did, for she understood him completely. She was a plain woman of fifty, who had known him since a child, and had been for a brief period his schoolteacher. In fact she had given him, or lent him as it eventually turned out, the ten-dollar bill which had made his life. He had borrowed it in order to join a boys' club, and had used it to enable him to run away from the lunch who was bringing him up to be a clerk in the local drug-store.

She did not adore him as little Mathison, his official secretary, did. She simply understood him as completely that no mood or act of his ever found her unprepared. On the other hand, she never felt any animosity toward him as the others did when he was violent, which he was not often, or perverse, which at times he was. She had a secret set of words for his various presentments of himself. "Prancing" she called it when he began gaily to caper before an imaginary competitor. "Blessing" when he gave magnificently to individuals or organizations. Now she thought to herself, "Ah, he's been in his Spanish cloak for an hour or so." But she did not betray these thoughts.

The times when she felt most pitiful of him was when he was most unapproachable, when one of his black moods of despair was on him. Little Mathison always thought on those occasions that he had done something to displease his employer. But Hannah knew Watts was sunk in disgust at having been committed, without his consent, to the dirty deal of living at all. She never betrayed sympathy, however, and Watts had been known to explain to outsiders that the great advantage of Hannah was that, unlike most women, she was utterly unaware of moods—thought only of her work—very competent—very restful.

He stood a moment as if willing to be engaged in conversation, but she thrust a pile of letters at him. "Will you sign them, please?" she said.

He lit a cigaret and obeyed. Then he took his hat and coat. "I'm going," he said.

"Shall you be back to-day?"

"No, I think I've done enough for one day." He put his hat on his head at an angle, slight indeed, but at variance to the clerical effect of his clothes, and rang in his turn for the elevator.

IN 1902 Nicholas Watts, then a boy of thirteen, ran away from home. Eugene was jolting over the plains of Indiana to his first school, and Linda was walking with her nurse on the sunny side of Park Avenue from the Severns' house in East Fifty-fourth Street, turning north, never south, for to the south Park Avenue was then an open cut in which railroad-trains squeaked and snorted and emitted the reek of coal-gas and soot.

The United States was still feeling the expansive effects of the Spanish-American war, the Boer war was hardly over, Kipling was at the height of his fame, Theodore Roosevelt had just succeeded to the Presidency, and virility was very much the fashion.

NICHOLAS WATTS did not think, at thirteen, that forty-three was an early age at which to do anything, even to die. Nevertheless he was influenced, as most boys were in those days, by the simple, understandable masculine code of the President, and even more by Kipling, whom Hannah MacIntosh had put into his hands after school-hours.

His parents had been drowned several years before, going through the ice of a near-by lake on a Winter night, and it was being brought up by his uncle. His father had been considered the brilliant member of the family, editing a local paper. His uncle was managing a grocery business not very successfully. Watts early got the idea, as orphans do, to hear nothing but praise of their dead parents so often do, that he came from superior stock. Much older than his little cousins, much stronger in character than his uncle, he grew up a silent, rather contemptuous boy.

His impulse to run away came not, as was usually told in later years, from revolt at being a clerk at a soda-fountain, his matter of fact he saw a good deal to recommend this job. No, it was not until his uncle pointed out to him what the highest rewards of the future might be—to own his house, to be president of the bank, to make an occasional trip to Albany to buy a piano, or to Montpelier to favor legislation about good roads.

Boredom, which is supposed to be the danger of old and sophisticated natures, is actually the disease of youth; for the worst form of boredom is the stagnation that comes from not being allowed to use the powers you possess. We hear a great deal of the tragedy of the young artist's lack of self-expression, but Watts's situation was more tragic than any artist's, for his ability was always in executive fields, and the undeveloped executive has no opportunity whatever in the ordinary environments of youth. Just as a young painter ran away to Paris in the late nineteenth century to use his talents in Quartier Latin, so Watts ran away from the little Vermont town in the hopes of finding something to mold and control.

He reached Boston with Hannah MacIntosh's ten dollars still intact, and drifted down to the docks. "Captains Courageous," which he had read and reread beside the fire in Miss MacIntosh's little sitting-room, was still his favorite book. It perhaps influenced his acceptance of an ill-defined position on a sailing-vessel from Boston to Glasgow.

For two months he was half starved, ill treated, then getting back to Boston, in the cold winds of March, he heard of a place as cook's helper on a steamer running from Boston to Jacksonville. The first sight of tufted green palms on a white beach went to his head. Here was an undreamed-of land where a boy could sleep on the dry sands, bathe in a sapphire sea, and pick oranges from trees. He went on the beach of Florida.

His first position ashore was as assistant to a man called Bjur—Benny Bjur—who ran excursion-launches for tourists. Watts worked first at painting the boats, getting the engines into condition; a job he soon outgrew with a queer mingling of mechanical skill, accurate knowledge, and imagination. The business prospered, and after three years of it Bjur decided to buy a larger, faster boat, and put the little blue launch, the *Orians*, up for sale. No one was willing to pay Bjur's price.

The new boat arrived, proudly white, not floating flat on the water like the *Orianna*, but crouching ready for her spring forward. The price of the *Orianna* went down. At last Watts himself bought her on the instalment plan, giving up five dollars a month of his wages. He knew he paid too much for her, but he was really paying time, not money, and he still possessed a great deal of time.

The new boat, the *Ethelreda*, was faster, more beautiful, but also more un-

Continued on Page 56

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Created for PHILADELPHIA'S élite by a famous "*professional*" cook

Isabella Glass gives her recipe for a dish popular with the hostesses of stately Germantown

Isabella Glass, "professional" cook to the fashionables of Germantown. Among her distinguished patrons are: MRS. STANLEY W. PEARSON . . . MRS. STANLEY ALEXANDER WELSH . . . MRS. BALTZAR DE MARÉ . . . MRS. H. A. HAINES . . . MRS. W. E. CADBURY . . . MISS ALICE HAINES . . . MRS. CLAYTON PLATT, JR. . . . MRS. WILLIAM GOODMAN, JR. . . . MRS. LOUIS C. MADEIRA . . . MRS. C. L. ROBINSON . . . MRS. HENRY BELL, JR. . . . MRS. JAMES BLAKELEE

OUT the "East Drive," beyond the gray-yellow waters of the Schuylkill you find them—Germantown and Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia's fashionable suburbs.

Communities of magnificent modern estates, and beside them, gray stone houses that were already old when the Colonies united.

It is here in Germantown that Isabella Glass, "professional" cook de luxe, lives.

And it is with the hostesses of Germantown and Chestnut Hill that her services are in such demand.

Perhaps it is a tea after the Chestnut Hill Flower Show—perhaps it is luncheon for a group of fashionables on their way to the Horse Show at the Wissahickon Farms—or an elaborate formal dinner.

Whatever the occasion, under the skilled guidance of Mrs. Glass, the food is certain to be perfect.

Her delicious dishes are noted. And she prepares them herself from her own special recipes. She takes charge of the ordering, too, and plans the menus.

A favorite with her patrons

For luncheon on these crisp fall days, Mrs. Glass's patrons are very likely to ask for the bacon and spaghetti dish pictured here. There's such charm in its rich, seductive seasoning, such zest in the savory bacon flavor.

It is on the flavor of the bacon, according to Mrs. Glass, that the ultimate success of the dish depends. "If the bacon is the least bit strong or salty it drowns the other flavors. If it is too mild the dish lacks character. That is why I am always so particular to use Swift's Premium. I know it will always be delicate in flavor, yet rich and distinctive."

This delightful mellowness which Mrs. Glass praises is only one of the reasons why so many thousands of housewives are careful to choose Swift's Premium. Its tenderness—its just proportioning of fat and lean—its uniform slices—these are a few of the qualities that have won their patronage.

Mrs. Glass's recipe for her Swift's Premium Bacon with Spaghetti is given below. It is inexpensive, easy to make, full of alluring flavor. Why not try it some day soon?

Swift & Company

* * *

A delicious luncheon dish—Swift's Premium Bacon and Spaghetti! Mrs. Glass gives her recipe as follows:

FRY Swift's Premium Bacon slices until a good brown. Remove from pan and mince fine with 2 onions and 1 green pepper. Fry these together in bacon fat, and when brown put in 1 cup of tomato purée. Cook for a few minutes.

Boil and blanch ¼ lb. of spaghetti; then add the bacon, onions and pepper, cook for about 15 minutes. Pile high on platter, and garnish with strips of broiled Swift's Premium Bacon (around edges and on top), parsley, and half slices of pineapple fried a golden brown.

If some other fruit is preferred, quartered apples, fried in well buttered pan, with cinnamon and sugar and dotted with butter, may be used, or half pears (either fresh or canned) may be fried the same way.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *Swift's new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked to the sealed container, bears Swift's familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

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Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

TURKEY, CHICKEN, OR DUCK — WHICH SHALL WE CHOOSE FOR OUR FEAST?

FOR THANKSGIVING

By Day Monroe

BECAUSE the early colonists of Massachusetts served wild turkeys, which were then plentiful there, Thanksgiving and turkey have become almost inseparable in our minds. However, with two holiday dinners so close together, many families prefer to wait until Christmas for turkey and serve some other fowl for Thanksgiving.

Such a family may choose capon, whose flesh retains the characteristics of that of a young, immature bird, even tho it is full-grown. A capon may range in weight from 5 to 11 pounds; hence even a large family can find one suited to its needs. Duck is also a possibility in some markets, but since 4 to 6 pounds is their usual weight, one will scarcely be enough for a large family reunion.

Good chickens are almost always plentiful at this time, and if cooked according to some unusual recipe, with a real holiday stuffing, delicious gravy, and all the customary "fixings," as cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, chicken can replace turkey and cause no regrets among the diners.

The following rules apply equally to the selection of turkey, chicken, capon, or duck.

The younger the bird the more tender its flesh and the more delicate its flavor; hence avoid birds showing signs of old age. As a bird grows older its skin becomes coarse, especially that of the neck, which becomes loose and rough. The claws of a young bird are short and sharp; as it ages they become long and dull, its feet become rough and hard, and spurs appear.

Avoid a bird which is long and lanky. To slice well, the bird should have short legs and wings, and its body should be compact, plump, and rather wide, with the breast well rounded. Avoid also a bird whose skin shows splotches and bruises, or one which is not well picked.

Milk-fed poultry are superior to corn-fed, since this special type of feeding tends to distribute the fat throughout the muscle-fibers and to make the flesh more tender.

To Prepare the Bird

IF YOU have a good refrigerator it is far better to prepare the bird and half-roast it the afternoon before Thanksgiving, since this leaves the next morning free for other dinner preparations.

The first step is the *singeing*. Hold the bird over the gas-flame, or over a blazing paper, turning it so that the long hairs may be burned off, but moving it sufficiently rapidly that the skin will not be scorched. Then remove the pin-feathers with tweezers.

The next important step is the drawing of the tendons of the leg. These tendons are the tough white cords of connective tissue which join the leg-muscles to the bones. In a turkey, or an old fowl, they are as hard when cooked as little bones, and they make it difficult to carve the meat of the drumstick. There are eight or nine of them extending along the rear of each shank. To remove them, cut through the skin of the leg, about 1¾ inch below the knee-joint. Do not cut deeply, or you will cut through the tendons; it will then be almost impossible to draw them out.

Hold the leg over the edge of a board, or table, at the point where the skin was cut, and by a sharp downward blow break the bone completely. The foot and lower part of the leg can then be pulled from the upper part, and the tendons drawn out with them. In a large turkey the tendons are so firmly attached that they must be pulled out one by one.

After cutting the skin the tendons will be visible lying close to the bone. Pass a skewer (or the ice-pick) under a tendon, and pull steadily away from the leg. Usually two persons are needed for this operation—one to hold the bird, and the other to pull. Sometimes if the bird is old it is impossible to remove all of the tendons, but the more you can draw the better will be the drumsticks.

After drawing the tendons cut off the feet, or the remainder of the shank about ¾ inch below the knee-joint. If cut right at the joint the skin draws away in the cooking and the ends of the bones may become too dark. Sometimes a piece of skin from the neck or a small piece of salt pork is tied over the ends of the bones to protect them during roasting.

Cut off the head, loosen the skin of the neck, and roll it back to the bird's body. Then cut off the neck at the shoulders, being careful not to cut the skin. This should be left, and when the bird is cleaned, stuffed, and ready for the oven it should be drawn to the back, folded under, and fastened in place with a small wooden skewer or toothpick. The bird is far more attractive when the neck is thus removed, and the neck can be cooked alone or with the giblets to furnish stock for the sauce or gravy.

If the bird has not been drawn, be sure not to cut the breast when removing the crop and trachea. Instead, after cutting off the neck insert your fingers under the skin of the breast and loosen those organs. A slit in the breast detracts from the beauty of the cooked bird. If the bird has been drawn by your meat-dealer, rinse thoroughly with cold water. Water can be poured through to make sure that the interior is clean. However, do not soak the bird, as flavor is thus lost. Be sure that the lungs have been taken out. They are small, spongy, red masses on either side of the back-bone, and are sometimes overlooked when poultry is hastily dressed.

When the bird is clean, inside and out, fill the entire interior with the stuffing (but do not pack in); sew up the incision made below the breast-bone for the removal of the entrails and giblets. The bird is then ready to truss.

Trussing is the fastening of the wings and thighs against the body of the bird so that they do not become dry and hard during the roasting. It may be accomplished by passing long metal skewers through the bird's body, but string is commonly used. In tying the wings and drumsticks in place do not pass the string over the bird's breast, as nothing must be allowed to spoil the even brown of its surface.

Pass the cord under the bird, and over the lower part of each wing. Draw down along the side of the bird, over the thighs, holding them also against the body. Cross the two ends of string at the lower end of the breast-bone over the abdomen, pull taut, and tie so that the knot comes close to the place where the oil-gland was located. Be sure to remove the trussing-cord, and that used for closing the body-cavity before the bird is served.

Cream 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, add 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, and rub together until well blended. Place the bird in the roasting-pan, rub all over with the flour-and-butter mixture. This helps to keep the skin from becoming too dry during roasting.

Cooks differ as to the best way of roasting a bird. Some prefer an uncovered pan. If this is used, place the bird on a rack, sprinkle the bottom of the pan with flour, and place in a hot oven until the flour browns. This browned flour furnishes a basis for sauce or gravy later. Then pour 2 cupfuls of stock into the pan, and use this for basting the bird every 10 minutes, adding more stock when needed. The advocates of this method declare that the skin thus gains a crispness which is not had otherwise.

But other cooks prefer covered roasters. Again, as directed above, place the bird on a rack, dredge the pan with flour, brown it, add stock, and cover the roaster. The steam from the stock helps to cook the bird, and is especially effective if the bird is large, or rather old and tough. With this type of roaster the work of basting is eliminated.

Time for Roasting

THE time for roasting depends somewhat upon the age of the bird and upon its size. We roasted a 6¼-pound capon for 2 hours and 20 minutes in a covered roaster. A 10-pound turkey required about 3½ hours. Persons who like the gamy flavor of wild duck roast it only about 30 minutes, but we roasted a 3½-pound domestic duck for 1¾ hour. A 4-pound chicken was braized for 1½ hour. An older, tougher fowl should have been braized 2 hours or longer.

Sear the bird at 500 degrees F. for 20 minutes, then reduce to 375 degrees. For a turkey of 10 pounds or more reduce to 300 degrees.

Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Home Bureau, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, for our free leaflet on "Stuffings and Sauces for the Thanksgiving Bird."

Original from

THE A-B-C'S OF COOKERY

A simple answer to the question of plain pastry

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

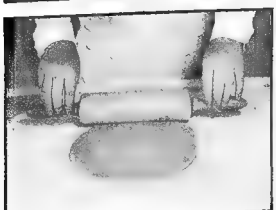
ARTICLE TWO

Basic Pastry

1¼ Cupful Flour — 6 to 8 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
4 to 5 Tablespoonfuls Ice-water — ½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Baking-powder

SIFT the flour before measuring it. Add the salt and baking-powder, and sift again. Cut in the shortening with two knives until the mixture resembles a coarse meal. Add the water gradually, using just enough to make a stiff dough. Chill. Turn onto a lightly floured board; roll lightly, using an outward motion.

WHILE modern cooks get excellent results by using modern cook-books and standard recipes, they occasionally strike some snags. Pie-crust is one of them. Perhaps you have already discovered that, in this case, arming oneself with a good standard recipe is not enough. To make good pie-crust with a sure hand, one must know all the ins and outs.



WHEN MAKING PASTRY, WORK IN THE SHORTENING QUICKLY, ADD ENOUGH COLD WATER TO MAKE A STIFF DOUGH, CHILL, THEN ROLL OUT LIGHTLY

All recipes for pie-crust call for shortening, flour, water, salt, with baking-powder usually added to the list. The quality of the ingredients is of primary importance. In the case of shortening, for instance, nothing shows up poor shortening more than does pie-crust. In fact, more depends on the quality and the temperature of the material than on the kind of material. First of all, then, use good shortening. Except for vegetable oil, it should be firm when cold, and it should be cold and hard when used. Of course this does not apply to hot-water pastry, which is made by another method.

Sift the flour before measuring, then sift with salt (and baking-powder if you are using it).

The type of pie-crust you make depends to a large extent on the way in which the shortening is worked into the flour. It should not melt during the mixing. For this reason people who do not work quickly and deftly with finger-tips should use knives or a pastry-blender. Unless it is quickly done with finger-tips the heat of the fingers softens the fat, and soft shortening makes tough pie-crust.

In working with the shortening and flour the aim is not to make a paste of the two materials, but to break the shortening into small pieces which become covered with flour. Whether you use knives, blender, or finger-tips, keep this in mind. For a tender, crummy crust continue cutting the shortening into the flour until it is the consistency of coarse meal. If you wish to make a flaky crust, you need not cut the fat into such fine pieces.

Next, the water. Use the smallest possible amount—just enough to hold the dough together. Too much water is one of the commonest causes of tough pie-crust. Then, too, it should be cold; icy cold if possible.

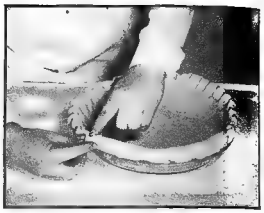
It is hard to say exactly how much water to add, as this depends on the dryness of the flour as well as on the amount of shortening present. The best way to add the water is to pour a very small amount into the flour-shortening mixture, wait until it is absorbed, then stir with the knife. Continue this until enough water has been added to just hold the mixture together. Chill the pastry for an hour before rolling it. This makes for tenderness, adds to the flavor, and makes it easier to roll.

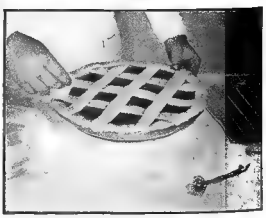
Dust the board with flour, and with a quick, light touch roll the crust in circular form. As for size, it should be from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch in thickness and a little larger than the surface which it is to cover.

If used to line pie-plates, fold the pastry in half, place on the pie-plate, unfold and ease into place, then trim the edge. *If this is to be filled with a soft filling*, both to be cooked at the same time, it is well to take precaution against sogginess of the under crust. Coating the bottom crust with slightly beaten egg white before filling is one way to do this. The egg white cooks and forms a coating over the crust. Another way is to brush with flour and partly bake the crust.

If the pie is filled with fruit and a double crust is needed, roll the top thinner than the under crust. Fold in half and cut three or four slits in it, or cut a design. This is to allow for escape of steam during baking. Moisten the rim of the under crust with cold water and put the upper crust in place. Trim edges and press the crusts together firmly. Very juicy fruit should have a little flour sifted over it before the top crust is put in place.

If the crust is to be baked before it is filled, fit it (ease it) over the bottom of an inverted pie-plate and prick it on sides and bottom to allow for escape of steam during cooking. Some people prefer to bake these crusts by lining the pie-plate as usual, then filling with dry beans or rice (kept on hand for that purpose). These are easily removed after the baking, and the shells can then be filled with the desired filling





A FLUTED SHELL MAKES AN ATTRACTIVE OPEN PIE. A DOUBLE-CRUST PIE MAY BE TRIMMMED WITH SCISSORS. BIND THE EDGES OF A LATTICE PIE FIRMLY

Baking the Crust

A HOT oven is necessary for the successful baking of pie-crust. Start all pies at 450 degrees F. Maintain this for pastry-shells. They will bake in about 15 minutes.

For single-crust pies with an uncooked, custard-like filling, bake at 450 degrees F. for from 10 to 15 minutes, then lower the temperature to 325 degrees F. for the remainder of the baking (30 to 40 minutes) This procedure holds for double crust pies with raw-fruit fillings.

For the double-crust pies with cooked filling, such as canned cherries, berries, and the like, bake at 450 degrees F. for 15 minutes, then reduce to a moderate temperature for another 15 minutes.

Pie-Crust Pointers

IT MIGHT be well to summarize our information into pie-crust pointers, to put these pointers on a recipe-card to keep with pie recipes in your file. Then before you bake you can read them over to jog your memory.

1. Sift the flour before measuring
2. Use good shortening.
3. Keep everything at a low temperature.
4. Handle materials lightly—and as little as possible.
5. Chill before rolling.
6. Bake at the proper temperature.

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People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist

PROFESSOR DOCTOR PAOLO ALESSANDRINI is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the distinguished title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

"TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard, straight bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh yeast to combat the poisons there.

Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin. Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound, straight bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half-health? Has living away from the sun made you "soft"? World-famous doctors point the way to quick, *natural* health renewal. How easy it is—just three cakes daily of fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

(Above) New York, N. Y.

"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.

"For eleven years I have been auditor of one of the largest automobile sales corporations. Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Everything at the office upset me. Headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. But suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped. I was able to enjoy the evenings with my family.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

H. J. Lloyd

"Playing on the Keith circuit means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."

"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "I became nervous and irritable—was subject to indigestion and constipation. And my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped all my tiresome 'miseries.' "

Eat three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet, Health Research Dept. A-69, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

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HOLIDAY COURSES FIRST AND LAST

By
FRANCES HERRICK

CRIMSON APPLE-CUPS FILLED WITH CHILLED FRUIT CARRY OUT THE TRADITION OF THE THANKSGIVING FEAST; HOT-MINCE MEAT OVER ICE-CREAM IS THE NEWEST NOTE IN DESSERTS

Tablecloth courtesy Stern Bros.

THE tradition of plentiful harvest still lingers, but we have dispensed with the many and elaborate courses of the Thanksgiving dinner of early American days. The turkey with its accompanying cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, and Fall vegetables is, as always, the *pièce de résistance*. It is in the first and last courses that the hostess of to-day shows her skill and originality.

A colorful, dainty appetizer at each place gives a radiant air at the start of the feast. If you live near the sea nothing can be better than oysters or clams on the half-shell or in a cocktail. A simple cocktail sauce may be made by adding a tablespoonful of grated horseradish and one of chopped chives or parsley to commercial chilli sauce. Shrimps or crab-flakes—wash the canned variety well—also make delicious cocktails. Be sure that you chill them in your slender-stemmed glasses. Top with an olive, a circle of pepper, or a slice of fluted lemon.

Cocktails of fruit are always popular. Oranges and grapefruit are prettier if, after peeling, each segment of fruit is removed whole from all bitter pith. If your fruit mixture is oversweet add a little lemon- or lime-juice. Have you tried a mint sauce on chilled grapefruit segments? Another colorful fruit combination is made by tossing a few red and green cherries with canned white cherries. Chill all in orange-juice, and serve in an orange-basket or in tall crystal glasses.

Canapés are infinite in their variety. The base is always a small fancifully cut slice of bread, toasted or lightly fried in hot fat, and then spread with a salty, zestful mixture. This spread may be anchovy- or sardine-paste, any kind of fish salad, a bit of smoked salmon, or some chopped crisp bacon mixed with relish. Garnish the top with olive slices or a border of chopped egg white and a center of yolk pressed through a fine sieve. A beet rosette or a pimiento tulip on a stem of green pepper adds color, as does a crisscross design of finely sieved spinach flavored with anise.

A lemon-basket filled with red caviar and served with a wafer-thin brown-bread sandwich is excellent. Red caviar is the roe of salmon, and may be used in place of Russian caviar, adding color as well as delicious flavor. The commercial meat pastes and pâté de foie gras are also obtainable in most localities. Color, zest, and daintiness are the essentials of these appetizers which yearly prepare one for the turkey.

After eating all the turkey one can dispatch, many of us prefer to leave the great American dessert of pie until another and hungrier day. Fruit combinations offer the satisfaction of a dessert without giving any sense of heaviness. An old Southern favorite, ambrosia, is made by alternating layers of orange segments with fresh shredded coconut. Dust it with powdered sugar and chill in the refrigerator.

Chestnuts make a famous Italian dessert. After skinning the skins boil or steam until mealy; pass the meat through a potato-ricer, and mix with double its bulk of sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with a cherry and orange-peel.

If you like vanilla ice-cream, try serving it with a sauce of hot mince-meat or a chocolate sauce to which you add ½ cupful of strong coffee.

The essential point to remember in your choice of dishes for first and last courses is that to the old-time requirement "it eats well" must be added "it looks well."

Mayer-Kaub

Apple Fruit-Cup

6 Red Apples
1 Grapefruit
3 Oranges
Cherries for Garnish
4-Ounce Can Pineapple
4-Ounce Can Sliced Peaches

AFTER peeling remove the grapefruit and orange segments. Mix with the canned fruit; sweeten to taste. Remove a slice from the stem-end of the apple, hollow the center, and flute the edge. Fill with the fruit mixture and decorate with chopped salted almonds or top with a cherry.

Jellied Eggs

3 Hard-boiled Eggs
1 Cupful Aspic
1 Tablespoonful Chilli Sauce
2 Cupfuls Chopped Beets
1 Head Lettuce
Salt and Pepper

CUT the eggs lengthwise, mash the yolks with the chilli sauce, season, and pile into the egg whites. Place in individual molds, rinsed out in cold water; cover with the aspic, and chill. Unmold and serve in a nest of chopped beets on a bed of lettuce with a thin sandwich.

Salmon Cornucopia

6 Slices Smoked Salmon
2 Cupfuls Shredded Cabbage
1 Cupful Whipped Cream
3 Tablespoonfuls Grated Horseradish
1 Teaspoonful Gelatin

MIX whipped cream and horseradish, add gelatin, dissolved in cold water, and freeze in the mechanical refrigerator for 5 hours. Slice lengthwise; roll in the salmon slices to form cornucopias. Serve on shredded cabbage.

Nougat Cream

1 Pint Cream
1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
¼ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Nut-meats
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

MELT the ½ cupful of sugar in a skillet, add the nut-meats, and pour in a thin sheet on a buttered plate. When cold pound fine. Dissolve the gelatin in a little cold water; add ½ pint of the hot cream and the ¼ cupful of sugar. Blend, cool, and when starting to set add the brittle and the rest of the cream, whipped, and the vanilla. Mold, and garnish with a little pounded brittle.

Pâté de Foie Gras

1 Pound Calf's or Goose Liver
½ Pound Fresh Pork Fat
1 Small Onion
1 Bay-leaf
3 Chopped Mushrooms
Salt and Pepper
1 Cupful Aspic

SLICE and sauté the liver. Cover with water or veal-stock; add the onion, pork, and seasoning. Cover and simmer until tender. Drain and press through a sieve. Add the mushrooms, turn into a mold, and cover with the aspic. Chill until firm. Slice and serve on a crisp lettuce-leaf or spread on a circle of toast.

Orange Ice

2 Cupfuls Orange- or Tangerine-juice
2 Cupfuls Water
1 Cupful Sugar
Juice 1 Lemon
6 Chopped Maraschino Cherries

MAKE a sirup of the water and sugar; add the fruit-juices when cold. Stir in the chopped cherries, and put in a mold. Pack in salt and ice, or add 2 beaten egg whites and freeze in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator.

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DANGER AHEAD . . . WINTER . . .

Protect yourself against COLDS *and* SORE THROAT

EVERY year thousands die as a result of neglected colds and sore throat. Thousands more suffer from these complaints needlessly. Many cases might have been averted by proper preventive measures.

Colds, sore throat, influenza and more serious diseases, usually develop in the mouth. They are caused by germs which breed there by the millions. When body resistance is lowered by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature and fatigue, these germs get the upper hand. Disease follows.

It must be apparent to you, as it is to physicians, that the more you can do to combat germ growth in the mouth, the greater your chance of health.

Therefore, as an aid in preventing sore throat and colds, gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, twice a day at least. And should colds or sore throat get a start, repeat the gargle as often as convenient. The reason for this is obvious.

Full strength Listerine, though safe and healing in action, kills germs. The deadly Bacillus typhosus (typhoid) yields to it in twelve seconds. The dread Pneumococcus (pneumonia) and the equally dangerous Streptococcus succumb in fifteen seconds. Even Staphylococcus aureus (pus), the most difficult non-sporing germ organism to kill, yields to it.

This has been incontrovertibly established by bacteriological laboratories of national repute, using methods recognized as standard by the U. S. Government.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and at the first symptom of trouble, use it until your physician comes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

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Why take this chance . . . when there is one sure way to avoid disappointment? Use baking powder made with Cream of Tartar.

For generations Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder, has met every test of fine baking. Even texture . . . feathery lightness . . . extra deliciousness—the Cream of Tartar in Royal insures them all. And healthfulness, too. Doctors and hospital dietitians, those best qualified to judge, agree that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made.

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product—from fresh, ripe grapes. It is an expensive ingredient—imported from Southern Europe, where the choicest grapes are grown. Yet it costs little to use Royal—less than 2¢ worth for a big cake.

Do all your baking with Royal—and know to a certainty your cakes will be velvety . . . light . . . tender—always delicious perfection!

Make sure you are getting Cream of Tartar baking powder . . . Read the label on the back of can.

1 MAGNOLIA LOAF—Beat 6 egg yolks until thick. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add 1 cup boiling water, very slowly, then 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 2½ cups pastry flour, which has been sifted 3 times with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Beat 6 egg whites stiff, adding 1 cup sugar gradually while beating; fold into first mixture. Bake in large ungreased tube pan in moderate oven at 350° F. for 1¼ hours. When cold, split into 3 layers and fill with Mint Cream Filling. Cover top and sides thickly with Marshmallow Frosting.

Mint Cream Filling: Mix ¾ cup sugar (except 2 tablespoons), 4 tablespoons cornstarch, and ¼ teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Add slowly 1 cup water and cook over hot water until very thick, stirring constantly. Add 2 egg yolks mixed with the 2 tablespoons sugar, cook 3 minutes longer and beat until smooth. Add 3 teaspoons butter and cool slightly. Add 1 teaspoon mint extract and color a delicate green with vegetable coloring.

2 LADY GOLDENGLOW: Cream ½ cup shortening, add 1¼ cups sugar and grated rind of ½ orange. Add 2 beaten egg yolks. Sift together 2½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Lastly fold in 1 beaten egg white. Divide batter in two parts. To one part add 1½ squares chocolate, melted. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven at 375° F. 30 minutes.

Filling and Icing: Put 3 tablespoons melted butter, 3 cups confectioner's sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice and grated rind of ½ orange into bowl. Add pulp of 1 orange, removing skin and seeds. Beat until smooth. Fold in 1 beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with ½ square finely shaved unsweetened chocolate. To remaining icing, add 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate, melted. Spread thickly between layers and on sides of cake.

3 LADY BETTY: Cream thoroughly ⅔ cup butter; add 1½ cups sugar, beating continually. Add yolks of 4 eggs; beat well. Sift together 2½ cups flour, ¾ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and add 1 cup chopped walnuts. Add this flour mixture and 1 cup milk alternately a little at a time to first mixture, mixing thoroughly. Just before adding last of flour, add 3 squares unsweetened chocolate (melted). Fold in the beaten whites of 4 eggs. Bake in a well-greased and floured 9-inch tube pan in a moderate oven at 325° F. about one hour and a quarter. Turn out and cool. Cover the top and sides with chocolate icing.

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GETTING READY FOR THE HOLIDAYS

By GLADYS BECKETT JONES

THE first step in planning for the Winter's activities is to put the house in good working order so that whatever social demands are made upon it there will be no last-minute flurries of cleaning and buying. We have discarded the old-fashioned method of a house-cleaning week, with every room in the house torn up and the family eating cold meals off the pantry-shelf, but the change of season still makes a certain amount of housecleaning and renovating necessary. There are Summer curtains to be put away, Winter ones to be hung; slip-covers to be removed from upholstered chairs and floors to be cleaned or refinished.

Industry has taught the home-maker many lessons, but especially that it pays to plan ahead before attempting to do any job. In the words of industry, "Plan, then execute, but always have the plan precede the execution." To the home-maker, who is responsible for many activities of the family, planning may seem to add one more piece of work. Try to think of it as the most important part of the job, the one that will make the rest of your work go smoothly and easily.

In planning one's Fall cleaning there are three points to consider. First, the repairing and renovating of existing equipment; second, a thorough cleaning, and, third, replacement of all articles broken or worn beyond repair.

View each room in the house with a critical eye and decide definitely what care and what equipment will be needed to make the room clean, attractive, and livable. Suppose we take the living-room as an example. First, sit down with paper and pencil and analyze it.

The walls and floor form the background for the rugs and furniture, and as such should receive more attention than any other part of the room. If the walls are dingy, streaked, or spotted, refinishing is the only solution; but if the wall-paper is only slightly soiled it may be cleansed with one of the commercial preparations. These should be used by an experienced person.

The floor-finish should be put in perfect condition, first for appearance, and second because it is always less expensive that the wear come on the finish of the floor than on the floor itself. If it is a wax finish it can be easily done by the home-maker, for there are many waxing-devices on the market, varying all the way from inexpensive hand-operated waxers to the more efficient electrical equipment. Two coats of good floor-paint will be needed to renovate the painted floor. After the paint has thoroughly dried it should be waxed with paste wax, and kept in condition with the frequent use of liquid wax during the Winter.

The Summer sun and dust play havoc with curtains and hangings. If they must be replaced, now is the time to get the tape-measure and estimate the exact number of yards you will need. Let the tape-measure fall loosely in measuring, being careful not to strain or pull it, so that you will have ample material. If the shades need replacing or cleaning, have them taken down and cared for.

Having established a standard for the renovation of the room, it is now ready for a thorough cleaning; but make a plan before beginning work. The plan will read something like this: Remove draperies and curtains and clean them with the vacuum cleaner if they are not to be changed; dust ceilings, walls, and lighting-fixtures; dust woodwork; dust pictures and books; dust bric-à-brac, and remove it from the room if possible; clean mirror and fireplace-fittings; vacuum-clean upholstered furniture; dust and polish wood furniture; clean rugs with vacuum cleaner, and roll up small rugs and put them out of the way; dust floors and base-boards, polish floors.

BE SURE TO CLEAN BOTH SIDES OF THE RUGS

USE THE VACUUM-CLEANER ATTACHMENTS FOR YOUR UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

A CAREFUL PLAN WILL SAVE YOU EXTRA LABOR

Some of these items will need special attention. Examine the upholstery on the chairs. Sponging with alcohol will often freshen the colors in a piece of tapestry-covered furniture, and a thorough cleaning with the upholstery-tools of the vacuum cleaner will lift the nap on velour- or mohair-upholstered furniture. This is particularly necessary if these pieces have been covered for the Summer with slip-covers.

DUST THE TOPS OF WINDOWS AND DOORS WITH A SOFT BRUSH

Rugs and carpets demand special attention in the Fall to be sure that all of the sand and grit tracked in during the Summer is removed from them. Vacuum-clean the scatter-rugs on both sides. Carefully vacuum-clean the large rugs, and examine them for broken edges or worn places. If these are taken in time, the colors can be matched with wool and the places mended.

The care of books is simplified by the use of the dusting-tool of the vacuum cleaner. Take two or three books in the left hand, open the hand so that the books fall open, and then with the dusting-tool run over the edges of the leaves. Run the dusting-tool over the section they have occupied, and replace the books. Then run the dusting-tool over the backs and exposed sections of the shelves.

With the haphazard housekeeping which is done in the Summer little attention is given to the care of furniture, and a bloom or film that the application of furniture-polish will not remove seems to be spread over the surface of the wood. In this case the furniture needs a thorough washing to remove this film of dust, soot, and grease. To one quart of warm water add two tablespoonfuls of grated soap and one-half tablespoonful of lemon-oil. When the soap has dissolved dip a soft cloth into the mixture, wring it tight, and wipe a small area on the piece of furniture. Immediately dry the area with a soft cloth, and when the entire piece of furniture has been washed and dried, polish it with a soft cloth and good furniture-polish.

Painted or enameled wood-trim is so easily cared for that it is not a problem. Washing with a mild soap-suds so that the gloss will not be affected usually removes all greasy soil.

A survey of the dining-room brings new problems, for not only must walls, woodwork, floor, curtains, and rugs be put in condition, but dishes, linen, and silver should be carefully checked for amount and condition. As the holiday season approaches it grows increasingly difficult to have small orders of china and silver carefully filled. So again be forehanded and order immediately for holiday use.

In checking up on the condition of the dining-room, look over the silver-drawer carefully. Take out the silver, brush the drawer, and clean all of the silver, being very careful that at the end of the process of cleansing, the silver is thoroughly washed and dried. Then separate the silver that is in constant use from that which is to be used occasionally. Take the pieces that are only occasionally used and apply a film of one of the commercial preparations that prevent silver from tarnishing. This film can be removed instantly by washing the silver in hot, soapy water, and it is then ready for use.

There are so many charming, simple, and inexpensive patterns of china, silver, and linen that there is hardly an excuse for a home-maker to use nicked or unmatched china or worn, unmatched linen or silver. Estimate the number of persons to be served and then check the contents of the china-and-glass closet. If two dinner-plates, a vegetable-dish, and a glass dessert-plate are needed, note the pattern and the size, and put them down on the list with the curtain material and other necessary articles.

Usually it is not the cost of a glass dessert-plate that prevents the home-maker from adding it to her equipment, but it is the fact that she finds herself in town on a shopping-trip without the design or size of the plate written down on a list. You can not plan more pretentious hospitality than your equipment will allow, so for peace of mind and ease of service try to make your dining-room equipment as complete as possible.

Anticipating kitchen needs is an easy matter. For instance, in thoroughly cleaning the refrigerator, if new refrigerator-dishes are needed, note the size and kind.

When cleaning the stove examine the burners, and be sure that there is a maximum flame. Measure the size of the oven, if you do not already know it, for you do not wish to be in the predicament of the home-maker who last Christmas bought an eighteen-pound turkey and found she could not get it into her oven.

These are only suggested items, for each household must have the equipment suited to its individual needs.

CLEAN SHELVES GIVE AN AIR OF WHOLESOME CLEANLINESS TO THE ENTIRE HOUSE

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

DON'T LET THE FORTIES DISCOURAGE YOU

By Doris Lee Ashley

JEANNETTE must be forty-five at least," said one of the group of old friends who had met for bridge. While we sat drinking tea we were checking up on some of our acquaintances.

"Well, the worst of it is that she looks it even if she isn't," remarked jolly little Cecilia, whom I knew never would see forty-five again, yet who did not register even forty. "It does seem a shame, when one has had the good fortune of living that long, not to have learned that one should not greet the world with the corners of one's mouth turned down.

"Goodness, life is such a marvelous adventure and there are so many amazing things happening in this modern age that I will have to spend a precious lot of time, energy, and money on all the latest scientific aids to get the wrinkles out of my forehead because my eyebrows are always raised in astonishment," she finished.

"My dear Cecilia, you are a shining example, an inspiration, to the discouraged forties. I wish you could pass on your philosophy of life to all the Jeannettes, for cheerfulness and an unselfish interest in others, as well as life in general, will defer forever the appearance of wrinkles of discontent. Nothing is so difficult to obliterate."

The woman who has sacrificed herself, and especially her appearance, in devoting herself to her husband, children, and home is the woman whom I pity most, for she has lost much in not keeping young with her children. She finds herself left without the absorbing daily interests when girls and boys are off to college or taking up their careers in life, and she suddenly realizes that she looks her age.

In this modern age she has enlisted most of the scientific aids to home-making, but has shut her mind to those for maintaining her personal beauty. Her business sister has had to keep up her appearance and actually looks years younger than the woman who has led a "sheltered life." I think that's the old-fashioned expression, isn't it?

Just let us see what can be done. In the first place such a woman is probably overweight. To reduce is a simple matter of discipline. By exercise and diet one can, in a very short time, take off flabby fat and make muscles firm.

Possibly the most encouraging thing to do for rejuvenation is to begin with the hair. If it is in good condition and straight, certainly a permanent is in order. But be sure it is in a good, healthy condition. Learn to massage the scalp daily in this new way: Place the fingers through the hair on the scalp and move the scalp, and not the fingers, until the whole scalp is in a warm glow. This method of massaging the scalp will not disturb even a finger or Marcel wave.

A series of hot-oil treatments will soon put the hair in excellent condition. Decide whether it looks best bobbed or long. Go to one of the best hair specialists in your city and put yourself in his hands. You may be advised to have it cut in a manner that will bring out your individual charms. If long hair is more becoming to your type a new arrangement may be suggested. If it is straight and in good condition a permanent may do the trick. At least be advised by an expert. You will be amazed what a difference a new style of coiffure will make, not only in your appearance but in your attitude toward life and beauty.

When this has been accomplished take stock of your complexion. It certainly will be wise to purchase one of the new colorless crystal mirrors and learn the truth, however painful, about your skin. With one of these amazing mirrors on hand you will never be handicapped by working in the dark. You will know the truth about the texture of your skin, and most certainly you will never appear in public with a careless make-up.

It may take courage to see yourself as others see you, but it is better to know just what needs to be corrected. Again I say consult the best beauty specialist available. If you can not visit a reputable expert, write to her. Learn what to do and how it should be done. Naturally when years of neglect have to be overcome it can not be expected to correct overnight the texture of the skin or smooth away wrinkles due to scowling or discontent or lack of stimulation. But I can promise that, if you will take the trouble to follow faithfully a corrective treatment, in one month's time you will be delighted with the improvement in your complexion. Remember, if you have never done anything to enhance your natural charms, if you have neglected to take daily care of your skin, at forty you have a remarkable chance to regain your youthful beauty. Yes, even the early forties may be encouraged. Daily treatments will stimulate the blood to flow freely through the veins and help the skin to function properly and carry off the impurities that cause it to appear sallow and blemished.

To Regain the Bloom of Youth

NATURALLY there is a simple, basic treatment, a daily care of the skin, that must be followed just as regularly as one scrubs the teeth, and supplemented by a corrective treatment for the individual case. All basic treatments stress most emphatically exquisite cleanliness. This can be done by means of a good complexion-soap and warm water and a cleansing cream, preferably one that melts as soon as it comes in contact with the warm skin.

At night, and of course every night of your life, before retiring you will thoroughly cleanse the skin, if at no other time during the day, and supplement the cleansing with a nourishing cream systematically patted into the skin until it is in a rosy glow.

There are antiwrinkle-creams for those who notice groups of fine lines and who wish to prevent them from becoming deeper. Your crystal mirror will show you fine lines that you never suspected existed. There are muscle-oils for relaxed muscles. Over the application of nourishing cream the woman of forty, or over, should use a stimulating preparation which will help the sluggish circulation to take on a new activity.

There are a number of such preparations that will, in an amazingly short time, have the blood coursing through the veins as it hasn't since you were in your teens. This type of preparation should be used several times a week, especially when you aim to look your very loveliest.

Of course there are corrective treatments for double chin and relaxed muscles which naturally are different. Double chin usually occurs when one is overweight, in which case the general reduction of the whole body will reduce the double chin. But the systematic patting with one of the patented rubber patters on a flexible handle will help to break up the fatty tissues. This should be followed by applications of an astringent to take up the slack in the skin while reducing the fatty deposit. Wearing a chin-strap for an hour or so a day will also help to reduce the double chin.

It is a more difficult task to make relaxed muscles firm than to reduce a double chin. Exercises will help, in addition to corrective cosmetics and treatments, to make such muscles firm, so the specialists claim, especially in the early forties. Astringents are recommended to saturate gauze bands arranged to hold the relaxed muscles in place. There are masks and pack treatments that will help to correct this condition, at the same time clearing up a sallow condition and stimulating the skin to function properly.

Your crystal mirror will reveal lines around the eyes that may seem to disappear after several nights' beauty-sleep, but they are there, nevertheless, and will become deeper unless arrested at once. There are wonderfully softening and nourishing eye-creams which, if patted into the tissues which surround the eyes with feather-like finger-tips, will hold these tiny lines at bay for many years to come. Such an eye-cream should be used every night, and removed in the morning with a pad of absorbent cotton saturated with a mild astringent.

The problem of maintaining personal beauty is not really so complicated as it may seem, for you see I have taken up the various conditions of the skin that appear at forty and thereafter. It is a simple matter of ten minutes night and morning, with special treatments several times a week. Remember to cleanse, nourish, and stimulate your skin to function properly. That is the basic treatment.

Up to now I have not mentioned powder, rouge, or lipstick. I have some very definite things to say about these three important aids to the beauty of the forties. Some of you may say, "I have never used rouge or lipstick." But rouge is a great blessing to the woman who has turned forty. It is then that the circulation of the blood begins to slow up a bit.

You may be one of those who are not quite alive in the morning, but as the day goes on begin to feel like a human being, and by night have as much color as when you were a girl. Certainly you will be wise in such a case to use an accent of rouge until your circulation is aroused by your daily tasks.

Select the right color. How? Pat your cheeks until the blood rises under the skin, and match that tone as closely as possible, and see that your lipstick conforms in general color. And please see that your complexion-powder matches your skin so closely that you do not appear "powdered."

Do not be discouraged, oh, you Forties! Think of the fun of reclaiming the bloom of youth. It can be done.

THE MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THOSE PAST FORTY IS THAT OF RECLAIMING THEIR NEGLECTED BEAUTY

If you are over forty and have neglected to care for your skin write to-day for the free leaflet "Aids for the Forties," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Drawing by Myrtle Sheldon

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

VOTED THE LOVELIEST SUB-DEB

BY

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

"WOODBURY'S IS MARVELOUS • IT SURELY HELPS TO KEEP YOUR SKIN LOVELY AND SMOOTH"

MISS LOLITA GLADYS GELPI . . . DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. VIVIAN GELPI, OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A VIVID LITTLE FACE—brilliant, long-lashed dark eyes—a velvety skin, touched with flame-like color—

Southern softness, French vivacity—

She is seventeen years old, a true child of New Orleans; nursed by a colored mammy, educated by French convent nuns, speaking French—the intimate language of her family—as readily as English.

She loves the easy graceful life of Louisiana; boat rides up the Mississippi to the plantations; dancing in flower-filled patios; parties all day at the Country Club; everybody knowing everybody else. . . . "And everyone has a good time. And all the girls in New Orleans are beautiful. Yes, eight out of ten are not just pretty—they're beautiful! . . .

"And nearly all of us use Woodbury's for our skin. We think Woodbury's is marvelous. If a girl has any trouble with her skin—she goes right after it with Woodbury's soap. It surely helps to keep your skin lovely and smooth!"

A LOVELY SKIN—what woman, young or old, can be indifferent to it! There are many, many different types of beauty—as this series of lovely Woodbury users shows. But one thing is essential to every type—a clear, flawless complexion.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of women to overcome the faults in their complexion, and to keep their skin smooth and clear. Get a cake of Woodbury's today! Begin, tonight, to care for *your* skin with this wonderful soap!

Send for the delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial. Enclose 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2191 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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BABY FOODS COME..
BABY FOODS GO.....

But Eagle Brand

keeps right on raising children

like these!

DOZENS of special foods for babies have been originated and tested during the last half century. But the oldest food of them all—Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—is today more widely used than any other in the world. It has behind it an astonishing record of 73 years of continuous and successful use. It has agreed with more babies than any other one food ever tried—excepting Nature's own!

Hundreds of parents of Eagle Brand babies write each year to the Borden Company to tell of success with this food. On this page are a few of the many photographs that have been sent in during the past year — each accompanied by some happy history of a frail baby brought to sturdy health by Eagle Brand.

Here is the secret of Eagle Brand's success

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, condensed by the removal of most of the water, and modified by the addition of refined sugar. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all babies. The milk supplies bone and tissue building materials and growth-promoting elements—the same that are found in pasteurized Grade A Milk.

But Eagle Brand is far easier to digest than ordinary milk. The special process by which it is prepared changes it in such a way that in the baby's stomach it forms the finest and softest of curds—like the curds formed by mother's milk, and not at all like the large, tough curds formed by ordinary cow's milk. Because of this the baby can completely digest and assimilate Eagle Brand—he is properly nourished by the elements it contains and thrive as nature intended.

Send for two free booklets

Mail the coupon for "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the important supplementary foods that doctors advise—orange juice, cereal, cod liver oil, etc. With it we will send also "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

THE BORDEN COMPANY, *Borden Building,* 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 1-P R.-11-23

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____months old.

Name_____

Address_____

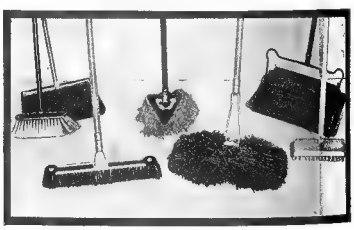
City_____ State_____

(Please print name and address plainly)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

House-cleaning Helps

THE carry-all tray is a great convenience for the woman who likes to keep her house clean and yet not spend all of her time doing it. The items contained in this tray have been especially chosen to give almost magic aid for the every-day tasks.



Mops, brooms, carpet-sweepers, but how different from those used in former years! Nowadays they are especially made to accomplish given tasks most efficiently.

A wall-brush should be soft and fluffy, a brush for cleaning the gas-stove should have stiff, steel bristles, and so through the brush family—a special one for special needs.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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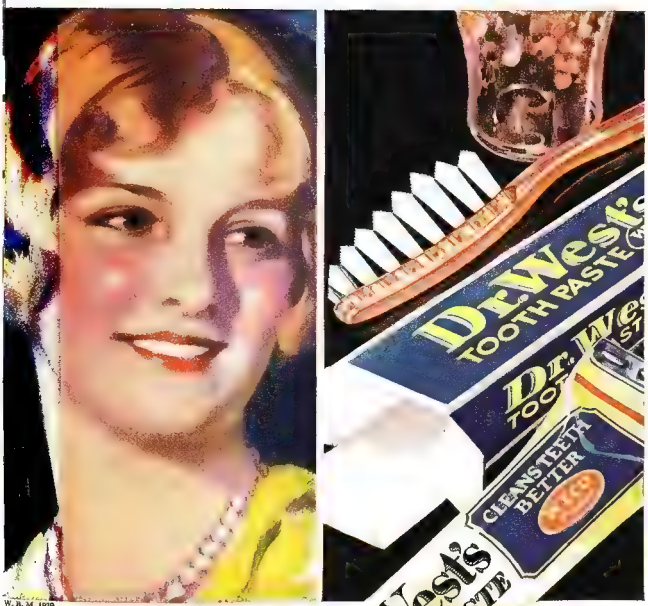
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

5 out of every 6 who brush their teeth

Have already tested this delightful modern tooth paste. Its quicker, combined results may pleasantly surprise you, too.



W. B. M. 1929

Why, do you suppose, millions—including most dentists — prefer DR. WEST'S *Toothbrushes?*

This is a quicker, more immediate dentifrice success than any other of which we know.

To people who really want the best available care for their teeth, it may suggest something valuable.

Our figures are approximate, but accurate to the best of our judgment. About 6 million American families brush their teeth. Ten million tubes of this modern tooth paste were sold during its first 100 days.

It suggests a test

Doubtless you now prefer one of the good, standard dentifrices. You *may* continue to prefer it, after a test of DR. WEST'S. Or... *this test may pleasantly surprise you.*

For here is a tooth paste produced by the best modern knowledge and skill. It is backed by the name and reputation — *worth millions!* — of DR. WEST'S Toothbrush makers.

* * *

It acts with uncommon speed. Combines all the desirable results you have sought.

Two-fold polishing (not scouring!) really brightens teeth quickly.

Your mouth is delightfully cooled and refreshed, each time you use it.

Acid conditions are instantly neutralized. Gums are invigorated and protected (no harsh, coarse particles). Staining, sticky deposits are dissolved and removed by purest vegetable cleansers. Every tiny crevice is washed by the generous, cleansing foam.

Try it. See what it *does*. Then see what *you think*.

TO GET A TUBE FREE

{large 25c tube; not a sample}

At your favorite store, today, you are entitled to the large 25c tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste, FREE, with the purchase of a 50c DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. Test it, and judge by results. (This offer good in Canada, also.) The WESTERN COMPANY, U. S. A.

And this offers another way to make a test

FREE—20 BRUSHINGS

THE WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ P R 11-29

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

New-crop Diamond Walnuts are on the market again! Our 5,126 California Growers have just harvested a fine crop for you—and fast trains have been rushing them east.

Naturally, you'll want to fill the Walnut Bowl so the family can help themselves often. And keep an extra supply in the kitchen for use in crisp-weather menus. Just be sure you get the best Walnuts—especially this year, when prices are so reasonable. The safe way is to look *for the Diamond trade-mark on the shell!*

Your Grocer probably has new-crop Diamond Walnuts—or he can quickly get them for you. Better order some today! Then write us for free recipe book!

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Dept. G-4, Los Angeles, California

A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 5,126 growers. Our yearly production over 70,000,000 pounds.

Remember, there are *two ways* to get Diamond Walnuts: *In the shell* (each nut Diamond branded); or *shelled* (mixed halves and pieces—kept always fresh and sweet, in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins, for instant use). Or *shelled* Walnuts—as on Walnuts in the shell—the Diamond brand guarantees California's finest—plump, tender, full-flavored kernels. Many women have proved that it pays to keep both on hand!

DIAMOND *branded* WALNUTS

CALIFORNIA'S FINEST

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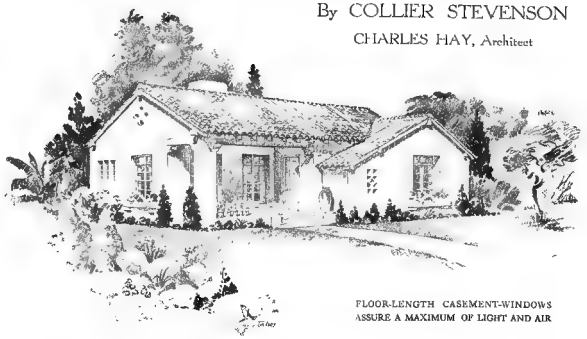
A SMALL SPANISH HOUSE

By COLLIER STEVENSON

CHARLES HAY, Architect



FLOOR-LENGTH CASEMENT-WINDOWS ASSURE A MAXIMUM OF LIGHT AND AIR

THE porch has long been considered almost an essential architectural requirement by the vast majority of American home-builders. It has been identified with the Colonial house for generations, and it has also been incorporated in the houses of French and English style, which have been so increasingly popular during recent years. Only rarely, tho, has a porch been successfully featured in the house of Spanish extraction.

Pergolas and patios have for the most part taken the place of a typical American porch in homes of Americanized Spanish design. The little Spanish bungalow illustrated on this page is, therefore, somewhat unique as the possessor of a spacious front porch, made definitely a part of the general design by its position beneath the main roof of the building.

This treatment is not only effective from an architectural standpoint, but it is practical as a basis for the enclosure of the porch with glass for cold-weather use. With only the front and one side of the porch to be glazed, the cost of such an enclosure would, of course, be comparatively low.

The bungalow rests on a foundation of concrete. The exterior walls are of cream-colored stucco, applied over galvanized-metal lath and frame, with brown-stained wood-trim to supply an interesting contrast. The low-lying roof is of heavy clay tiles, shading from warm red to dark brown. The simplicity of the design is, therefore, matched by a color-scheme no less simple, yet thoroughly attractive.

The main entrance opens from the front porch to a roomy vestibule that gives access to a coat-closet of generous size. The living-room gains considerably in privacy by the presence of this vestibule, tho floor-length French casements provide direct passage from the living-room to the porch when that is wanted.

Dignity is achieved not only by the excellent proportions of this living-room, but by a carefully considered placement of all the various elements. It will be noted, for instance, that one outer wall is centered by a wide casement-window, flanked by built-in bookcases. Another wall is broken by two doors, leading to a china-closet and a hall, with a fine space between reserved for some large piece of furniture, such as davenport, table, piano, or desk. A third wall has a balanced arrangement of the floor-length French casements and the vestibule door, while the fourth wall has a fireplace as its central point of interest, with the dining-room doorway and a long, shallow niche as balancing features.

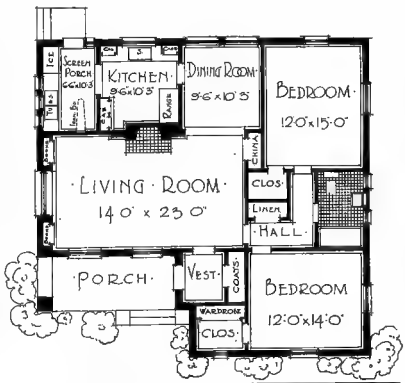
THE living-room is so planned that it can be used for meals when company is present. It is, accordingly, intimately related to the small dining-room, which opens directly to the kitchen. The living-room and the dining-room are linked together by a cased opening, and the opposite end of the dining-room is entirely given over to windows. Both rooms are thereby assured cross-ventilation and an abundance of light. The china-closet, tho connected with the living-room, is almost equally accessible from the dining-room.

The sleeping-quarters are suitably withdrawn from the living-room by a little inner hall, which affords convenient communication between the two diagonally ventilated bedrooms, the linen-closet, and the tiled bathroom. An unusually large closet adjoins each bedroom.

THE kitchen, which corresponds with the dining-room in size, is compactly arranged for work. The sink, placed to receive full benefit of the broad window, has a combination drain-board and counter at each side. Two cupboards are located above the counters, and a large kitchen cabinet is situated within easy reach of both sink and range. Incidentally, if neither electricity nor gas were obtainable, either coal or wood could be used for fuel, as a range-flue is carried in the chimney which serves the fireplace.

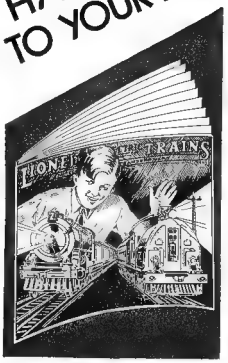
Its name is, perhaps, rather misleading, for in this case the so-called screen-porch is really a room, similar to the balance of the house in construction, freely lighted, and equipped for service as a very useful adjunct of the kitchen. Two wash-tubs and an ironing-board are built in, and the refrigerator is also accommodated in this screen-porch.

The original plans of this bungalow do not include a basement. If, however, a basement were desired, either all or a portion of the space beneath the bungalow could be excavated, and the necessary basement stairs could then be built to descend from the present screen-porch. The tubs and ironing-board now installed in the screen-porch could be transferred to a basement laundry, and, if the grade of the site permitted, a part of the basement could be set aside for use as a garage. Still another portion of a full-size basement might be converted to practical use as a rainy-day playroom for the children.



For further information, without charge, regarding this house, send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

BRING HAPPINESS TO YOUR BOY



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There isn't a red-blooded boy in the world who doesn't want a Model Electric Railroad for Christmas. And every boy knows that LIONEL Electric Model Railroads are the handsomest, the swiftest, the most powerful, and most life-like in the world. Just ask your boy and see for yourself!

Surprise your youngster with a LIONEL Model Electric Railroad this Christmas. Get him the LIONEL Railroad Planning Book and catalog and let him pick out the set he likes best.

Let him see the new LIONEL Steam Type, electrically driven locomotive—the new Lionel "Bild-a-Loco" models—swift, masterful "Giants of the Rails"—the new bridges, tunnels, semaphores, crossing gates, power houses, and a hundred and one other realistic accessories. What a thrill there is for your boy in the possession of one of these wonderful Lionel Electric Railroads.

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BATHROOMS NEW AND OLD

By ELSIE DREW KENNEDY

The bathroom is no longer austerely white. Instead it is gay with colored plumbing-fixtures, lacquer, paint and enamel, wall-paper, rugs, linoleum, tiles, and toiletware and towels, which are all equally well suited to the equipment of entirely new rooms or the modernization of older rooms.

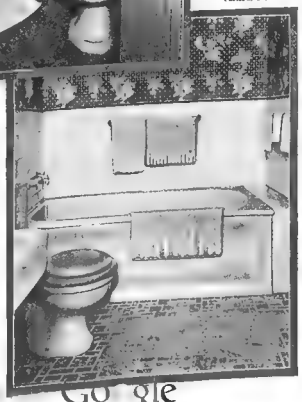
A GREEN-TILED wainscot in the bathroom at the left is topped by a wall-paper having a goldfish design in ivory, green, and yellow. The tiled floor and the towel-racks are of black, while the plumbing-fixtures are of black and ivory. Yellow towels repeat the color of the rubberized-silk shower-curtain.

THE bathroom below is of particular interest because of its limited size. The lavatory and toilet occupy a space 5′ 3″ × 3′ 0″, while the shower-equipped tub fits into an alcove only 3′ 6″ long by 2′ 3″ wide. Pink-painted walls and a rose-tiled dado form a becoming background for the ivory-tinted fixtures.

THE plumbing-fixtures that appear in the bathroom at the left are of a delicate green that contrasts effectively with the green of the enameled upper walls and with the orchid of the towels, the lighter orchid of the tiled wainscot, and the deep orchid of the tiled floor. The lavatory is of a practical type, attached to the wall, so that the space beneath may be kept immaculately clean. Twin lighting-fixtures effectively illuminate the large mirror above the lavatory.

Photos by Bettina Winston and by Walter H. Evers

THE recently renovated bathroom at the right conforms to the modern demand for color. Its upper walls carry a black paper, brilliantly flowered in yellow, rose, blue, and green, while its floor displays a smart linoleum marbleized in soft green, gray, and black. Matching towels of green and white and a new green toilet-seat complete a smart transformation.



LACQUER wall paper, and linoleum have each helped to modernize the bathroom at the left that was once monotonously white. The diagonal blocks of the gray-and-black marbleized linoleum are echoed in the wall-paper design, which is developed in yellow, gray, and dull gilt on an ivory ground. The yellow-lacquered stool injects a stimulating note of color.

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WHITE LOVELINESS FOR YOUR HANDS

YOUR PRETTIEST THINGS ARE SAFE—FOR IT LEAVES NO STICKINESS

It will be a joy to you to see how dazzlingly white and smooth this healing preparation will keep your arms and hands. Use it whenever your skin becomes the least bit rough or red, and see how instantly effective it is. Your daintiest belongings will take no harm from Jergens Lotion, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

IT MAKES an almost instant difference in the texture of your skin — this wonderfully healing preparation.

Roughness, redness, harshness, disappear after a few applications. That slight coarsening and darkening of your skin — the inevitable result of summer exposure—yields quickly to regular use. Your neck, your arms and hands, gain a perfect whiteness, a beautiful smoothness and softness, when you care for them day by day with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion owes its remarkable healing power to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their beneficial action on the skin. They are combined here with other healing elements, forming a deliciously soothing, fragrant liquid—easy to apply, leaving no stickiness.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what a wonderful improvement it will make. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Free · A new trial bottle · a beautiful booklet!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 8321 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "*Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection.*"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

JERGENS LOTION

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Original from

©1929 M. L. I. Co.

Lucky Babies

LUCKY indeed is the baby who has a mother wise enough to follow the doctor's advice—"Bring the baby to me when he is six months old and let me protect him against diphtheria. That is one disease he need never have."

Last year more than 100,000 children who were not inoculated had diphtheria. About 10,000 of them died—an average of more than one every hour of every day in the year.

Will 10,000 innocents be sacrificed next year because some doctors have failed to warn mothers or because mothers have forgotten their doctors' warning? Even when diphtheria is not fatal, it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts, damaged kidneys, ear trouble, or other serious after-effects.

The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

Diphtheria can be prevented by simple, painless inoculation which is lasting in its effect. Call up your doctor now and make an appointment.

Prevention of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with *treatment* of the disease by means of anti-toxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.

This disease has practically disappeared in many cities where the people have backed their health authorities in preventing diphtheria by inoculation with toxin-antitoxin. But diphtheria finds its victims wherever people have been misled by false reports as to the alleged danger of inoculation or have not learned to seek the protection which inoculation gives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly cooperate through its local managers, agents and nurses, with State or city authorities to stamp out diphtheria. Detailed reports showing how various cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria" will be mailed free of charge. Ask for Booklet 119-P.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT 1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

CARE OF CHILDREN FROM SIX TO TWELVE YEARS

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

AT THE age of 6 the average child enters the first grade of a grammar-school. If he has had the preliminary training given in a nursery-school and a kindergarten his first day in a regular school should not be an ordeal to him; but if not, he is often rather overwhelmed and shy when he sees his mother go, after leaving him in his class-room.

Fortunately teachers have fine training in managing such little ones, and the new scholar soon overcomes his timidity and feels at ease with his classmates. It is wiser to have a child just beginning school remain for but one session at first. This gives time for more out-of-door play and a good rest-period after the midday meal.

Every child should take time every morning to go to the bathroom before going to school. If correctly trained he will soon form the habit of doing so. He should not be allowed to hurry his breakfast, but rise in plenty of time to take half an hour for this important meal.

Breakfast for growing school-children should consist of fruit, either raw or cooked; a hot, well-cooked cereal, with top milk but no sugar; a glass of milk or a cup of cocoa made with mostly milk, a soft egg or broiled breakfast bacon, and some form of bread and butter. Hot rolls, pancakes, or any indigestible fried food should never be allowed. Tea and coffee should not be permitted even in "tastes."

The school-child's dinner should come in the middle of the day and at least 5 hours after his breakfast. It should consist of a nourishing soup, at least one green and one white, starchy vegetable, some sort of carefully cooked meat or else fish, baked, broiled, or boiled (not fried), bread and butter, and a simple dessert. Water, but no milk to drink, should be given with this meal.

At least 5 hours after dinner the school-child should have his supper, which should consist of either a thick soup, milk toast, or a soft egg and a green vegetable, a glass of milk or cup of cocoa made with milk, stewed fruit or a simple pudding, and bread and butter or toast and butter. A piece of gingerbread, simple cooky, sponge-cake, or whole-wheat wafers may be eaten with the stewed fruit or pudding. No meat should be given at night until the child is at least 10 or 12 years old.

If a child can not come home for a hot noonday dinner a nourishing lunch must be either given him at the school or taken with him from home. Now that we have so many devices which will keep food at a given temperature, it is not difficult to pack a very good lunch for a school-child.

Hot soup, cocoa, even some sort of meat and a vegetable may all be prepared in advance and kept hot until lunch-time at school. Cold sandwiches are not a good lunch for growing children, especially in Winter. Remember that they must eat, not only to supply waste or because they are hungry, but they must be given food that will promote good growth of bone, muscle, and nerve-tissue also. It is well worth while to take pains with the school-child's meals.

Three nourishing, well-balanced meals daily are enough for a normal school-child. He must not be given food between meals with the exception of orange-juice or a raw apple. These fruits stimulate the appetite and aid digestion, whereas many other articles eaten between meals by carelessly brought up school-children destroy the appetite for the regular meals. Between 3 and 4 glasses of water should be taken daily by the school-child.

A daily bath is needed by all children, and it may be given at bedtime or before breakfast if there is time to attend to this and other duties then.

An early bed-hour is essential to normal growth—between 7 and 8 P. M. for little children in the first 5 or 6 grades; at least by 9 P. M. for the older ones. Do not think sleeping late in the morning will make up for a late bed-hour. The early bed-time is far better for all school-children.

If a child must have home work, then let it be done either just before supper or early in the evening. It is often difficult to plan for home work in Winter, as very little out-of-door play can be had when lessons must be done at home too. Rather than keep a child up late, or deprive him of enough out-of-door play, it is better to let him stay in school a greater number of years if he can not be promoted on a reasonable amount of home study.

For detailed advice about your school-child join our Good Health Extension Class. Diet-lists, school-lunch leaflets, etc., will be sent if you state the child's age and enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, and receive monthly help until the baby is 1 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, be sure to ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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POND'S

CLEANSING TISSUES

just the right size.. absorbent.. firm yet exquisitely soft—for removing cold cream

SKIN FRESHENER

delicately refreshing.. fragrantly bracing—for toning the skin and banishing oiliness..

Remove cold cream and dirt with folded Tissues

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES remove cream and dirt conveniently and thoroughly. They're just the right size, exquisitely soft, marvelously absorbent. Use them in place of handkerchiefs for colds. Wrap some round a tube of cream and tuck in your handbag. Put a dozen in the children's lunch box. And Pond's Skin Freshener and Tonic is refreshing and beneficial to even the most sensitive skin. It banishes oiliness, tones, firms. Use it at any time during the day and always when you rise in the morning to take away that "sleepy" puffiness. Bottled with screw cap, 50¢ and $1.00. Tissues, 25¢ and 50¢.

Soak a large pad of cotton with Freshener

HOW GENTLY, thoroughly these exquisite Tissues made by Pond's remove cold cream! How tenderly their caressing lightness guards your skin. They are so highly absorbent that they *lift* off cream and dirt. No further danger of rubbing it in, with the consequent ills of clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

For the comfort of your guests order half a dozen boxes at a time, for dressing-room and bathroom. Keep them in kitchen and nursery, too. Use as handkerchiefs for colds to prevent the spread of infection —you can discard them at once.

And now you will find in Pond's Skin Freshener just the tonic your skin needs. Refreshing, bracing, it removes all oiliness after cold cream cleansing, leaving your skin cool and delicately glowing.

How it invigorates your complexion, stimulating all the little cells to action! What a live, fresh look comes to your cheeks after even a few days use. The tiny lines are smoothed away, coarse pores are gently closed, and your skin takes on the fine-textured bloom of youth.

Use these delightful aids this way:

After a thorough cleansing with cold cream, gently remove cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, crumpling or folding them in your hand. Use two at a time till they show no soil.

For immaculate cleanliness apply cream twice and remove with Tissues.

Next, soak a large pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and dab it briskly over face and neck. To further stimulate the circulation, tap the skin lightly with the finger tips while it dries, and remove the last trace of moisture with a piece of dry cotton.

Then a touch of finishing cream and a careful dusting of face powder to complete the treatment.

How lovely you look now! Your skin bespeaks that care which fastidious women demand—and you are happy in knowing you look your best.

CHECK OFFER YOU WISH

☐ *Please send me FREE sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.*

☐ *For 10¢ enclosed please send six samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Cream.*

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IT'S MADE IN VERMONT··· BY VERMONTERS

Delicate brown waffles . . . enriched with butter . . . glowing in golden pools of rich, transparent Vermont Maid Syrup . . . what finer treat could you offer your family?

Pure maple sugar . . . made from sap gathered in the famous maple woods of Vermont . . . is blended with pure cane sugar to give that smooth, subtle, true maple taste that makes both pancakes and waffles a rare delight to eat. For no other spot on earth produces maple sap of such fine flavor as the maple groves of Vermont.

Ask your grocer for Vermont Maid Syrup . . . in attractive glass jugs, ready for the table. . . . Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

Try Vermont Maid Syrup on your waffles or your pancakes and judge its deep, rich, maple tang for yourself. For ten cents we will send you a generous sample of this famous syrup.

Send 10¢ for Generous Sample

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. B-2
Burlington, Vermont.
Enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.
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VERMONT MAID SYRUP

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

Continued from Page 56

certain. She was out of commission ofenor in a month than the old *Oriana* in a year. Bjur missed his assistant, and was several times obliged to hire his former boat to fill the engagements made for his new treasure. He found it would be cheaper to hire Watts and his boat permanently. There was enough business for two boats. Watts stuck out for a partnership, and got it. Bjur never did a wiser thing.

At eighteen Watts had his master's papers, and was the dominating figure in "Bjur & Watts. Excursions and Boats for Hire."

The next step he made was more important psychologically than financially. Along the water-front he had several times met a great florid Englishman by the name of Plumber, a man with the figure of a Hercules, the voice of Stentor, and the heart of a mouse. His physical force and bluff manner gave the impression of immense strength, and he had just won the position of local representative of a great fire insurance company. At once his life became an agony. He had bluffed his way to a situation in which bluff was of no avail.

The instant he saw Watts he took what he said was a fancy to him, but what was really an instinctive recognition that this slim black-browed young man had the ability entirely left out of his own composition—the ability to take a decision and stick to it. The young man knew the coastal waters, knew the gossip of ports, knew the history of the ships that came and went, knew the characters of many of the captains. For almost a year every decision that Plumber took was dictated by Watts; and if the older man did not know this to be true, the younger one did.

Watts got no pay and very little recognition for his services, but it was like a graduate course in a subject which of all others he wished to understand—the management of men. Once on a vessel stranded on a reef outside the harbor, he forced both Plumber and her crew to stay on board. Even her skipper was ready to concede that her situation was hopeless. The barometer was falling.

Watts believed that the chances were in favor of saving the ship; but when he had once embarked on the adventure of making the other men stick, he lost sight of every other aspect but the joy of having his own way. But all through that long night he was obliged to face the fact that he had staked the lives of other men upon the hazard of his own judgment. Something rash and vain died in him then. Never afterward did he see the name of that ship reported in the papers without remembering the horror of that night when he had gone through something more critical than death and come out into a different world.

BY DAWN the wind had begun to drop, and by noon the sea had gone down, at least enough to patch the ship with canvas. She was floated at high tide, and limped into port. Watts had not of course betrayed any of the agony he had felt. To the others he appeared a man who had been able to foresee the outcome. The captain was saved from deserting a ship, Plumber got all the praise, and the company the money. But Watts gained something infinitely more valuable—the knowledge of his own powers and his own faults.

He had in those years the exultant sense of power, and saw that this was what he wanted—not happiness or love or a home. He came very near being content, until he overheard his attainments being praised, and, most astonishingly, they turned to dust and ashes.

He had for a long time boarded with an elderly Irishwoman, who let him have an upper room with a veranda outside of it. One evening he heard her boasting of his success to a visitor. Instead of being flattered he was sick with disgust that he, Nicholas Watts, should be praised by his boarding-house keeper for being able to support himself when men were making fortunes, winning wars, controlling the world. It was clear to him that he must seek larger fields.

A few months later he sold out his share of the excursion business, and, taking all that he had saved, something over three thousand dollars, he was off to the oil-fields of Oklahoma. Here he spent the ugliest, hardest years of his life, five of them. And here he met the man who most influenced him—perhaps the only person who ever influenced him.

It was a long, gaunt Texan, named Sam Fish, with a sweeping reddish mustache and a pair of legs like a cowlyman's. Sam had a superficial layer of sentimentality, believed in fortune-telling, astrology, and the virtue of all women, but beneath this he was the sagest, even shrewdest of men. He had never been out of Texas and the adjacent States, but the life he led he knew absolutely.

AS SOON as he laid eyes on Watts he understood him, not as a woman understands a man, imaginatively, emotionally; not as Hannah MacIntosh understood him, because she knew he was always a lonely little boy. Fish understood him practically, what he could do and be. He saw that Watts could reach beyond anything that he, Fish, could hope for.

Fish had a manner of drawling indifference, as if he were barely willing to offer a word of advice. Under this cloak of aloofness he was able to guide and mold Watts as no one else had ever been able to do. He taught Watts everything he knew himself, to ride, to shoot, and, if not always to tell the truth, how skilfully to avoid the direct lie. He taught him a great deal about oil-wells and oil-lands. He taught him about crooks and card games and gambling, and how to do business with crooks, an art in itself.

It was Fish who first put the idea into Watts's head that he ought to get himself an education, an idea never difficult to put into the head of a New-Englander. Hannah had done well by him: he wrote and spelled correctly; he had read a good deal; mathematics came easily to him. That was the sum of his attainments. There was no dearth of college graduates in the oil-fields; even Oxford and Cambridge were represented. Under changing tutors Watts began to study. He intended to go to the University of Texas, but Fish insisted on an Eastern college.

Watts, who had all his money tied up in oil-wells, demurred at the expense, and Fish offered to finance him handsomely, but Watts would not hear of this. He borrowed enough for his tuition and railroad-fare, and went off to work his way through college at twenty-six.

It was not an adventure, as it turned out, that greatly interested him. Brain-workers seemed to him incredibly immature. Nevertheless he decided to go through with it. His meeting with Eugene gave him his first taste of associating with the gods of this world. He found he enjoyed it. He grew fond of these gay, high-spirited children who had never put their teeth into anything. But not the least element in his enjoyment was the fact that he made them come to him, these young gods to whom every one else bowed down.

He had never thought about marriage. Going about with Eugene and his friends, he met for the first time in his life well-educated, pretty, innocent girls. They made him watchful and silent, as everything did which he could not immediately understand. For their part the girls were interested in a silent, older man, for no seventeen has always described twenty-six. Some of them were deeply interested; he became a sort of fashion, and one of them fell in love with him.

She was a wide-eyed young creature with the figure of a Diana, the daughter of one of the professors. She was the type to which all through his life he was to prove most susceptible. He almost fell in love with her. It was her father who saved him.

Professor Mornay naturally enough did not welcome this black-browed young man, working his way through college. He wanted his daughter to marry the professor of history, who was almost certain one day to be president of the college. He sent for Watts and explained to him politely that Alicia Mornay was meant for more ambitious fates.

This experience seemed to Watts humiliating. Perhaps it should not have affected his feeling for the girl, but it did. He felt revengeful toward both father and daughter, but betrayed this feeling only by allowing the father to finish unaided

Continued on Page 61

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A mountain torrent…inside cannery doors!

Over 6 million gallons of water a day—just to make sure DEL MONTE *Spinach is clean and free from grit*

What a lot of things are done these days to save you needless kitchen work—to put better foods in your year-round diet.

Just think, for instance, of a spinach canner building washing equipment—right in his canneries—with all the thorough cleansing power of a rushing mountain torrent!

Think of using more than 6 million gallons of water every 24 hours in the canning season—a full day's supply for a city of 60,000 people—to wash a *single* product!

Yet that's exactly what happens—as just one step in preparing DEL MONTE Spinach.

Fresh and crisp, DEL MONTE Spinach reaches our canneries direct from the gardens. It is sorted—as carefully as you would sort it at home. All roots, wilted leaves and heavy stems are removed. Only the best, most tender spinach is used for canning.

And then what a picture you see!

No sand ever sticks through this

Down through great troughs comes the water—rushing like a mill-race. Water—streaming, bubbling, moving at every inch of its surface. Water—playing in jets from every angle. Even the air seems moist—as if we stood above some mountain falls.

And ceaselessly moving in this rapid current, whirled and tossed, up and down, back and forth, this way and that, goes the spinach—until it emerges, shiny and green—clean and free from grit.

We wish you could see DEL MONTE Spinach right at this point. Especially if you've ever washed spinach yourself! Take any leaf—examine each crevice—roll it between your fingers. How could you call it anything *but* clean? Yet just to make sure—and DEL MONTE *must* be sure—there is still another bath to come.

Once more the spinach is rolled over and over under heavy sprays of water. Again and again, every inch of the leaf surface is cleaned. When it reaches the canning tables, it is a job in which we can really take pride—one more piece of home drudgery done supremely well!

And here's another thing about DEL MONTE Spinach. After it leaves the washers, nothing has a chance to soil it. It is clean—and stays that way.

Gleaming white conveyor belts carry it to the canning tables. Rubber-gloved workers put it into waiting cans with forks. Automatic machinery seals the cans. Cooking is done in big retorts—under pressure—at a temperature far above boiling water. Fresh—cooked—at its very finest—it reaches your table just the way it should.

And remember this—spinach is no exception in the DEL MONTE family of foods. It simply illustrates the care which DEL MONTE uses—the great lengths to which it is willing to go—to bring you everyday staples that are just a little finer and better.

The result is an outstanding group of products—foods you can buy with the greatest confidence, and the greatest enjoyment in flavor. If you happen to want peas, DEL MONTE offers you sweet, delicious peas, with their own delightful June pea-flavor. When it comes to tomatoes, DEL MONTE brings you solid pack fruit, with nothing in the can but the red-ripe fruit and its own delicious juice; in corn, both the popular "cream style" and its new distinctive "whole kernel" pack; in asparagus, the best that California's famous delta grows. Under DEL MONTE, too, is a wealth of other vegetables, fruits, condiments, relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit, and prepared foods.

With such a label to depend on, and such quality at your command, why not make it a point to *get* DEL MONTE? It costs no more—it is no added trouble! And in the long run, what real enjoyment—what extra satisfaction—it can bring to everyday meals.

Trimming and sorting Del Monte Spinach—just part of the tiresome work of preparation which is done for you by skilled Del Monte workers.

Don't miss this useful recipe file!

Recipes for all sorts of dishes, for every occasion—all simple, easily prepared. Many of them suggested by America's most famous cooks. The full file contains our special spinach leaflet and 5 other booklets or folders. Write today—a postcard brings them free! Just address Dept. 33A, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

As an added convenience, Del Monte Products are each packed in a variety of sizes and containers to meet your individual needs. Del Monte Spinach, for instance, is packed in five sizes of cans. The largest, the No. 2½ can, represents in its contents over 2 lbs. of fresh raw spinach. Other sizes are No. 2, No. 1, "picnic" (11 oz.) and buffet (8 oz.)—a size for every requirement.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Enticing Varieties of Bread

NEW breakfast breads; new luncheon breads; new breads for tea, for dinner, for late supper! Entrancingly varied in flavor, in texture and in shape!

How resourceful it makes you feel to know that you can always get exactly the right bread whatever the occasion.

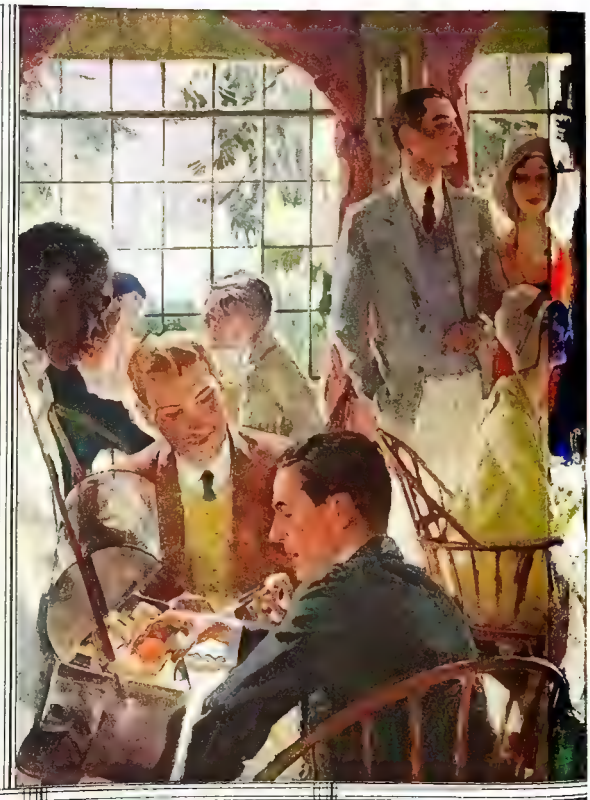
As you step up to the bakery counter your eyes stray from glistening crusty rolls to tempting brown, nutty flavored loaves—from beautifully baked buns that gleam richly through delicate icing to quaintly shaped coffee cakes. These your baker varies with honey, raisins, spices, nuts and glaced fruits. Each one looks so good, it is hard to make your choice. Perhaps that accounts in part for the growing tendency to serve several different varieties of breads at every meal.

Dinner, for instance, often starts with tiny open-faced sandwiches heaped with pâte de fois gras, caviar or anchovies. Melba toast may be passed with the soup, and with the main course, either Parker House Rolls or Dinner Rolls.

With a fruit dessert, Filled buns, Butter Horns or Butterfly Buns add just the right sweetness. Stollen, Form Cake and Apple Cake are desserts complete in themselves—ready to slice and serve with coffee.

Enjoy these breads fresh from your baker's oven

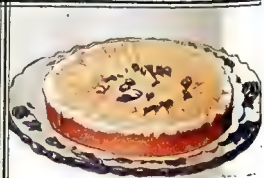
Either your baker or your grocer can now supply delicious breads for every occasion. Your baker's breads are always successful, always beautifully baked. His daily experience and his scientific methods assure perfect results. And he uses the same high quality ingredients you yourself would select. Ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials." Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast. *The Fleischmann Company, offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*



Golfers who gather at the smart Southern hotels and Country Clubs at this season are delighted anew at every visit by the interesting variety of breads always served at luncheon.

You can add many an interesting surprise to your menus simply by asking your baker or your grocer for their "specials."

Even-grained and tender, your baker's rich creamy White Bread *slices smoothly without crumbling, whether you want it thick, or thin, or medium. And it makes perfect toast!*



Apple Cake, *with its dainty slices of fruit and sprinkling of raisins, needs only coffee to make it a complete breakfast. It is also a delightful dessert for luncheon or dinner.*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES EVERY

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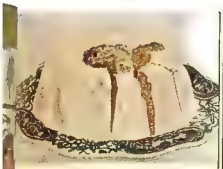
to vary your week's Menus

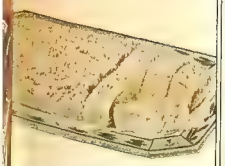


Flavored with citron, ground almonds, lemon and mace, FORM CAKE is often served at luncheon and dinner for dessert.

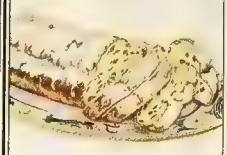
Their fanciful shape makes BUTTERFLY BUNS particularly appealing to children. They lend a festive note to apple sauce.

Spicy! Fragrant! Delicately frosted! CINNAMON BUNS are delicious with the morning eggs or with afternoon tea.

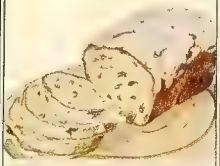
SANDWICH ROLLS are convenient for late suppers! Just split and spread with filling. A toasted cheese roll is delicious.



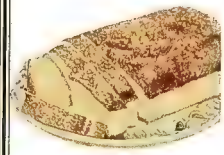
STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE with its sprinkling of butter, sugar and spices in luscious crumbly lumps is delicious with coffee.



Tender citron, candied orange or lemon peel and juicy raisins make STOLLEN a popular dessert. Men like it particularly.



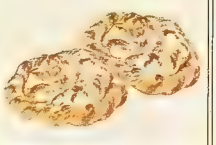
RAISIN BREAD is made with plump, juicy, luscious raisins, with and without icing. Use it for French toast occasionally.



HONEY COFFEE CAKE is spread with honey, butter, and ground nuts. Give it to the children after school with milk.

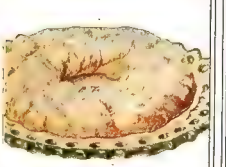
PECAN ROLLS are spread with caramelized sugar and thickly sprinkled with tender nutmeats. Delightful for Sunday breakfast!

Plump, juicy, luscious raisins are selected for RAISIN BUNS. Try them cut in two and toasted with butter and powdered sugar.

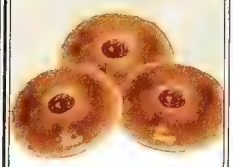


THE BUTTER HORN fairly melts in your mouth, it is so rich with "rolled-in" butter. It goes nicely with a fluffy omelet.

With the simplest of lettuce salads or with the most elaborate of aspics, the PARKER HOUSE ROLL is appropriate to serve.

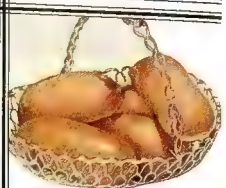


BRAIDED COFFEE RING is equally appropriate for breakfast, for luncheon, tea or informal dinner. Children love it with custard or gelatine desserts.



FILLED BUNS have tender, golden brown crust and centers of delicious jam or jelly. Children like them with their after-school milk or with fruit for dessert.

A mixture of choicest pineapple, lemon and orange peel, citron and juicy raisins make FILLED COFFEE RING another delightful dessert.



DINNER ROLLS have tender nutty flavored crust. Try them with unsalted butter—or place crisp curls of bacon between the toasted halves.

ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

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A Delightful Vegetable Oil—

as fine for tempting Salad Dressings as for Delicious Fried Foods . . .

THE fact that Mazola is a pure vegetable oil—pressed from the hearts of fully ripened golden corn kernels—means much to the housewife of today. She realizes that Mazola is *itself* as good *to taste and to eat* as the wholesome corn from which it comes.

The two recipes below are offered to housewives to prove for themselves these two statements:

One is that Mazola for Salad Dressings is equal to the finest imported oils—

The other—

Mazola fried foods are singularly greaseless when ready to serve and are always easily digested.

DID you get your copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" *by IDA BAILEY ALLEN? Send 10c (stamps or coin) to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. P-9, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York.*

French Fried ONIONS

USE good-sized onions. Peel and cut in crosswise slices one-fourth inch thick. Dust with salt, dip in a slightly beaten egg mixed with one-half cup cold water, then in fine dry crumbs and fry in deep Mazola hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute and a half, 395 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

A New Mazola Salad Dressing

1 egg	*½ teaspoon pepp...*
2 tablespoons sugar	*¼ cup vinegar*
1½ teaspoons salt	*¾ cup Mazola*
2 teaspoons dry mustard	*1 cup water*
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch	

(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar an... Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the A... Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add ad... tional ½ cup water and cook over dir... fire, stirring constantly until it boils an... clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ing... ents in mixing bowl and beat well w... Dover egg beater. Cool before serving

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Continued from Page 56

very ponderous sentence. The professor did not want to do anything drastic, would not forbid Watts the house, simply suggested that he promise not to ask Alicia to marry him.

"I never thought of it until you suggested it just now," Watts answered. "I think Miss Mornay the most charming girl I ever saw, but obviously marriage is not for me."

"And why not?" asked the professor.

"But you have just been telling me," returned Watts. "On account of my lack of financial or professional guarantees, my difference of cultural background." He ran through the whole list, leaving, like most people, a good memory where rancor is roused.

The situation was cut short by the rising tide of the European war. Before the United States declared war Watts had left college and got himself into the navy. He never took a degree, and was fond of saying in later life that the only thing in his year and a half at college had taught him was freedom from that great respect for education which he considered the principal disadvantage of the uneducated.

In 1918 he emerged a lieutenant-commander in charge of a submarine-chaser. As soon as he could get his discharge he went back to Oklahoma. Sam Fish had died of influenza a few months before. It was the first time death had touched Watts deeply. In the last two years he had of course seen many men die, but death had seemed a natural element in the terrible pattern of war. This was the first time it had hurt him and crossed his plans. He felt not only grief at the loss of the only person to whom in his wandering life he had deeply attached himself, but a bitter, rebellious anger at this inevitable end which could not be molded or evaded. He himself had no fear of dying—men and women of his pessimistic, assertive type very seldom have.

Fish had left him whatever he had to leave, and it turned out to be a substantial thing, the chaotic inheritance—oil-lands, oil-wells, the best in litigation. Watts had thought of staying there a long time, but he soon found the place, the business, the very look of the gaunt skeletons of machinery against the sky there too deeply associated with his friend. He cleaned up everything and went to New York with something over two hundred thousand dollars in cash.

Up to this moment, strange as it seems in view of his subsequent career, Watts knew nothing of finance, and thought of Wall Street as a complicated industry about which he was quite uninterested. He did therefore what any intelligent person does in such circumstances; he asked for expert advice. The name of a sound, old-fashioned investment house was given to him, and he went in there one morning to inquire about investing his money.

He was turned over to a handsome young man in excellent clothes, a football in gold on his watch-chain, and a patter about bonds. Watts listened in a long silence. The young man recommended a certain proportion in Government issues, a certain proportion in preferred stocks, a certain proportion in gilt-edged bonds. He offered printed prospectuses.

Watts looked at them. "They are all brought out by your firm, I notice."

THE young man was prepared for this. He smiled brightly. "Yes, that's how we know how good they are."

"Nobody else any good?" said Watts.

"We know about our own," said the young man. He was figuring rapidly with a gold pencil, and he made most beautiful coöperate figures. "The yield to you would be about nine thousand dollars a year—and perfect security."

"Perfect security," said Watts. "You mean that you guarantee that I shall die possessed of my original two hundred thousand, and nothing more?"

"Of course we guarantee nothing," said the young man, "and I may tell you, Mr. Watts, that if every inexperienced investor could be sure of leaving Wall Street with the money he brought into it——"

Almost immediately after this the inexperienced investor took his departure, and the young man never knew that he had the unique distinction of being the only person of whom Nicholas Watts had ever asked financial advice. Yet the young man had done Watts a service, for he had seen, with his ability to think best under opposition, that what he wanted was not to invest, but to gamble. What was nine, ten, even twenty thousand a year to him? He meant to be rich—or penniless.

It took him a little while to master the detail of gambling in the stock-market; not so long to make up his mind as to the stock he would select.

He debated between an industrial company in which Fish had had a belief comparable to his belief in the purity of womanhood, and an iron pipe organization. Watts decided on the latter. Putting up all his cash as margin, he managed to acquire some thirty thousand shares at prices that averaged between fourteen and eighteen dollars a share. In 1924 he sold these out at something over a hundred and fifty, and saw them go up another hundred points in the next year. Still he had over four millions in cash, and any man who went into the market that began in 1924 and 1925 with four millions in cash and a steady head was in a good position to make a great fortune.

He now turned his attention to bank-stocks. In four years he had quadrupled his money. And, as so often happens, everything else began to go well with him too. His first coup in pipe had been known to few people and noted only perhaps by his brokers, but his second series of operations brought him fame. In 1924 he bought his island in the West Indies, still true to that early romance of palms on a white beach, and his first yacht, not the great *Argenta* of his later days, but a mild, beautiful, little auxiliary schooner.

He was a man who never talked about himself. His pride, or egotism, was gratified by attainment, not by talking of attainment. So no one knew really very much of his story. The tale of the card-sharper and the story of Bessie Bradford and the yacht were told and retold. Some people knew the story of Professor Mornay having warned him off as a bad match for Alicia—poor Alicia, who was quietly fading as the wife of the president of the college. For most people he remained mysterious—mysterious and lonely and powerful, the elements that make the giant.

SOME ten days after Linda's interview with Watts, on a Sunday, her brother Richard and his wife motored down for luncheon. A pleasing feature of a house by Long Island Sound, a few miles out of town is that you can always be a convenience to your friends and relations.

Richard was a lawyer, a brown thickset man, who in spite of a magnificent keen, legal mind, had risen as conventionally as possible. Convention in him was not lack of courage, or lack of ability to think for himself, but a deeply rooted ideal. His house, his friends, his manner of entertaining, his taste in books and plays were based on this. Yet he was not narrow. He had the most honorable and generous of natures. Linda loved him dearly. They had been very intimate as children. In spite of the barriers that later years had built, she still felt a more basic intimacy with him than with any one in the world. Yet they never spoke intimately of anything.

From Marion, on the other hand, for whom Linda had an affection untempered by respect, she was accustomed to receive the fullest confidence. Marion was a small, gazel-like creature with huge, soft eyes, and such a soft, flexible figure that sometimes she appeared to be made rather of filaments of matter than of solid flesh and blood.

As she took off her hat and smoothed her sleek chocolate-colored hair, she was already whispering to Linda: "The most extraordinary thing! a box of gardenias and in the middle a divine little wrist-watch. Well, yes, this excuse: that I pretended I thought we had been gone three hours, and it was only one. He kept saying my time sense was weak."

"Was it pretty?" said Linda, whose avidity to know about life at second-hand prevented her ever making a criticism that would cut off her sources of information.

Marion shook back the frills of her cuff,

Stephen B. Elkins, III is the son of Mrs. Kenna Elkins of Washington. In this boy's family there have been eleven United States Senators

Protected in this simple way...

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, III

...a skillful horseman at twelve

Since babyhood he's had a care all mothers can give

He sits his horse like a southern gentleman — this tall blond boy of twelve.

Stephen B. Elkins, III has a right to his quality of distinction. He comes from a long race of "gentle folk." For generations West Virginia has been represented politically by an Elkins.

Stephen has all a boy's enthusiasms -camping, football, and above all, riding.

One reason the boy is so strong and well is that his mother follows the advice of famous child specialists in bringing him up. His outdoor life is planned to give him a sturdy body. His hearty boy's appetite is led along the lines it should go.

A food to start the day right

Mrs. Elkins sees to it that Stephen stows away his due portion of the food physicians urge for growing boys and girls. *Hot, cooked* cereal. Quite naturally, it is the cereal called the children's own—Cream of Wheat.

"When Stephen was a little baby his specialist recommended Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Elkins. "Stephen ate it regularly when he was small and we are just as careful about it now that he is a big boy."

Today the matter of eating cereal is being given new emphasis by men eminent in child care.

We recently made an investigation, in four great cities, 221 members of leading medical societies were asked their views. *Every one of them* answered that he approves Cream of Wheat.

You probably know why. It's because Cream of Wheat is abundantly rich in energy. And because it is so amazingly easy to digest.

Your boy and girl can join young Stephen in this important habit. Plan to start them off, regularly, with a bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1.

Stephen's favorite breakfast starts with Cream of Wheat — to help keep him hearty and robust

Stephen loves camping in the Maine woods and all sports. His dog, Rowdy, is usually to be seen with him

FREE— this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal — stories, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. E-36
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Name of child _____
First Name Last Name

Street _____ City _____ State _____

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here. _____

CREAM OF WHEAT

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READING TIME 3 MINUTES

a Vital Message

to women who refuse to surrender to the years!

INSTEAD of spending hours before the mirror or lying awake nights worrying about your looks, please spend three minutes reading the message on this page. It is written not to entertain or amuse you. Its purpose is to help you retain or regain the charm and loveliness of youth—to tell you how Helena Rubinstein preparations and methods can solve once and for all time all your beauty problems.

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN FOOD (1.00). This gentle bleaching and stimulating cream gives new life to tired skins; removes sallowness, muddiness, blotchiness, and restores the clear transparency of youth.

3. For normal and oily skin—tone and brace the tissues with VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION (1.25). Smoothes away wrinkles, tightens the tissues and restores their youthful elasticity. For dry skin—substitute VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION SPECIAL (1.25).

If you have been experimenting with numberless creams and "panaceas"—resulting in discouragement and disappointment, turn now to the preparations of Madame Rubinstein and let the creations of an acknowledged authority charge your skin with new life—renew its fine youthful texture—mould the contours of your face and throat to their former delicacy . . . Or if you are standing at the threshold of life, with the priceless heritage of youth still in your possession, safeguard it as your greatest treasure. Never barter your loveliness for the sake of cheap cosmetics. Let nothing touch your skin but the creams and lotions which Madame Rubinstein says are scientifically correct *for your particular needs* . . . Begin with the famous

Three Steps to Beauty

1. For normal and oily skin—cleanse and animate the skin with VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—(1.00). A superlative cleanser that also revitalizes—soothes—protects—and restores a velvety texture to the skin. For dry skin—substitute VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM (.75 and 1.25).

2. For all skins—clear and stimulate with VALAZE BLEACHING CREAM (1.00). Whitens, softens and refines the skin. Invigorates the tissues and gives a delicate transparency to the complexion.

3. For normal and oily skin—tone and brace the tissues with VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION (1.25). Smoothes away wrinkles, tightens the tissues and restores their youthful elasticity. For dry skin—substitute VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION SPECIAL (1.25).

What Is Your Special Problem?

"There is so much to tell, so much to tell," exclaimed Madame Rubinstein when asked what preparations to mention on this page. "The *Three Steps to Beauty* first and foremost of course—no woman should be without them. But also, I have prepared a scientifically correct preparation for every possible beauty need.

"For example, if you are embarrassed by oily skin, blackheads or large pores—I recommend that you use VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE SPECIAL (1.00) instead of soap . . . Or if your skin is dry, lined or wrinkled — I recommend my VALAZE GRECIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM (ANTHOSOROS) (1.75) . . . For sagging contours—VALAZE CONTOUR JELLY (1.00) . . . But really, won't you write me personally or visit one of my Salons for complete advice?"

Cosmetics Are Equally Important!

Helena Rubinstein's VALAZE POWDERS will delight you. VALAZE ROUGES and CUBIST LIPSTICKS will enchant you. And, oh!—the new BEAUTY BOXES are ready in time for Christmas! Compact, luxurious little cases fitted with wondrous beauty aids for the traveler. (5.50 to 45.00). Send for illustrated booklet or ask to see them at the nearest Salon or dealer.

* * *

Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's "VOICE OF BEAUTY"—National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations—October 31, November 14 and 28, December 12 and 26 at 11:30 A. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Helena Rubinstein

London—8 East 57th Street, New York—Paris

Philadelphia, 254 South 16th St. — 670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Boston, 77 Newbury St. — Woman's Colony Club, Detroit
Toronto, Canada, 126 Bloor Street, West

Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons.

and Linda caught a glimpse of a flashing diamond trifle.

Richard, approaching on her other side, observed that she was looking unusually well. Linda turned her brilliant, flashing smile upon him. So every one saw the change in her. Yes, she was a different person. Eugene had not touched a drop to drink for ten days, and he had not been agonized and irritable about it. On the contrary, they had both been happier than ever before—happy with a deep, a natural happiness.

But the change in Linda was not only that she was happy. The lifting of the weight of anxiety had set her free and in motion. She felt herself alive, as she had never been before. Apparently her life continued in its old routine. She got up in the morning and drove Eugene to the station. Coming home, she would spend hours gardening or sewing, for she got some creative satisfaction from these common forms of creation, and could do anything with her slim, inefficient-looking hands. Then as she was known to be often at home, her house was overrun with her friends, and bridge games had a way of springing up spontaneously in the gray farmhouse.

Almost every evening she and Eugene dined out or had people to dine with them—a small party and bridge, a large party and dancing. It was a form of life which Eugene, the most social of beings, enjoyed more than she did, yet it was so exactly the course of life in which she had been brought up that she never thought of questioning it.

NOW suddenly she found she was enjoying everything—not only her quiet happiness with Eugene, but all her outside contacts as well.

The night before, Saturday, she had gone to a great ball given by a neighbor for one of those visiting royalties who nowadays offer Americans so many good excuses for extravagant entertainments. Linda did not enjoy balls. Too often they had been for her the agony of watching the man she loved go through all the stages of intoxication in public; and even when his conduct was exemplary the danger of what might be, kept her preoccupied and anxious, so that it was always a relief when the time came to go.

But under the miracle this anxiety was gone, and as she stepped out on the dancing-floor in a new red dress, she was aware, as she had never been aware in all her life, that she was beautiful and desirable, that she danced well, and that every man in the room apparently wanted to dance with her, not least conspicuous among them the guest of the evening.

A visiting Italian aviator, magnificent in his light-blue uniform, expressed his admiration of her to every one: the most beautiful woman he had seen in America, anywhere. He paid Linda a compliment upon her eyes: "God must have regretted never having created a clear gray gem." Linda laughed, and he deplored, as it seems all Latins must, the coldness of the American woman, "who satisfies the eye and starves the soul," he had said.

"I assure you," said Linda a little stiffly, "that I do not starve the souls of those I love."

"Ah, no," he murmured, just above her ear as they danced, "no, but you are unawakened."

She gathered he was willing to open her eyes to new worlds.

She caught the eye of Barty Lee, the polo-player. She caught it accidentally, for he was no great friend of hers—a boy ten years her junior. She had known his older sister when he was still at school. Yet other women of her age liked him. He was in fact a symbol of feminine success. She was pleased when he cut in, and took her away with an assured silence.

Driving home, she had told Eugene all her adventures, not omitting the compliment about the gray gem. Eugene was, as ever, sympathetic. Only the faintest note of criticism crept into his voice when he asked:

"Did I see Barty Lee making a pass at you?"

"I'm afraid it could hardly be called that. He danced with me a few times and asked me to help him exercise his ponies."

"There's a bad boy if I ever saw one," said Eugene.

He added his own compliments to those of her other admirers. That was one of the charming things about Eugene—he still knew how to be flattering. He too had noticed the change, and now even Richard noticed it, and cared for him to see it made it seem real.

Richard produced a little volume from his pocket. "I managed to get you a copy of that book I was speaking of—a first edition." He held it out, a slender volume in morocco and tooled gold.

Linda turned to him as the frill fell on Marion's arm.

"Oh, Dick dear, a first edition! How extravagant!" But really her mind was occupied with Marion's confidence. She had just caught the name of the giver of the watch, and she was thinking how meaningless were invitations to ride polo-ponies in comparison.

In the midst of luncheon Marion suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to tell the governess about young Richard's overcoat. Could she telephone?

"In the pantry—shall Della get the number?" said Eugene.

Linda said tactfully that Marion would be more comfortable in her bed-room.

"Yes, I hate dirty dishes," said Marion, and left the room, with a long, blank look of thanks to Linda. She was gone for the rest of the meal, and came back looking flushed and abstracted. Linda knew that look so well. The men did not notice it. They were talking about a new golf-links in the neighborhood. Dick, getting up to pull out Marion's chair for her, asked, "Is everything all right?"

"Quite, darling," said Marion with a wide smile, and looked at Linda. Dick was already not listening to her, but saying to Eugene, "The way to do it would be to get ten or twelve rich men to put up the money. If your friend Watts would be interested——"

Eugene smiled. "I thought you disapproved of Nick," he said, and glanced at Linda. He did not know exactly why he glanced at her. He himself had got over his feeling of antagonism to Watts for being the man to whom Linda turned. But the pleasure of that interview had become set in his mind. A loyal friend of his, and a strong man, had indicated to Linda where she had failed; how she could help him better——

Dick's eyebrows went up. "Disapprove of him?" he said. "I don't even know him. I believe his private life is not very savory, but that does not affect his usefulness in a golf club."

Linda thought "savory" a distasteful adjective. How like Dick! When she listened again to the conversation, Eugene was saying:

"No, I wouldn't ask him, myself. But I'd gladly arrange a meeting between you two. Why not a dinner? Would that be all right, Linda, to ask Nick and Richard to dine some night?"

She agreed cordially, but she was not eager to see Watts again, at least not like that! She wanted to save him for great occasions. The idea of seeing him among the people she knew best, to see him gaunt and silent among them, or, worse still, trying to take their tone of intimacy, and not quite succeeding—that would be painful to her. She could think of only one background against which he might not appear great in her eyes, the very one Eugene was now eagerly arranging. Marion was cooperating. Marion might be interested at the moment in Barty Lee, but she would still look forward. She was a collector of great men. Richard was touched by her interest in the new club. Linda knew better.

AS SOON as luncheon was over, Eugene telephoned Watts, and came back with an evening for the dinner all arranged. Both men were pleased, and continued to be very busy with lists of names until it was time for Richard to drive over and meet the real-estate agent.

"Will you come with me, Marion?" he said.

"Yes, I'd love to," answered Marion, "if it doesn't mean standing about in the wet." She raised a foot clad in a high-heeled suède slipper with cut-steel buckles.

Dick picked up the foot and shook it slightly by the ankle. "Marion's shoes," he exclaimed, shaking his head, but with

Continued on Page 64

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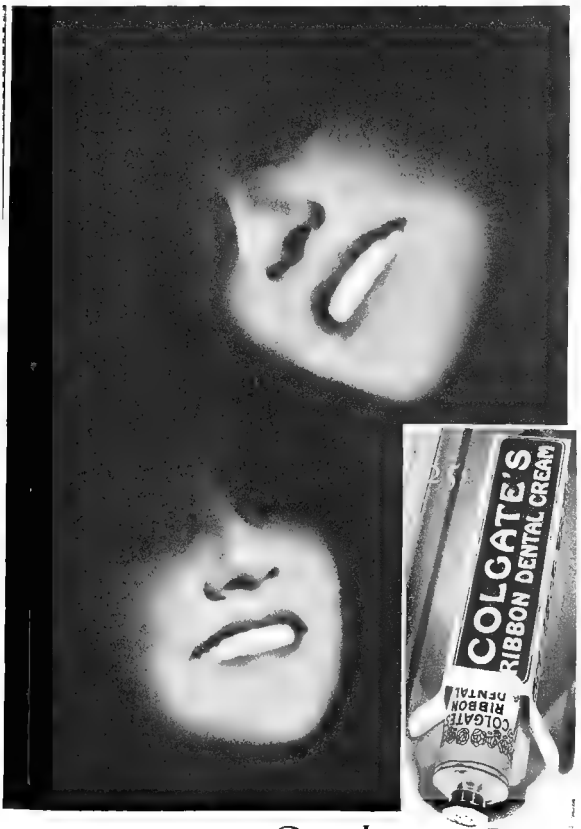
Compare the *action* of this Penetrating Foam

with ordinary toothpastes which fail to get down into crevices where food particles collect and decay begins



Vastly more important than mere surface polishing of teeth is the daily removal of the lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth.

Some toothpastes merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth. They cannot reach the hard-to-clean places . . . where decay starts.

However, everyone using Colgate's feels secure, knowing that it has a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

The active Colgate foam, containing the world's greatest cleansing agent, literally washes away all the hidden impurities, leaving the teeth really clean, protected from premature decay.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

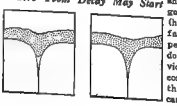
Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpastes.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

More economical, too . . . The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-2515, P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post-office, New York City. **FREE**

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

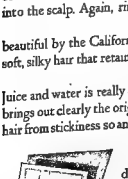
...the California "Lemon Rinse"
NATURE'S FORMULA FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A leaf from the experience of thousands of America's best-groomed women:

"First, the usual washing and rinsing of the hair. Then, pour the strained fresh juice of two California Sunkist Lemons into four quarts of fresh water. Rinse thoroughly with this delicate solution and be certain to rub it into the scalp. Again, rinse with clear fresh water."

In those few words you have the secret of hair made beautiful by the California Lemon Rinse... the secret of true hair-lustre; the secret of soft, silky hair that retains the wave so much longer; the secret of hair with "life" in it.

And, be advised that only hair so rinsed in fresh Lemon Juice and water is really and truly *clean*. The action of this harmless fruit juice not only brings out clearly the original brilliance of hair, *but it eliminates the soap curds*, freeing the hair from stickiness so annoying after the shampoo. *Dark hair* takes on a new glint! *Blonde hair* shows the true lustre of the so much admired blonde.



Used frequently, the California Lemon Rinse is a potent dandruff control. Rub the mild solution into the scalp as *your rinse*. You will soon note the healthier condition of scalp and hair... and how much easier to keep them sweet and clean. It is all so simple and easy, this use of Nature's simplest formula, to be accomplished at home or insisted upon at your hairdressers. Beneficial, satisfying results are assured. You will be delighted and helped by the attractive free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," which details the many toilet uses of California Sunkist Lemons. Mail the coupon.

© 1928 C.F.G.E.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR THIS EVERY-DAY USEFUL FREE BOOKLET

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Sec. 421, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send FREE book, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use Lemon for the skin, manicuring, and beautifying the hair.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Print your name and address plainly

Continued from Page 62

some admiration under his disapproval. Eugene, who wanted to go, couldn't. He was expecting his senior partner, old Mr. Mellick.

Linda looked up. "Mr. Mellick, what does he want?"

The old man had never come to the house before, except when with foresight and groans she and Eugene had decided it was time to make a gesture of friendliness and had invited him and his wife to dinner. Now her mind raced rapidly over the possibilities: he was going to give Eugene a larger share of the profits, Eugene, who had brought the firm some of their largest accounts.

The old man, more like a church elder than the popular idea of a stock-broker, was no business-getter, tho a wise, solid holder of everything that came to him. Linda had never been able to like him. Everything in her revolted against rigid intolerance. She was a Cavalier and he a Roundhead. She objected in particular to his attitude toward Eugene.

Mellick had taken Eugene into his office and then, reluctantly, into his firm out of friendship for Eugene's dead father. The two hard old men had been friends since boyhood. Perhaps part of her dislike to Mellick arose from her horror of a picture of her father-in-law, whom she had never known. His severities had shadowed Eugene's early life with constant terror.

Mellick arrived in a large closed car fifteen minutes after Dick had departed, and was immediately closeted with Eugene in his study. A minute afterward there was the soft scrunch of another car pulling up at the little gate. Barty Lee had arrived. Linda was so little surprized that she had thought out a plausible excuse for leaving him and Marion alone. It wasn't pleasant to be turned out of your drawing-room, but still—Her excuse turned out to be unnecessary. They simply walked out of the house, got into Lee's tiny car, and drove away.

Linda went back into her sea-green room, and stared out a moment at the yellow green of the Winter grass. She felt strangely deserted. She took up Richard's book and settled herself by the fire.

Presently the door of Eugene's room opened, then the front door—the sound of a departing motor. Mr. Mellick had gone. Eugene came into the room.

"Hullo," he said. "Where's Marion?" He went to the window and stood looking out with his hands in his pockets.

"Isn't Marion incredible?" said Linda. "She's dashed off somewhere with Bart Lee. They haven't met more than twice, I think."

"I can't see why Dick puts up with it for a minute."

"He doesn't know about it."

"Oh, nonsense! That's just Dick's way of dealing with a situation. I bet he's a dull dog to live with."

She felt a wave of annoyance. She was always irked and alienated by the antagonism between the two men. She could see some logic behind Dick's, but there was no honest reason why Eugene should not be able to see Dick's good qualities.

All she could think of saying was, "Dick isn't a bit dull."

"Oh, come, Linda. I'm sure he kisses by the book, and expects Marion to remember the details of all his cases."

THERE was real venom in his tone, unusual in Eugene unless he felt ill or something had gone wrong. She glanced at him, and, meeting her look, he said, "Linda, I've had a knock."

"Oh, my darling!". She sprang to his side.

"They've sacked me. The new partnership leaves me out."

Her first feeling was hate, Olympic hate of the man who had dealt this blow. Her next, alarm that their entire income would cease on the first day of January.

Aloud she said very quietly, "I shouldn't worry about that. I'm sure you can do better."

Eugene was astonished at the calm security of her tone. "I don't see how I can," he returned. "They're as good a firm as there is in Wall Street."

"My dear, they never forget that they took you in as a favor to your father. No matter how much you do for them, they remain smug and superior."

There was something in what she said; there was always something in what Linda said. "I certainly brought them Watts's account," he murmured.

"And I hope you'll take it away again."

"It isn't like you to be so spiteful," he said, but her spite on his behalf was balm to his spirit. He wondered whether he could take away Nick's account. He was a strange man, disliked to be influenced or counted upon.

They stood silent a few minutes, facing perfectly united, strong to meet the world and all disasters. Then he began to explain the situation to her. He had perhaps exaggerated its pain. The firm Mellick, Mosher & Company were putting through a long-contemplated consolidation with another stock-exchange house. Several of the younger partners were being forced out—one of the best men in the other firm.

"I don't really think, Linda," he said shyly, "that my drinking had anything to do with it."

"No, evidently not," she answered.

She suggested presently the possibility of his taking a holiday. Yes, in spite of the fact that their whole income would cease on the first of January, it would be good economy. Heretofore all Eugene's holidays had been taken up in irregular absences from the office. Now if they could have two or three weeks in Arizona, or doing Winter sports in the Adirondacks or Canada, Eugene agreed, particularly if he could get on the trail of another job before he went.

PRESENTLY Marion came back, a beautifully timed return ten minutes before her husband's. Her eyes were starlike and she exhaled romance.

When they were alone Linda asked, "Well, my dear, did you have a nice time?"

"Oh, not particularly," said Marion. "He just wanted to ask my advice about the furniture in his new room." Confidences had evidently ceased, and Linda knew what that meant. She was ashamed to find that when she felt very close to Eugene, as she did now, she was more inclined to despise Marion's behavior. What a sordid, dull relation marriage must be if you did not put any dignity or self-sacrifice into it!

She watched the smooth confidence of Marion's reception of Dick on his return. It really was rather hard to live with a man and let him support you, and deceive him about conspicuous charmers like Barty Lee. Yet there would be nothing undignified in having the opportunity now and then of saying, like a Victorian heroine, "Sir, I love my husband." And how much she did love him; how thoroughly she believed that, sober, he could succeed at anything!

Mr. Mellick, feeling a little guilty perhaps about letting the son of his old friend go at such short notice, consented at once to the holiday.

They made their arrangements to leave the day after the golf-dinner.

The dinner, in some way that Linda never understood, had turned into a man's dinner. Marion was furious. She called Linda up from New York in protest. "But after all, Marion," Linda had said, with her customary calm, "it's their party. Why not let them do it their way? If they don't want us——"

"But they are making a mistake," Marion answered. "They won't get any one to subscribe to their old club if they give people a dull evening."

But Linda would not interfere, and Marion was triumphant when, on the very day of the dinner, Watts gave out—called unexpectedly to Chicago on business, he telegraphed. Linda found herself, when he had named his own day, insolent to behave like that, she said to herself, when he had named his own day. She wished passionately that he had never been asked. Certainly she would never ask him again. She even felt irritated at Eugene, who was calmly convinced that Watts could not have avoided breaking the engagement. It was with difficulty that she refrained from poisoning Eugene's mind, but she did refrain. She had a great horror of women who distilled venom into their husbands' outside relations. But her self-control deepened her own feeling, which was not appeased by the success of the dinner.

Continued on Page 67

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EVEN THE AIR IS WASHED !

ıch care goes into the mak-
Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti—
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according to the recipe of
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ı Wheat. The delicious to-
sauce—cooked all through
ghetti—is made from ripe,
Heinz tomatoes, fresh from
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ı to give zip and savor.
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ust to heat and serve . . .
convenient—so nourish-
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Heinz quality may be had
ı a very reasonable price.
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A million women can tell you it's money well spent!

Save all the money you can when you buy every-day groceries — but don't try to save a few pennies on the price of the flour you use in a wonderful cake. Remember, when you bake a cake you also use eggs, sugar, shortening, etc.— and you can waste as much of these in a mediocre cake as you would use to make a perfect cake. True economy means buying the finest cake flour you can find, even if you do pay a few cents more per package—about one cent more per cake!

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Pillsbury's Cake Flour

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Continued from Page 64

The money was found and the club organized without Watts.

The morning after, they were to start on their holiday. Linda was standing on the steps, waiting for the car that was to take them to the station. She looked forward to the holiday, but she disliked leaving her own surroundings. It was a warm day for November. The light snow had all gone, and the earth at the edge of the path oozed dampness. Suddenly along the road came Barty Lee riding one pony and leading another. He pulled up before the little gate, only a few yards away.

"Oh, don't tell me you're going to town," he said. "I tried to telephone, but you were always busy."

She laughed. "I'm going further than town," she answered. "I'm going to Arizona."

"Oh," he said, with a sort of roar of anger, "I can't bear it."

She thought him a very handsome boy, sitting perfectly on his pony. His mouth was a little too curving at the corners; ten years her junior, he was quite unavailable for her friendship, but a very handsome boy.

She went down the path, and laid her ungloved hand on the bright, burnished bay neck of his pony. It was a slim, beautiful hand. She looked up at him and said, "I'm afraid you'll have to bear it," but she said it sweetly, as if she would be really sorry if he suffered the least pain there.

"When will you be back?"

"In about a month."

"But I needed so much to see some one like you to-day."

"Some one like me?"

"No, that was a form of speech, I needed you. I wonder how you would treat me, Linda, if I fell in love with you?"

"I never answer hypothetical questions—under advice of counsel."

"I've a great mind to do it."

"If it's so completely under your control—"

"Linda," Eugene called. She turned. He had come out of the house, ten times better-looking than this boy.

Lee took off his cap. "I hope you have a pleasant trip," he said, "and come back when you said you would," and he rode away.

"Looking for Marion?" said Eugene.

"He wanted me to ride with him," said Linda.

Eugene and Mack began putting bags into the car, and there was no more talk until they had been some minutes on the road; then he suddenly said, in a voice deep and unusual:

"You know, Linda, I'm not like Dick. I wouldn't stand a boy like that hanging about—"

"I point out that I have seen him just twice."

"Preliminaries don't take long to arrange when two people are agreed."

"What a very unpleasant phrase, my dear! That young man and I are not agreed, and never could be. I'm not Marion."

"You are so tolerant of her behavior."

"Oh, the crimes I'm tolerant of—" Then almost too eager that he shouldn't suffer at all, "You know that sort of thing has never amused me."

"Yes, but you've changed."

"Changed?"

"Yes, you're more human than you've ever been."

The intimation that she had ever lacked humanity wounded her.

"Well, all the humanity I have, great or little, has always gone into my love of you."

"I know, I know," he said quickly. "But can't you understand? It isn't just that I love you, but that you are everything, every single thing that makes life possible." He put his hand on hers. "Never forget that, young woman."

"I never do," she returned, and added, "I never think of your being jealous."

He gave her a queer look, as if she might have known, and then said, "Because you've been such an angel."

Linda smiled. "And still am," she said.

The second instalment of "Fascination" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published November 15th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

FUNNY MAN

Continued from Page 26

smile, is doing something worth while; provided, of course, that his humor is not banal, vulgar, or meretricious——"

"Meretricious and happy New-year," said Hubbard Wace.

"I beg your pardon?" said the bishop.

"Granted," said Hubbard Wace with a bow.

"Oh, dear, what can have happened to Puckle?" exclaimed Mrs. Morrison.

"I tell me he's lost?" said the bishop with some interest.

"Vanished," said Mrs. Morrison.

"Not really?" said the bishop. It seemed to Hubbard Wace that the bishop bore the news of the tragedy with marked fortitude.

"He'll return, of course," said Mrs. Morrison. "I feel it. Do you know there is something psychic between me and Puckle? I always have considered him as intelligent as most people, and more intelligent than some."

HUBBARD WACE felt a vague resentment, altho Mrs. Morrison's eye, when she had said "some," had lingered on him for but the fleeting fraction of a second.

"Oh, I dare say he'll come back," said the bishop without much emotion.

"Yes, I dare say," echoed his wife.

"At any rate," remarked Mr. Morrison, "there's no point in spending the evening crying over spilled milk, if you know what I mean."

"Hubbard," said Lila, "you go over there and sit by Aunt Alvira and talk to her."

"Yes, do," seconded the bishop. "And be sure to tell her some of your funny stories. I always think a hearty laugh is good for all of us now and again."

Hubbard Wace crossed the room to where Aunt Alvira was sitting. She watched his approach with eyes which seemed to say, "I know you are considered a funny man, but don't you dare try to do it in my presence."

TO HIM the journey to her side seemed several miles, and, oddly enough, uphill. He dropped into a chair beside hers. Through her lorgnette she regarded him grimly. He attempted a smile, hoping that it would be thought winning, but his reflection in a large mirror over the fireplace apprized him that it could be more accurately described as a sickly leer.

He rallied himself, and began, in a low, determined voice:

"Did you ever hear the story about the boily boy?"

Aunt Alvira stared at him blankly.

"You'll have to speak louder," she said. "My hearing isn't very good."

Hubbard Wace made a trumpet of his hands.

"Did you ever hear the story of the boily boy?" he shouted. His voice came out louder than he had intended. It made Aunt Alvira jump, and caused the others, in conversation across the room, to look up, startled.

"No," said Aunt Alvira with conviction, "I never heard about any oily boy."

"Boily boy!" shouted Hubbard Wace.

"Well, what did he do?" asked Aunt Alvira.

"It seems," began Hubbard Wace, and he then stopped, horror-stricken. The others were listening. They could hardly avoid it.

"It seems he said that Shaw had too many ironies in the fire."

"Is that all?" asked Aunt Alvira.

"Yes, that's all," said Hubbard Wace. He was very glad that it was.

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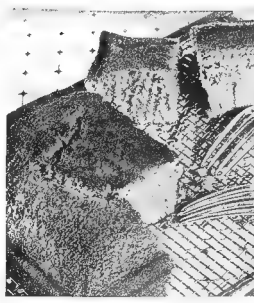

Lafayette Gingerbread

Cream ½ cup butter and ½ cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, ½ cup warm milk, 2 tablespoons ginger, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon, mace, nutmeg. Add 5 tablespoons coffee. Beat 3 eggs. Sift 3 cups flour with ¾ teaspoon salt. Stir alternately with eggs into first mixture. Add juice and grated rind of 1 large orange. Last add 1 level teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 teaspoons warm water. Beat until smooth. Bake in loaf pan in moderate oven 350° F. 45 to 60 minutes.

Hungry for something good? TRY THESE

Fig Luncheon Muffins

First boil 1 cup cooking figs for 10 minutes. Drain, clip the stems and chop. Cream together 4 tablespoons butter and ¼ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg, ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses and ½ cup water. To this add 2 cups flour sifted with 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ginger, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add the figs and beat well. Lastly stir in ¼ cup bread crumbs. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake from 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.). This recipe makes about 16 muffins.

JUST one look at such muffins makes your mouth water . . . and wait until you taste this gingerbread!

No wonder they're extra good . . . they tease your appetite with the luscious old-time flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses—a flavor that makes everybody want *more*. You need never say "no" to a second helping either. For Brer Rabbit Molasses is a wholesome sweet that is actually *good for you* . . . rich in those two health essentials—iron and lime!

And just a touch of the old plantation goodness of Brer Rabbit Molasses gives added flavor to many foods. Baked beans, for instance, taste twice as good if you add two tablespoonfuls of Brer Rabbit to them when you turn them out of the can to heat. And it gives marvelous flavor to candied sweet potatoes! Gold Label is the finest light molasses—Green Label a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

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SO many people dread the coming of winter because of the colds and throat troubles it brings. But if the passages of nose and throat are kept in healthy condition, your sufferings from colds will be greatly lessened.

Doctors say that lubricating these passages is a great preventive, as it wards off irritation and keeps the germs from getting a foothold.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is ideal for this purpose. It is a pure natural substance that is remarkably healing in its action. A little snuffed up the nose will spread all over the membranes and protect them against damp air, dust particles and germs.

If the voice is husky, the throat sore or rough, a little "Vaseline" Jelly taken internally will be a big help. Thousands of people have found it beneficial. It is so pure that anyone can take it internally.

Lay in a supply of "Vaseline" Jelly for the winter season. It can be bought in jars or tubes for a few cents anywhere in the world. Certainly it is an easy, safe, economical preventive.

And remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consolidated.

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"I'm afraid I don't see the point," said Aunt Alvira.

"It isn't a very good story," said Hubbard Wace. "A lady would hardly understand."

"Perhaps you know one I might," said Aunt Alvira, and her tone was as dry as Hubbard Wace's throat.

"I'm sure he does," helped out the bishop from across the room.

A NUMBING stage-fright palsied the faculties of Hubbard Wace. All the stories he had memorized seemed to snarl up into a ball in his brain till they formed a solid lump. He was aware of a long silence.

"Well?" he heard Aunt Alvira say.

He gave the back of his head a thump, as if by so doing he could break up the log-jam of stories and jar loose one. Suddenly, like a Spring freshet, they came.

In a voice over which he had no control he heard himself saying, loud, high, and clear:

"Well, it seems there were two Irishmen. Stop me if you've heard this one."

Nobody did.

"Well," he plunged on like a runaway locomotive, "it seems these two Irishmen were talking in a Pullman car between Peoria and Indianapolis, or maybe it was Terre Haute, and Abie spoke up and said, 'Who was that lady I seen you with last night?' and Moe said, 'That was no lady, and besides I was waiting for the man in the room up-stairs to drop the other shoe.'

"'Go on,' said Pat, 'there ain't no sich animal, and let me tell you I'm glad I don't like spinach.' 'Begorra, and why is that?' asked Mike. 'Because,' said the witty Hibernian, with a twinkle in his eye, 'if I liked spinach I'd be eating it all the time, and I hate the darned stuff.' 'Well,' said Whistler, 'neither does your coat; and let me tell you something, sir! I like a manly man and a womanly woman, but I do not like a boily boy.'

"And when he heard that, Sambo cried out, 'Lawsy-gawsy, Massa, dinna ye shoot, because there ain't nobody out here in the corn but us chickens.' And that's how it happened that when the moth opened its pocketbook a Scotchman flew out, and said, 'Vell, den, go ahead und sue me'; but when he saw the prima donna in her bathing-suit, he cried out, 'For Heaven's sake, sing!' and that reminded her of Mark Twain saying we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can, and his mother-in-law said——"

A crisp "Beg pardon, Mr. Wace," from the butler stopped him.

"Sorry, sir," the butler said, "but there's a person in the hall with a package for you. He says it's important."

"For me?" exclaimed Hubbard Wace. "A package?"

"A package," the butler replied. "For you."

With staring eyes Hubbard Wace saw looming up in the doorway the bulk and ruby visage of the taxi-driver to whom he had entrusted the mortal remains of Puckle.

"Couldn't find the address," said the driver, "try as I might, so I brought it back to you here."

He held out a crude cornucopia of newspaper to Hubbard Wace. It bulged open. The package fell from Hubbard Wace's limp and nerveless hands.

"Puckle!" screamed Mrs. Morrison.

What else she said Hubbard Wace did not hear, for he had fled into the night.

HE COULD do one of three things with his life, he decided next morning. He could go West and be a hermit, or he could join the army, or he could jump into the river. The last-named held the strongest appeal for him just then.

When lunch-time came he didn't go out for lunch. He didn't want any. He doubted if he would ever again enjoy even the simple pleasure of eating. He sat at his desk, and in a neat hand wrote over and over again:

"I'm a blithering ass."

When his phone rang he did not at once answer it. Perhaps, he thought, it was the police.

Then he decided that it would be a good thing if it was the police. In a cell he might hope to arouse in Lila, perhaps, a small twinge of pity. Pity—that was all he could hope for now.

It wasn't the police. It was Lila. Her voice was businesslike

"Where are you?" she asked.

"In the bank," he answered.

"I'm waiting here at the inn."

"What for?"

"Oh, a ferry-boat, of course."

"You don't mean you're waiting for me?" he demanded.

"Are you coming to lunch or aren't you?"

"Might as well get it over with," said Hubbard Wace. "I'll be right over."

He hardly dared look at her as he took the chair opposite hers.

"Soup and black coffee," he said wanly to the waiter.

Then to her, "Well, I suppose this is the last time——"

"Last time for what?"

"That I'll be eating lunch with you."

"Are you going to stop eating lunch?"

"Oh, come on, Lila," he said; "what's the use? This is no time to be funny. I never want to hear a funny thing again as long as I live. Know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"I'm going West; that's what I'm going to do, and I'm going to grow a beard and change my name, and never smile again, and I'm going to get a job in a bank out there and make twenty million dollars, and I'm going to buy up all the comic magazines and put them out of business——"

"WHY, Hubbard Wace, what on earth are you talking about?"

"I'm going West, I tell you," he said.

"Would you like to go to St. Louis?" she asked.

"Sure. Any place. So long as they don't know me. But why do you my St. Louis?"

"Because," said Lila Morrison, "dad is interested in a bank out there, and he said this morning that he could use a young man like you——"

"Use him? What for?"

"Why, to work, of course."

"Now, Lila, you look here. It's cruel of you to kid me like this. The only thing you, or your father, or any of your family would care to use me for is a punching-bag——"

"Why, Hubbard Wace, that's all wrong——"

"I know," he said. "After last night I don't blame you or them. I wanted to make an impression. Well, I made one all right. A funny man! Ugh!"

"WELL," said Lila, "as a matter of fact dad didn't think your stories were so very funny, but then he never understands a funny story anyhow; but he's still laughing about Puckle——"

"Are you crazy, Lila?"

"I am not. Of course, I admit, it might not strike some people as a very nice joke, but it certainly struck dad that way. For six years Puckle has been the bane of dad's existence. Dad loathed and detested him, and it was mutual. Uncle William and Aunt Alvira and I, we all hated the selfish, spoiled little beast. Of course, mother may never forgive you, but that won't matter much.

"Dad was saying this morning that he feels once again he is boss in his own house and doesn't have to take orders from a yipping, vicious, stupid little—oh, he called Puckle a perfectly dreadful name. He's sending mother to Palm Beach to recover. She'll be gone in a few days, and he said to tell you that as soon as she is gone he wants you to come up and have dinner with us. I guess he wants to talk to you about that opening in St. Louis——"

Hubbard Wace put sugar in his soup and salt in his coffee, and never knew it.

"Listen, Lila," he said huskily, "I want you to promise me something."

"What is it, Hubbard?"

"Promise me you'll never tell anybody I'm a funny man when we're in St. Louis."

"I didn't know I was going to St. Louis."

He looked at her steadily a long time.

"Well, don't you know now?" he said.

"Do you call that a proposal?"

"That," said Hubbard Wace firmly, "is what I mean it to be."

"You are a funny man," she said, and smiled at his frown, and added, "but I won't tell anybody when we're in St. Louis."

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The much photographed Mrs. Michael Arlen has exquisitely tended hands

"A flattering radiance to my nails is so easy with this New Cutex Liquid Polish," she says.

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"To me," Mrs. Arlen said thoughtfully, "hands are just as expressive and interesting as people's faces. Perhaps that is why I have always given mine especial care.

"I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days after using it my nails are delightful. And with so little effort. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

You will find Cutex preparations at toilet goods counters everywhere! A generous sized bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢, Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢. For "Merry Christmas" the new Cutex Manicure Gift Sets —25¢, 60¢, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, $3.00.

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Mrs. Ambrose Helier—a charming New York society matron who gives much of her time to charities. She is shown in an interesting Russian headdress worn at a recent benefit. "I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish such a boon," she says. "It keeps my nails smooth and lustrous for days. I always shape the cuticle with it so that the half moons show; then a fleck of the brush and the new Liquid Polish gives a lovely, lasting sheen. I do enjoy the confident feeling that my nails are always looking their best."

With grave sweetness the lovely Mrs. Arlen explained the exquisite simplicity with which she cares for her hands, so that they have always an enchanting perfection. "*First*, I use the Cuticle Remover which shapes and softens the cuticle; *second*, the Polish Remover to remove old polish, then the beguiling new Liquid Polish that sparkles for days; *third*, a tiny bit of Cuticle Cream or Oil and just enough Nail White to enhance the radiance of the Polish!"

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I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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The wisest women in this world have learned that chic...the elusive creature... is captured by an invisible net woven of perfect details. They know that so small a thing as a lipstick must be cleverly chosen to blend with one's coloring and one's costume. That is why they favor Lipstick Tussy, for it may be had in eight distinct shades, a different shade for every type of frock, for every occasion and every mood. Lipstick Tussy smooths on softly, understandingly, with fragile fragrance, and lends a lasting loveliness of perfect color to the lips. It travels all the way from France in its bright little galalithe case, a case so smart you will gladly give it a place in your handbag.

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the imported creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu" ? just write to Lesquendieu, Incorporated, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

COSMETIQUES
LESQUENDIEU

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THE NIGHT OF THE CYCLONE

Continued from Page 19

And curiously enough at that very moment—and likely enough it was that last frantic burst of wind which did it—the door opened widely, and staring across the dark room, in which she had seemed to feel herself imprisoned beyond hope, Lucy Van Rennen saw a man's figure coming up the path, cut out against the pale light.

Her first instinct was to scream aloud; a feeling as tho she would never stop screaming, for she was past bearing anything more in silence.

Then, suddenly, she clapped her hand to her mouth, realizing that it was Dick come to her—goodness only knew how—through the heart of the cyclone: Dick like a wraith, tall and wind-torn, with his soaked white clothes plastered dankly about him.

Her first thought was of relief, joy. Then came terror, the memory of what she had done. Everything was, and must remain, changed; there was something lay between them, always would lie between them. You could not kill a man and just go on being the same. Murder—for the life of her she could not have said what brought the word "stalked" to her mind; but there it was—murder stalked between them.

Never, never again could she and Dick run together, lost in each other's arms—happy children and passionate mates—body, heart, and soul mingling like one. Never again could she hold him as he held her, breast to breast; his dear, dear heart, his dear arms, a very part of herself.

No hint of moonlight flowed into the room, and he could see nothing, clear as he was to her. She saw him lean forward peering, heard him call "Lucy! Lucy!" then louder, with his head raised so that his words might carry up-stairs, "Lucy" —and—"Lucy—Lucy, my darling! For God's sake where are you?" with a sharp note of panic in his voice.

Her whole being was straining toward him like a horse at the rein. But how dare she move? In her dreadful and confused thoughts she had lost her place in the room. She knew that she had moved after *that* happened, but she could not remember in what direction *it* lay.

It would kill her, kill her, if he touched the man's body with his foot. Again and again, during the last half-hour, she had tried to reconstruct the whole thing, found herself unable to get to the end of it. And it was worse now, hopeless.

She saw her husband cross the door-sill, move forward into the room, still calling.

THEN like the blow of a flail the wind started again: tore through the house, banged to the door.

Where was *it* lying? Where, oh, where? She wrung her hands in an agony of terror. Perhaps if Dick moved across the room obliquely toward the stairway he might miss it; conceivably he might miss it. It was best to remain silent; allow him to go up-stairs and seek for her.

Then she heard him stumble, and that was too much. It was more the catch of a breath than a cry, but he heard it—even through that tumult of the wind, thrashing round the house, he heard it.

"Lucy! Lucy! Hullo! Why on earth don't you answer? What's wrong? What is it, darling? I had the devil of a time—got ashore at the other side of the island, fought my way across. A cyclone, by Jove, your first! Oh, well, now the center's past—" he broke off suddenly; then started again, "I say, what's wrong? What is it? Where's everybody? Lucy, Lucy, you're not hurt, are you? Why don't you speak? Lucy, for God's sake, say something! You're not hurt?"

"No, no." She heard her own voice at last, thick and hoarse. "But you stumbled— What—what—"

"Nothing—nothing; only a footstool. This confounded darkness, and I've not got a match about me. Where are you, sweetheart?"

"Here—here—go round by the writing-table, keep to the wall. Dick! do you hear me? Keep to the wall—it's safer."

"Hang the darkness! A fellow can't see his nose before him. But safer, why safer?"

"Only that you're not so likely to run into anything, of course. Here—here—I am."

She heard him breathing close to her and put out her hand; touched him, felt him draw her to him.

For a moment, one blissful moment, she thought, "It is all right after all; it's all right," then, "If only I could get it out of the way for a little, just a little, to give me time."

"The lamp—what's happened to the lamp? Are there no matches?"

"It blew out," she hesitated a moment, at a loss what to say next; then repeated stupidly, "It blew out."

"Wait a second, sweetheart. I know there are some matches on my dressing-room table, if only I can make the stairs."

"Yes—yes—" It seemed as tho that might give her an opportunity to drag it somewhere out of sight. Under the stairs? But no, the sofa was low, she would have to raise it to put the body under it, and how could she do that?

OH, but she must not let Dick go; he would surely touch *it* with his foot this time. She clung to him tightly in a sudden frenzy of terror. "No—no, don't go! Oh, don't go! You mustn't leave me!"

"But, darling, only for a second. Hang it all, we must have a light!"

"No—no!" She felt him drawing away from her; anyhow he was going. She would lose him, must lose him; he would find matches, light the lamp; he would see *it*.

"Don't move—don't try to cross the room—don't, I tell you." She remembered now: *it* was between the stairs and where she stood. *It* was there that the thing had happened. She remembered because of the table with the knife. The table was just beside the arch, and she had backed against it.

"There is something lying there." Oh, well, after all she would have to tell him.

"Something?" She realized by his voice how puzzled he was. "Something? But what—what on earth—"

"A man."

"A man, but how—"

"He is dead. I killed him." Suddenly she felt inclined to laugh; it seemed so silly to say that, just that "I killed him."

Dick had turned to go; was not touching her then. But all the same she felt him shrink; felt it as tho a little freezing air had passed between them.

"But how—what nonsense; you're ratty!"

"No, no, it's true. I drove over to the store. I meant to see Elsie, but she was out. When I came back the servants were still asleep; the cook had locked the kitchen door. They none of them came back." For some reason or other she felt a strange comfort in going into these details.

"They will have fastened themselves in their huts; they won't come here if there's a storm on; they're afraid of the top part of the house falling on them," remarked Dick dully.

"At last Nouno came and made me some tea with my spirit-lamp. I told her to prepare my bath and put out my things. But she didn't. I know now that she didn't; I would have heard her moving about up-stairs. I did not realize, but now I know that she didn't."

"No, she would not have gone up-stairs. She would have guessed the storm was coming—they always know." Like herself, he was talking over the top of things.

"Yes, yes, almost directly she had gone the storm started. She didn't tell me. Why, oh why, didn't she tell me if she knew?"

"No, no, she wouldn't do that. These Javanese, they're sly; she'd be afraid you'd keep her here with you in this tall house."

"Dick—Dick, I fastened the doors and shutters as you'd told me to do in a hurricane. But something must have happened to the lock of the front door, for later on it blew open. It must have been——"

"Yes, yes, I meant to have had it seen to. But go on—go on, Lucy."

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MRS. J. J. MITCHELL

of the leading Chicago family, who before her marriage was Miss Lolita Armour, expresses her rare individuality and colorful imagination in every phase of her life—from the supervising of her estate at Montecito, where the multiplicity of activities rivals those of a medieval manor, down to her use in decoration of sharp, clear contours, and vivid colors to achieve original effects.

Ever considerate of the comfort and happiness of her guests, Mrs. Mitchell equipped this guest room in "Daisy Cottage" at El Mirador, with Simmons furniture, Simmons twin beds No. 1565, Beautyrest Mattresses and the new Ace Box Springs. For, as she says, "Simmons equipment gives really restful rest!"

"I'm glad I can make my guests so comfortable at *Santa Barbara*," *says* MRS. J. J. MITCHELL

the former Miss Lolita Armour

HIGH IN THE HILLS above Santa Barbara and the sea, blooms "El Mirador," the California estate of Mrs. J. J. Mitchell.

Set in the midst of exquisite gardens, among the most famous in the world, are the main house and guest cottages. Delightfully colorful in themselves, of pink stucco with red tiled roofs and gay Chinese blue shutters, they are surrounded by salmon pink roses, and lavender wistaria clambers everywhere.

An old Chinese picture was Mrs. Mitchell's inspiration for this delightful room in "Daisy Cottage," which she furnished a year or so ago with Simmons Beds No. 1565 and matching Simmons furniture painted deep magenta, and trimmed with pottery green.

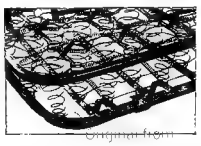
Considerate hostess that she is, Mrs. Mitchell fitted her beds with the wonderfully resilient Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs by Simmons.

"I have found," she says, "that Simmons equipment gives really *restful* rest! Besides, the Beautyrests are so trim looking with their firm, uncrushable sides, that I quite naturally take a housewifely pride in them. The damask covers are a delightful idea!"

The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is the choice of discriminating home makers. Already nearly a million people enjoy its repose. Its unique inner construction insures perfect distribution of body weight. The Ace Box Spring by the same maker, is as finely built and finished as the famous Beautyrest.

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds $10.00 to $60.00. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. C-2, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and ideas for home decoration.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring made by the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs, and mattresses. Damask covers in six pastel shades, two patterns. The Ace Box Spring, likewise superbly constructed, is equally resilient and long wearing, with damask cover, stitched sides and taped edges to match the Beautyrest.

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What the inside of the Beautyrest is like—the superior inner coil structure which makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of closely packed, finely tempered coils, in separate pockets, insure individual action and keep sides from crushing. Over coils, thick layers of upholstery and damask cover.

•

The Ace Open Coil Spring—amazingly resilient because of its extra number of finely tempered coils. Small governor springs prevent sideway. Light weight and low in price. Banded border protects sheets.

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SIMMONS

World's largest makers of BEDS SPRINGS MATTRESSES

Continued from Page 70

She had her face pressed to his shoulder; she could feel the warmth of his flesh through the soaked linen. It seemed as tho she must get near to him—must. He had his arms about her; their bodies touched and yet they did not touch; something was between them.

"If the door had burst open earlier—if only, only—" she moaned.

"But what happened? Lucy, you must pull yourself together; tell me everything; keep calm." He spoke hardly and reasonably as he had never spoken to her before. Then, quite suddenly, his voice broke, "Good God, you don't mean to say he—a dead man—lying on the floor there, in front of us!"

"Yes, yes. Listen, Dick, and I'll tell you everything. I was here I had shut all the doors and shutters. It was terribly still. I was waiting—yes, I was waiting for the cyclone to start. I knew; you had told me. Then I heard—oh—oh——"

"Yes, yes, it's all right, Lucy; it's over now. All right, old girl." With all his might he was trying to comfort her, but there was nothing comforting in his voice, and he knew it. It seemed as tho all the marrow had gone out of his bones, all the blood from his heart, all the essence of feeling. "You heard——?"

"Dick, I heard his stockinged feet drop to the floor." Her voice was heavy and slow with horror; for somehow this seemed worse than all: the dreadful matter of factness of it.

"But what——"

"Oh, don't you see? He must have been lying on our bed. I heard him holler out; then I heard him bang to the shutters in the bedroom and your dressing-room at the top of the stairs.

"THROUGH the arch I could see his feet coming down the white stairs; then his hands, with his shoes in them. I tried to open the door, but I couldn't. It would not open then. Only later——"

"Yes—yes?"

"I turned round with my back against it. Little by little I saw him appear, cut by the arch—dirty white trousers and singlet, the great hanging hands—oh, awful hands!—hairy arms, like an ape's. It seemed to be going on forever—oh, forever! And yet all the time with scarcely a sound: like some wild beast ready to spring—padding— Yes, that was it—padding, not walking like a man at all.

"At last I saw his face. It seemed all throat and chin and mouth; the nose and eyes all pushed up together; eyes like red-and-black slits; a purple-red face and dark hair, all pushed up. Never—never—oh, impossible to forget!" Her husband felt her shudder from head to foot in his arms, and murmured something about "not minding," "leaving it." But in a hurried, desperate whisper she pressed on.

"I ran to the side of the room by the piano to get away from the sight of him. I had no thought or plan. Dick, Dick, oh, Dick, you may say, 'Why didn't you do this? or that?' but there was nothing in me but fear. I, too, was like a wild animal — frantic — running round and round in its cage. If you had seen his hands—there were drops of sweat shining upon them among the hairs. I saw it in the lamplight.

"When he saw me he cried out, 'What the bloody h——l this?' Then he began to laugh. Dick, Dick, it was horrible. It seemed as his face split: he threw back his head and laughed, opening his mouth wide, showing the ragged stumps of teeth. But you will see—you *must* see. Dick, Dick, if only you could get some matches—light the lamp—you'd realize." Quite suddenly she was desperate with the desire that he should see the terror with which she had been confronted.

"It's all right, darling, all right." His hand smoothed her shoulder, her bare arm. But it might have been some one else's hand; there was none of the *feel* of Dick in it; flesh of her flesh.

"He said, 'Oh, that's all, is it? A squalling bit o' a skirt. Well, I'll be d——l' Then he said, 'Look here, stop that; I ain't going to eat you. Stand still, can't you?' And then something about you, 'Where's yer hubby?'

"I pulled myself together at that. I got my, my—lips on the top of the piano—I remember because it felt so hard and clean it helped me—and stood up very straight. I could see myself reflected in the polish—sideways; a long white smear, nothing more, for my eyes were on his. I thought, 'If only I can keep my eyes on his—if I look away I'll never dare look back and that will be the end.' I said, 'You've no business here; you must go away. My husband will be back, and if he finds you here——'

"'Eh?' I saw him stare at me, wrinkling up his forehead, and realized why he had opened his mouth so wide when he spoke. He was shouting—one had to shout against that wind—and I screamed back at him, 'You've no right here; you must go away—go away——'

"'Yes, yes, all right, darling,' put in her husband. "For God's sake don't shudder like that—stop it, stop it, I say!"

"But he wouldn't go. He made me get him food and whisky—all there was in the pantry and sideboard. I thought maybe if he got enough to drink he might sleep, and forget—forget. Oh, don't you see, Dick, I knew all the time what—what he was thinking of." Her voice sank to a breath against his ear. "But—but—he ran after me round the room; he—he caught hold of me."

"Yes?" Her husband's voice had an odd, toneless sound in it, like a stone dropped into a deep well; and suddenly, realizing what he meant by that questioning "Yes," she pulled herself away from his arms, pushed him back from her.

"No—no, no, no! Not that!" she screamed. "My God, no, not that! I was in time for that— But—but he held me, he kissed me, he pawed my hair and breast— Oh, filthy—filthy—those great wet hands. I fought, but he was so big—heavy—hot and horrible, a ton of flesh, with all its weight against me.

"He had one hand at the front of my dress, and pushed me up against the table.

"Then I remembered—thank God—thank God I remembered the knife was still there. If I hadn't——"

"What knife?" The husband did not know why he asked it, for no reason at all.

"The carving-knife—the long, sharp-pointed old kitchen knife I used for cutting the ends of the flowers." Tho Lucy's mouth was close to her husband's ear, tho she seemed to whisper, it was a muted scream against the tumult of the wind, thrashing round the house, tearing at it, shrieking, bawling. And with a feeling as tho something in her throat had cracked, that she could never speak again, she dropped to silence, limp in his arms.

ALL the same, at Dick's repeated "Yes?" —that same dull, far-away "Yes?" —she went on.

"It seemed impossible that a man could be killed so suddenly. I struck—I struck with all my might—but, truly, I scarcely seemed to have touched anything when he fell—I suppose I was mad —I did not so much as feel the knife pressing into him. But——"

"Perhaps after all he's——"

"No, no, he's dead. After a little I spoke—spoke again, but he didn't move. I knelt down by him in the dark. I put one hand on the floor to steady myself. Dick, it was wet—wet and sticky, all warm. There was blood everywhere. He was dead; he went down like a tree, I tell you, with a crash like a tree."

"Well, well, all right—he's dead; that's that." Dick Van Rennen heard his own voice, ridiculously trivial, almost testy. With one hand he smoothed his wife's hair, longing to comfort her, but quite unable to get near her with this between them: thinking hard what they would do; how he would have to ride into town twenty miles away and report. And then —then—he could get no further.

"Perhaps if you find some matches, light the lamp again," breathed Lucy, in that loud, gasping whisper against his ear.

"No, no, wait. Here's the sofa; we can sit down. The wind's getting less; it will be over soon."

He felt along the sofa with his fingers, guided her to it; held his cheek to hers. Lucy, Lucy, his young, his tenderly beautiful Lucy, whom he had always thought of as so like a windflower—the most

Continued on Page 74

When you envy such beautiful teeth

do you ever stop to think "How many of *my* 32 teeth are still sound?" How many have survived the mouth acids resulting from food fermentation...the acids which tear mildly yet savagely at the enamel until cavities start? It is not too late to check this destroyer! Your sound teeth *will remain sound* if you put Pebeco to work immediately. Pebeco stimulates the saliva flow, checking "acid-mouth" as it whitens the teeth. *Try it one week*...and you will realize its exceptional value.

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WELL-GROOMED, fastidious women now avoid frankly artificial-looking nail tints and adopt, instead, the *new* nail beauty—faint-hued *natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

The lovely glimmer given to the nails by Glazo is neither too deeply pink nor too pale—just cleverly in-between—a natural, soft radiance that is subtly sophisticated—that is utterly new and correct.

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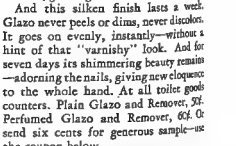

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Each of these luxurious toiletries is delicately scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt perfume. And each is encased in a lovely container of rich blue and silver . . . designed by a Parisian master . . . and fully worthy of its precious contents.

A PERFUME . . . intimate, seductive, daringly youthful . . . extracted from rare flower oils that, like old wine, have been aged for years. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6. In my new purse size, encased in soft leather: $2.50.

A FACE POWDER . . . soft as mist . . . made from a formula once reserved for French and English royalty . . . and only recently rediscovered by me. In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Price, with downy velour puff, $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

A DOUBLE COMPACT . . . fluffy powder in four flattering shades . . . rouge of satiny smoothness . . . and an unbreakable mirror. When opened, the thin metal case discloses its entire contents to view. Price, with metal mirror and two wool puffs, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50c.

A TRIPLE COMPACT . . . identical with my double compact . . . except that a dainty lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50c.

A LIPSTICK . . . chic and witching . . . in Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite . . . the last named changing upon application from orange tint to vivid red, depending upon skin texture. Price, $1.00. Refills, 50c.

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 105 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Connecticut, mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

Lucretia Vanderbilt

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

Customer's Name _____

Address _____

P. R. Nov.

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"THEY'RE CUTE, MOTHER ▸
A COTTON NIGHTIE IS PRIMITIVE"

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Nine*

OLD-FASHIONED ways cannot withstand the merry onslaught of the modern girl. Her enthusiasm is so sane and contagious, she is so everlastingly tight in refusing the drudgeries and repressions of her mother's girlhood that the whole world is approving her gay philosophy, which demands the best and nothing but the best.

Her quick appreciation encourages manufacturers to strive for improvements. Two years of research in the largest laboratory in the world devoted to surgical dressings produced Modess. Modess is amazingly better. It is really and truly comfortable. It is deodorizing.

The gracious softness of Modess is due to an entirely new substance for the filler. It is a fluffy mass like cotton, so yielding and conforming that irritation is impossible—yet highly absorbent and, of course, disposable.

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Modess possesses deodorizing properties. Laboratory tests prove it to be superior in this respect.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

You are sure to prefer Modess. Since it costs no more, why not try it?

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U.S.A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Modess
(Pronounced Mŏ-dess')
SO INFINITELY FINER

Continued from Page 72

fragile of all forest flowers—to have killed a man! Of course—of course it had to be done; she was perfectly right. If she hadn't— Oh, but it was unthinkable!

All the same, he didn't want to see; if only he need never see. If only he could sit here always, blinded to everything, unable to come to the end of any thought, to formulate any plan—and in this there was that sort of comfort of an opiate—with that confounded tumult of the wind, like a heavy curtain shutting out reality. For tho it did not seem to be altogether Lucy he was holding in his arms, it was better—oh, but far better—than nothing; better, too, than what had to be faced out once the lamp was lighted, once the storm had ceased and they were back in real life again.

His wife lay quiet within his arms. For a little while he knew by the catch in her breath that she was weeping; then he felt sure from the limpness, the added weight, that she slept.

What was she made of? Good God, what were women made of—that she could sleep, actually sleep with the body of a man whom she had killed lying there unseen on the floor before them?

But then she was exhausted with fatigue and fear—Lucy, poor, fragile, little Lucy. He told himself this. All the same, he was unable to rid himself of the suspicion of a profound and brutal coldness in the seemingly sensitive creature lying against his heart: an indifference more complete than it could ever be in any man.

Othello had said something about this. He tried to remember what, but his memory failed him. Everything seemed wiped out. He could not even force his mind to any serious consideration of the future. Again and again as the hours passed he set himself to it with the thought, "I must make up my mind what's to be done when it's light, when the storm's over," but it went no further than that.

Then, at last, as he sat staring into the darkness, staring at nothing, with his chin just touching his wife's head, he realized that the wind had ceased, that the darkness was less intense. By some freak that last frantic breath of the tempest had once again loosened the defective lock, and the door stood wide open.

THE scents of the garden—of a tropical garden at dawn, tuberoses and stephanotis and lemon verbena—crept into the room, wrapped them round with sweetness; while the tall palms began to take shape against a perfectly colorless sky. The peace was so intense that he could not fail to feel it, like a cool hand on his brow. But for some reason or other he fought against it. "God," he thought, "a day—another day—" crucifying himself with the memory of all those past, those innocent and lovely mornings to which he and his bride had so far awakened. But now—now—

Suddenly he remembered that the servants might be coming into the house any moment. He knew them: they would come all the earlier, with a great pretense of bustle hiding their shame at the memory of their cowardice of the night before.

And what was he to do? He had told himself that he could not bear to look at the thing which lay upon the floor. But he must not only look at it, but touch it, hide it away. No, no, not that; there was nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to hide: it was a clear case of self-defense, but—oh, anyhow he must do something. God only knew what, with the body. One couldn't leave dead men littering about the floor like that.

IT SEEMED an absolute physical impossibility for him to lower his eyes, look downward. However, he forced himself to it, stiffening so that Lucy, stirring with a little moan, opened her eyes.

Thus it was that, at the same moment, they both saw it. The dead body of a gross, heavily built man, with his mouth open, stupidly open, his face a dirty purple. There was a large pool of half-dried blood upon the floor. But in a flash Dick realized that this was not the wound in the head. The man had cut the side of his head upon the edge of a heavy bronze jar that stood on the floor—fallen and cut open his head. The rug was all pushed up under him on the highly polished floor. Again and again Dick had warned his wife about this. The rug had slipped and he had fallen, half sideways; only his head straight—straight against the bronze jar, overturned now on its side.

One arm was bent beneath him. But the other arm was flung out, the hand lying palm uppermost on the floor, and with the fingers spread. And in the triangle between the finger and thumb, not touching the hand—touching nothing of the man himself—stuck upright in the floor, was the ugly, black-handled knife, as tho some one had flung it down saying, "There—there—" marking a spot for the fellow to fall.

"Wait a moment." Very gently Dick Van Renssen put his wife aside from him, rose to his feet, and, hobbling stiffly over to the dead body, knelt beside it, feeling as tho his every limb had been on the rack, with his clothes dried stiffly around him.

Whatever had killed the beast, it was not Lucy with her knife. Likely enough she had not even touched him; anyhow only touched his clothes. She had struck at him wildly, and the knife had slipped, had flown from her hand as he fell, cutting his head open against the sharp edge of the bronze bowl, which now lay tipped over on its side. Why, there was blood on that, too; a small dark pool of blood in the hollowed side of it.

A brilliant, clear, rose-pink light was showing through the trees outside; the red gum on the dragon-trees shone like rubies; the smooth trunks of the palms were like pink chrysoprase. The crotons, even, were softened by a mist of dew, the breath of the damp earth.

Lucy was at his side, staring down at the dead man on the floor. As she clung to her husband's arm she pointed a trembling finger. "But the knife—there—I don't see—I——"

"Nothing—nothing. Don't you see the rug?—you idiot, you precious idiot—the rug slipped. I always told you—" Quite suddenly he broke off, began to laugh, a peal upon peal of laughter, his relief almost more than he could bear; so complete that it was impossible to so much as be decent over the dead man.

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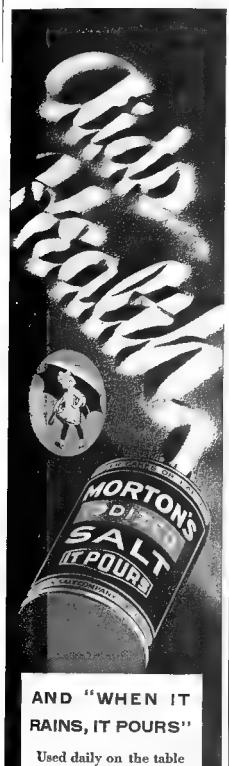

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VASSAR COLLEGE

Continued from page 20

inundates with erudition the awed freshmen who must take it.

Then they discover that no one at college can be so *dégagé* as the president. He will stop and chat with the casualness of an old friend. He drives a wicked tennis-ball, and shakes with laughter when class parodies and satires wax particularly biting. With fine brown hair, a little blown, he dashes about in a car which any good plumber would long ago have laid to rest. On Thursdays he and his wife, a gifted painter, receive students with an informal hospitality never worn threadbare by the years.

ONE of the seniors who knew him well paid this spontaneous tribute to Dr. MacCracken. "Prexy never obtrudes upon any student activity, but if you want him you can find him. He's always ready to listen and to grant our requests if he conscientiously can."

The comment is all the more revealing of the president's accessibility, because methods of settling every possible question at Vassar have been carefully constructed. Indeed, not the girls themselves are more pleased with the powers and privileges they have acquired than are Dr. MacCracken and the dean. True, Miss Mildred Thompson must sometimes have to smother an ejaculation of amazement. For, certainly, this is the era when students treat their official betters to the plainest of plain speaking. However, it is done in a mannerly way and, altho the authorities may not always feel cordial toward every demand, they have come to share the ruling horror of suppressions.

The dean positively glowed over the work which one committee of the faculty and students accomplished last Spring. What she and the others did was to abolish the form of a chaperonage long dead and to extend the evening motoring-hour until ten o'clock. "We even struck out the old clause about getting family permission for this unchaperoned driving," said Miss Thompson. "It is our business to regulate such matters. We can not shift that responsibility upon distant parents."

As for the president, he declared not long ago that Vassar was overorganized. Yet for the life of him he can not disguise a pride, such as a big business man might show in taking a visitor over his organization, as he declares, "We settle everything here by joint committees. Faculty, students, alumnæ, and trustees all have their means of working together. Look, here is a chart of student activities! We have a student government that really works. It is this body which gives each organization on the campus its charter."

One glance at this intricate document inspires wonder that any student gets time from committee work to play hockey, let alone attend classes. There are sixteen societies, clubs, and boards of management, such as those of the *Miscellany News* and the *Vassar Review*. Twenty-four government departments carry out the will of the legislative assembly. Class officers serve the executive council, and hall presidents work with the court and the chief justice to control discipline and punish offenders. Yet reassurance comes from students.

Both the president of students and the attorney-general agreed in saying, "Oh, this work doesn't take more time than one can conveniently spare. Once you get the job organized it rolls along smoothly. And there aren't as many girls involved as you'd think. Most of them aren't sufficiently interested to take responsibility—hardly enough in fact. The real point about this chart of activities is that there are so many of them that each girl can put her energies just where her interest lies."

Close inspection of the plan reveals another virtue. This is a serious effort to co-ordinate related matters. All the dramatics, for instance! Those organized by the Philalethean Society are now getting the benefit of technical help from the course in dramatic production through a joint committee of both groups. Here is a reflection of characteristic of the entire college which has many manifestations. The head of every hall submits to the doctor and the professor of nutrition her monthly schedule of menus for criticism. The result is a great gain for the cause of balanced meals.

Academic co-ordination is illustrated by the course in esthetics. It presents "the nature of beauty from the point of view of philosophy and psychology as exemplified in poetry, the fine arts, and music," and consists of a series of lectures by the heads of these departments. Even more striking is the grouping of related subjects in a course called euthenics, or the science of living.

This is a department, forward-looking and sound, which has been much maligned. When comment does not ridicule it as faddish it dubs it a reversion to that abortive attempt of early years to offer "domestic education." As a matter of fact euthenics is a careful grouping of courses in science, education, and child psychology which develop in students a better control of living conditions. Either the courses give preparation for intelligent parenthood or they lay the foundation for professional training. Because it has its own superbly equipped and attractive buildings, one of which is a nursery school, this department achieves a very special unity.

Students take basic subjects in the general laboratories and come to Blodgett for anatomy, nutrition, and all sorts of special lectures; for child psychology and observation at the nursery school. Already, through the new material collected and analyzed as a result of these observations, and through the Summer institute attended by parents, this department is making noteworthy contributions to child study.

It is one of the few modern attempts to differentiate women's education from that of men without the slightest sacrifice of intellectual content.

There's no doubt that euthenics has stimulated interest in science. Prerequisites for a euthenics major are botany and chemistry. Sequential advanced study includes hygiene, bacteriology, nutrition and chemistry of food, and physiology. The last-named, in turn, demands correlative courses in zoology, and often involves study of the embryo and of heredity. Physics is another related subject. Two hundred students are registered in this department—one of the best equipped and most perfectly housed among all the science departments of the seven colleges.

ALMOST equally modern are the two other science buildings, and advanced work in the diverse courses leads into many fields. Botany, for instance, includes horticulture and landscape-architecture.

The Vassar campus serves as laboratory, and certainly its aspect demonstrates the value of beautiful planting and meticulous care. For by such means its levels have been given a look of richness and space.

Another science which has always maintained its tradition here is astronomy. Not only was it initiated by "that expensive luxury," as the famous Maria Mitchell was called by the first board of trustees, but Vassar graduates have played stellar rôles in several noted observations. Of course, the group of students in astronomy is small. This is partly because it requires so much advanced work in mathematics. But, altho the latter subject seldom draws many major choosers, its basic hold is made firmer by such courses as statistics and finance, offered in the department of economics and sociology.

That department, by the way, which a generation ago sent so many graduates into social work, maintains authority and prestige. Yet, like most of these same college departments, it has difficulty in overcoming its detachment from those actual conditions which, by presenting ever new facts and new methods, inevitably affect theories. Sociology, like

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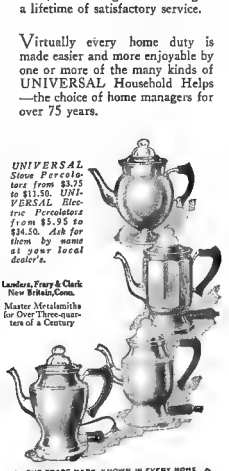

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psychology, is apt to approach a living subject in a spirit of complete abstraction. The head of the department of psychology at Vassar is a distinguished leader, recently honored by national encomiums. But the more pragmatic and inclusive practise afforded in the work of child study is achieving a great following.

One of the younger and most critical professors, herself a graduate of Wellesley, summed up the work in science accomplished by Vassar girls in these words, "The quality of their achievement is really inspiring. They come bouncing into class looking so merrily innocent of intellectual passion that the enthusiasm and patient industry they show come as quite a shock. As for the seniors who do independent work in my department, they have kept me so busy I haven't time for any research of my own."

Nevertheless, the number of girls specializing in science is small compared with that in other courses. Political science, for example, is attracting many major choices. This is partly due to the open forum held by the Political Association, which brings speakers to lead discussion. Annual intercollegiate debates on political questions accelerate the same interest. Moreover, Vassar is taking an active part in those new student enterprises which are sweeping all colleges alike.

The National Students' Federation elicits a zeal more generally shared each year. And even more potent in its influence was the convention of the Model League of Nations held last Winter at Vassar. For weeks beforehand the committee on agenda planned the program in which men and girls from seventeen American colleges and universities participated. By means of a preliminary dance reception all the visitors were infused with geniality. Next day the great debate on six mooted questions was held in the Students' Building.

With the secretariat filling the platform and delegates speaking for fifty-six countries on the floor, the occasion proved an unforgettable experience. Not only was the meeting an exercise in political speaking, in logical thought, and in parliamentary procedure, but a concrete lesson in internationalism which opened up wide vistas. Students crowded the galleries and listened breathlessly. It is not surprising that nine Vassar girls concerned with this program spent last Summer studying international questions at Geneva.

Rather to the scorn of those who teach science and the classics, the English department is popular in every woman's college. Here, however, there are new reasons why it should prove magnetic. A study of the contemporary press is valuable not only to those particularly attracted to journalism, but as a means of training in the collection and analysis of material. Spoken English, required of everybody who can not pass a preliminary test, opens into a rehearsal course helpful to any girl interested in acting.

Courses in the composition of critical essays and short stories are veritable lodestones to gifted pens, and a course in play-writing receives so many applications that entrance to it has become competitive. Candidates must submit manuscripts, and only the eight most successful playwrights are chosen. The best plays written in class are then put on by the students of dramatic production.

THIS group, qualified by studies in dramatic literature and urged to take related courses in art and English speech, consists of juniors and seniors. They work in scenic and costume design, lighting, and stage management—and hard work it is.

During the year the technician who supplements class instruction comes up from Yale on Friday to absorb every precious week-end. Moreover, during those hectic weeks when a play is actually produced the overtime hours spent by these students would horrify any union stage-hand.

Indeed, in their parody on the course last Spring, called "The Campus Murders," the students indicated that it was almost certain death to elect dramatic production. Yet willing martyrs press forward in such numbers that only half of them can be accepted. Advanced students take over the production of plays given by the language departments and assist the Dramatic Society.

In 1928 the class, after a study of modern European methods of production, gave Chekhov's "Marriage Proposal" three times the same evening—"realistically, expressionistically, and constructivistically." This brilliant performance made the course famous. It was described in many publications, and was repeated at Yale on the invitation of Professor Baker.

The same year was given a pageant unique as a college ensemble. The epoch of Lorenzo de Medici was investigated by history students. Incidents were then woven into dramatic scenes by the play-writing class and produced by the experimental theater group. Dr. MacCracken himself was *Lorenzo*, and the other rôles were taken by members of the Dramatic Society, by the faculty and alumnæ. The incidental music was composed by students of the music department.

That department is also committed to the application of theory. Naturally, there are many fascinating lecture courses in the history and appreciation of music which are elected by students who take no technical work. But all instrumental or vocal instruction taken as a supplement to lectures receives credit. Advanced work in some of these ensemble classes is of amazing proficiency. While one student is called to the piano to play an assigned composition the rest of the class write comments on the structure and meaning of the work and at the same time listen to a running comment on technique from the professor.

CHORAL and choir work has been rather more stressed here than orchestra practise, and, altho a number of artists' concerts are given every year, the endowment of this department permits no such development as has been achieved at Smith.

Another source of interest to the visitor is the art department. Associated with academic work in the early days, the art course, nevertheless, had to lift itself from the sleigh of neglect which submerged it at the close of the last century. From a snap course the department has risen to the dignity of serious study. In the lovely building which, deeply arched, serves as gateway to the college, the gallery and lecture- and study-rooms, with their collections and reproductions, create a beautiful setting.

History and appreciation courses are supplemented by esthetics and by art anatomy, architecture, and the study of Greek vases. Drawing and painting classes, under the direction of a man who is himself a distinguished artist, offer scope alike for talent and experimentation. In the studio under the eaves girls work from a model or they go out on landscape-painting adventures. Illustration, decoration, and design are also offered, and the value to individual development of such diversity is profoundly felt.

But, indeed, every department is adopting this policy of expression. Language students form clubs for conversational practise, and once a year give a play. The French Club, two hundred and forty strong, arranges weekly dinner-tables at which no syllable of English is permitted. Just before the Christmas recess a selected group sing French carols; this year the club staged a Mardi Gras.

Undoubtedly the plan of choosing a group of superior students to go to France for their junior year of study has given great vitality to this department.

But while German, Italian, and Spanish play a less prominent rôle in campus activities, they, too, stimulate an interest which augments year by year. A noteworthy instance of this modernistic teaching was the appearance in the 1929 volume of *Undergraduate Studies* of a paper written entirely in Spanish.

There isn't, of course, a chance that the classics can be expected to compete for interest with modern languages. Latin or Greek need not even be offered for entrance credits provided two modern tongues and an extra number of courses in science and history are substituted. Yet a surprising number of girls still take advanced work in ancient languages. Certainly they are graciously taught, not as a laborious exercise, but as literature.

Nobody can take the course in Greek vases without ability to read Greek, and

Continued on Page 83

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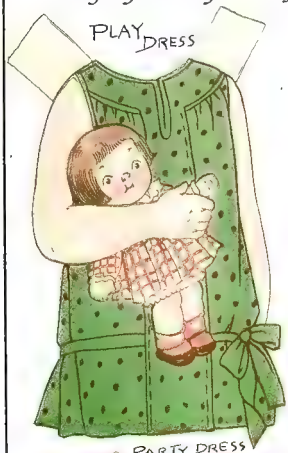
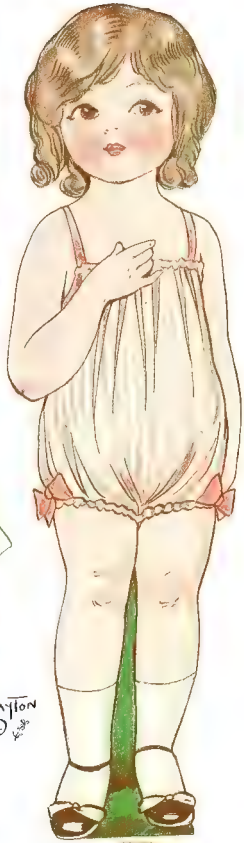
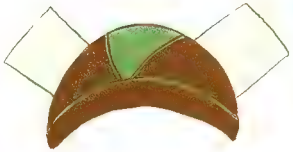
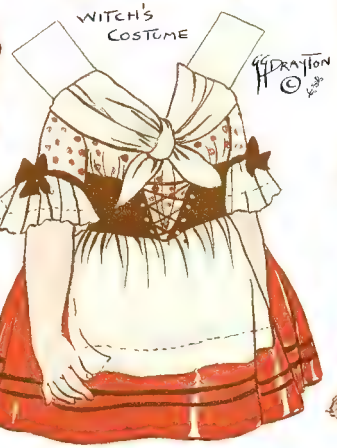
DOLLY DINGLE AT THE PARTY

By Grace G. Drayton









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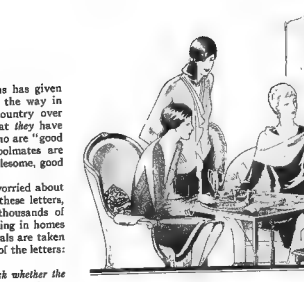

NOTHING in many months has given me so much pleasure as the way in which young girls the country over have risen to tell me that *they* have understanding mothers, fathers who are "good sports," homes where their schoolmates are welcomed, and where simple, wholesome, good times are the every-day rule.

I wish that those who are so worried about "modern youth" could read all these letters, and realize that we still have thousands of healthy, happy boys and girls living in homes where fine character and high ideals are taken as matters of course. Here is one of the letters:

Dear Marion Lambert: You ask whether the modern girls do not have good, wholesome fun as you did. Yes, indeed we do! I am sixteen years old. I go with my school crowd and also with neighborhood chums, both boys and girls. They all know they are welcome at my house, so they come and make themselves at home. Mother always said to have boy friends as well as girl friends and be just pals to them.

We used to have tea-parties in my back yard and play house together on the front porch or in the attic. Now they still come over to play cards, and we take our records out to the kitchen and dance. Mother is always around somewhere in the background. There's always a cooky-jar or a bowl of apples or pop-corn. Often some of the crowd bring in some things for a spread because they know mother won't care. She never says, "I just cleaned up the kitchen!" And we do try to leave things in order because we have such fun.

I will graduate from high school next year; but I can't tell when I had my first "date," because always there have been boy friends to take me to shows and parties, just as I go to shows with girls sometimes. Happy Schoolgirl.

One more on this subject of "dates":

You asked how old we think a girl should be before she has "dates." Don't you think that depends on the girl? One girl will not go out with boys until she is eighteen, while another may have a sweetheart at fourteen. Holding a girl back too much only makes a final break between the parent and child.

Our home has always been open to our friends (and I know dozens of other homes like ours). Our mother has given us the most marvelous companionship and understanding. She taught us (there were five of us between the ages of twenty-one and ten) principle, the difference between right and wrong. Then she let us choose our friends, and we naturally drifted from them if they were not up to the standard which she had set us.

She didn't dictate; she respected us and reasoned with us. I believe that is why we do not lie to her now, or evade questions; why we do not slip out after she is asleep, as one girl whom I know does. We couldn't be anything but square with mother! K. K.

How do the foregoing letters make you mothers feel? Just multiply that feeling by about five hundred and you'll know how I am feeling to-day!

The D. E. F. and L. C. M. argument about straying husbands moves me to a few words. If more wives could be "trim, marcelled secretaries" before marriage there would be fewer women traveling around in house-dresses and easy shoes and curl-papers.

I have been a secretary and I am a wife. I know from experience that it is no harder for a wife to keep herself trim and marcelled than it is for a secretary who has only her evenings in which to attend to personal affairs. In these days of small families and modern conveniences the average middle-class wife should be able to get half an hour a day for shampooing, manicuring, and marcelling, and another half-hour for improving her mind.

Few men married their wives for their beauty or because they were good cooks. They married them because they could have a good time together. Then, too often, the girl develops into a "good housekeeper," and the man gets no companionship because the girl is mentally lazy. The secretary hasn't a chance beside the wife who sees that her man has a quiet, restful atmosphere, an attractive dinner-table, and an entertaining spouse when he comes home at night. Of course the girl at the office keeps trim and good-natured. She has to, to keep her job! Ex-Secretary.

Now it is only fair to let a wife speak:

I'm tired of advice handed out on how to hold your husband's love. How about the husband worrying about holding the wife's love? When I married I was used to working with men who wore tailored suits, had clean hands, and were polite to me. My husband is a master mechanic. I didn't expect the tailored suits nor the manicured hands, but I did expect the politeness. I did expect consideration and love. I did expect ordinary decency in personal habits. But all these things were forgotten once the honeymoon was over.

I keep myself and my house neat and attractive; he comes home and eats in his greasy, black working-clothes. And as for any marks of affection, he says if he hadn't loved me he wouldn't have married me, and that ought to make me satisfied without any such foolishness as kissing me when he goes out in the morning!

Anything except a bare necessity for the house is an extravagance. He says I am not willing to start where my mother did. Is the man of to-day willing to do as his father did? My husband's father walked to his job and walked home; my husband, with less than half the distance, must drive the car. His father, after working-hours, raised vegetables enough in Summer to keep the family with a good supply in the cellar for cold weather; my husband is afflicted because he must mow a thirty-foot lawn.

There may be women who know how to manage such a man and turn him into a model husband. If so, I'd like to hear from them. Dumb Dora.

(*I sign myself that because I let myself get caught in such a life-trap.*)

I do not think you are dumb, dear lady. Your letter shows a keen mind. I suspect that you have a rather grim sense of humor, too, and that is a help. Your problem is not one that will slip away from you.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

one that so many women meet. That is why I am always saying to girls, "Don't marry a man whose tastes, ideals, and instincts are utterly dissimilar to your own. A man may be poor, he may be uneducated, but if he has a *desire* for other things, a *liking* for the things you like, you can find happiness with him and he with you. But if you love dainty ways of living and the man does not, if your ideas of a home, of amusement, of what constitutes a full and happy life are utterly at variance with his, then a marriage between you is a tragedy for both sides."

Do I think "Dumb Dora" can change her husband? No, I'm sorry, but I do not think she can. To reform that type of man one must begin with his ancestors. If Dora can manage to instil habits of cleanliness and consideration into her sons—and only a woman knows how hard that is to do when the father won't help—she will have the satisfaction of knowing that her daughters-in-law won't have to live as she lives.

More and more, as I read my mail, is it borne in upon me that the time for a man and a woman to arrive at a clear understanding of what life means to each of them is *before* they marry.

Dear Marion Lambert: I keep reading in your page about Good Neighbors and what they do, but I don't know just what you mean. What is a Good Neighbor, and how does one get to be one? Is it a club, and could I join?

Every day now I get letters like the one above. So I think it is time to say what hasn't been said recently—that the Good Neighbors are simply a list of women who have agreed to be, in their neighborhoods, what our mothers and grandmothers used to call "good neighbors."

You know the sort of woman who always runs in to help out when there is trouble or illness in the family? Well, we want women who, if I write and say, "There's a girl living near you who needs a good adviser; will you let her come to you and try to find the wisest thing for her to do?" will be that girl's good neighbor, in the best sense of the word.

Good Neighbors are asked to give advice, friendliness, and sympathy. *Never* are they asked for financial assistance. But the practical help they have given in dozens of cases—finding homes, jobs, ways out of difficult situations—would be impossible to estimate in dollars and cents. And there can not be too many names on the list; so come on in, all you inquirers. You're very welcome!

Dear Marion Lambert: What does one do with a jealous husband? I love my man. I never dream of looking at another. Yet he suspects and accuses and makes me miserable. If I dress up nicely it is because, he suspects, I think I may get some attention from the storekeeper or the minister—ah, it is all too silly for words! I'm letting my hair grow and I never wear a becoming color nor use any make-up. I look years older, but I don't care. If only I can satisfy him, that's enough for me. Isn't there any way to cure him of this absurd, heart-breaking jealousy? Nora.

Nora dear, cut your hair and fix yourself up and look pretty again. You know you are not fixing up for another man, and it's silly to make yourself a fright. Learn to laugh at your husband a little—not a sneer, just a merry good-tempered little laugh. Stop letting him think that you are crushed by every foolish remark he makes. Give him something new to think about by showing that you have a brain of your own and can use it.

Interest yourself in reading and in club work. Have opinions of your own. Be just as nice as you can when he is nice, but when he is hateful and suspicious withdraw into your shell and ignore him as you would a small, spoiled child. Many a man has been helped a lot by his wife looking amused instead of scared when he started to work up a jealous rage.

Yet all the time study how to be more companionable and to make him more contented. For between the lines of your letter I can read the fact that you are two young people who do truly love each other in spite of misunderstandings and troubles. Don't let that treasure of love slip away.

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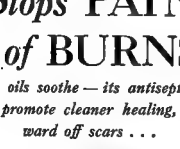

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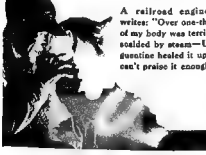

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Norwich

Unguentine

Continued from Page 78

the study of ancient civilization is further induced by the Classical Museum, to which treasures are added every year. If anybody could prevent these tongues from seeming dead it is these lively minded professors of the classics. Not only do they travel, study, and write, but they fling themselves into modern college movements and gladly contribute time and energy to their support.

Indeed, the formidable barrier which once separated faculty and students has practically crumbled away. Not only do the two elements fuse in committee work, but private social interchange is perpetual. "The girls are always running in to see me or taking me for hikes," said one of the junior professors, "and I find them most companionable. They have much to give their elders nowadays." Another professor at the close of her last formal June lecture said to the class, "Where shall we have our final session? Do you wish to meet here or shall we go where we can have cold drinks and smoke?" No need to record the unanimous decision.

Professors of history and of government concern themselves vitally with the Political Association and the Model League of Nations. But probably no department penetrates so intimately into student consciousness as does the department of religion. It co-operates with a student committee to carry on those activities which were once in the less liberal hands of the Christian Association. Its academic work consists of courses in the study of religions, of the Old and the New Testament, of problems in religious attitudes, thought, and adjustment. Taught objectively, these subjects develop processes of logical, honest thinking. Many cases are on record to prove that individual solutions of vexed questions have followed these discussions.

THE moment compulsory chapel was abandoned at Vassar registration in the department of religion went up at a bound, and it is now one of the most popular in college. From its initiation this institution was non-sectarian, and elucidation of youthful ideas on religious matters is achieved in the same unprejudiced spirit. There is no doubt that the department fulfils a transcendent need.

Independent work outside regular classes is still in the experimental stage. Preparation for it is begun even in the freshman year by allowing one extra hour to be elected in some chosen subject. Apparently the amount of training gained by this device depends both on the student and on the professor. Upon the latter devolves much extra labor the moment individual supervision is added to class-work. Yet the faculty are doing their utmost to further a type of study which so distinctly makes for scholarship, and each department, except bibliography and comparative literature, offers an opportunity for such specialization. In every case it is an extension of the major study.

Here majors are selected at the end of the freshman year. Independent work is permitted only to students of high average. In the junior year, superior students may take four hours of such study out of a total of fifteen required hours, and in the senior year may take six hours from the same total. All these choices are made under a vigilant system of advice. Moreover, as the very readable catalog indicates, each department is so divided into introductory, intermediate, and advanced courses as to assure gradual and thorough penetration of any field.

ASIDE from an excellent department of physical education, which has secured pre-eminent prestige for health, Vassar has many features which round out both academic and collegiate activities. There is the attractive Co-operative Book Store and the Retreat, where girls serve late suppers and later breakfasts as a means of earning money. The Vocational Bureau offers an imaginative and efficient service to graduates.

Most unique of all is Welfare House. This delightful club, organized by the alumnæ and directed by a trained social worker, provides recreation and social life for the college employees. It is an unparalleled evidence of that desire to share advantages with those less fortunate which has always fired Vassar students. Significant is the fact that Welfare House was erected nearly twenty years before the alumnæ had their present sumptuous building opposite the campus.

Democracy is an actual fact at Vassar. All the rooms are the same price. The most prominent girls are often those on scholarships. Not even a senior is permitted to have a car except for the fortnight between examinations and commencement. Moreover, since the collegiate spirit has faded out—in President MacCracken's words, "There isn't a grand stand on the place!"—the accent is largely transferred from personality to achievement.

Its modernized curriculum gives opportunity for the functioning of every taste and talent, and flexibility is guaranteed in the hands of Dr. MacCracken—hands possessing the rare skill of stimultaneously achieving a firm grasp and a loose hold.

It is a tribute to what this college stands for that, altho the postwar furor for the woman's college has diminished, Vassar still has every year over two hundred candidates, absolutely qualified for entrance, who must be refused for lack of space. Evidently American girls crave the Vassar mixture of gaiety and hard work.

THROUGH SEVEN CAMPUS GATES

SMITH COLLEGE

Continued from Page 21

indicates the basic balance of the vast majority of students. For in all but academic matters student government is supreme. Its legislative and judicial system, elaborate and thoroughly representative, is empowered by joint action of faculty and trustees to control the conduct and activities of students.

By means of "the point system," now generally adopted among colleges, offices are evenly distributed. Each position is given a rating of points, and nobody can ordinarily hold more than ten. Furthermore, academic grades are taken into consideration, and high place requires high standing. Membership in the Mandolin Club counts one point, and the player need only have a passing grade. But the president of the Students' Association holds an eight-point position and is usually an "honor" girl.

Student control of Smith is balanced, as at no other college, by a corresponding hierarchy of deans, advisers, assistants, and secretaries. Such organization makes for efficient service. Moreover, these executives and heads of halls are women possessed of that informal charm which makes for cozy and companionable living.

Following a cottage-housing plan of small resident groups, student quarters are scattered from the new quadrangle at the far end of the campus along more than one Northampton street. The only sharp definition between town and college is effected by the beautiful Grécourt Gates near the executive building. These are replicas of the gates belonging to the French château where the Smith College Relief Unit had its headquarters during the War.

That disposition of dormitories, like the overhead organization, is due to an absolutely unique condition. Another indication of it is offered by the restrictive rulings already noted. Such are the inevitable results of mere size. This student body is two thousand strong, and Smith is the largest college for women in the world.

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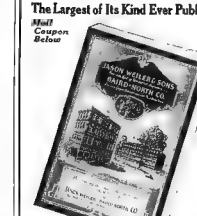

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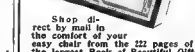

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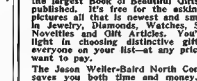

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Unless you saw the girls all assembled, however, you would never guess the fact. Smith has no aspect of being so large. With its charming vistas across the lake, which, as tradition has it, Jenny Lind called "Paradise"; with its bits of woods, its rolling turf, its mellow buildings, old and new, the campus itself is compact and convenient.

Moreover, the prevailing atmosphere is both intimate and jolly. Students' rooms are delightful, and so are the drawing-rooms, where every one foregathers after dinner. Every Saturday night there is dancing.

Every hour of the day, outside and inside the stunning gymnasium, with its seventy-five-foot pool, girls are enjoying some form of sport. And what with dramatics, informal clubs and parties, Mountain day, Ivy day, Float night, and the famous Washington's Birthday celebration, which is part solemn commemoration in full panoply of academic regalia and part hilarious frolic, there is always —except on the Sabbath—something lively going on. Indeed, freshmen are warned by their barely elders not to interpret literally Smith's reputation for being a country club.

THE caution is of the same vintage as that protest still heard by visiting young men, "I have about nineteen topics to do and haven't opened a book for a week!" It is a form of humor representing mere dregs in the empty cask once boiling with "college spirit." Smith is about as much like a country club as the Bodleian Library is like a merry-go-round.

Nowhere, for example, is honors work more definitely organized. Recommended by her professor in whatever department, a girl who at the end of her sophomore year has attained a high average in all subjects and has proved a general stability of character is permitted by the honors committee to take up this type of independent study. All classrooms are open to her, but her presence is required in none.

Together with any other such students in the same subject, she meets the professor every week. He discusses the field of work, suggests readings, builds up the background. Each student contributes a paper. At the beginning of the last college semester the senior chooses a special topic and embodies her investigation in a thesis. Its completion is then followed by a comprehensive examination—the first she has had in two years—which covers the entire subject. Forty girls among the seniors of 1929 received this excellent training in research methods and in judgment.

"It will always be true that only a small percentage of a college will care to assume the high responsibilities of honors work," said President Neilson. "Nevertheless, not only is it our proud obligation to offer scope for such independence of mind, but the very existence of students of this type is an inspiration and incentive to all the others."

Indeed, since every girl at the end of her second year is obliged to choose a major subject, honors work is set apart only by its greater intensity and freedom. Individual attainment may be almost as high in the regular courses. Only juniors who are definitely prepared for it may elect training in play-production. Here is an activity nicely combining concerted effort with solo performance.

THE general plan for presenting a play is a group affair. But to paint scenery, work out the lighting-scheme, make costumes, and direct rehearsals gives every member of the squad opportunity to show what she can do. A program given by the Theater Workshop reveals that here technique is a true medium for interpretation. Girls learn to set the mood of a play in terms of color and line.

Similarly, those who specialize in art not only follow lectures on its history and acquire a discriminating sense of form and feeling. They themselves develop technical excellence. Free-hand and architectural drawing, water-color and oil-painting, projections in landscape-architecture are open to all qualified students. On the staff of the art department are professors of history and botany. Ancient languages are prerequisites for archeology. Consequently the work is both carefully co-ordinated with related subjects and pervaded by a vivacious spirit of experimentation which binds learning to expression.

That same union characterizes the teaching of music. We have already described the great climax of the department's work this year. Professor Werner Josten, organizer and conductor of the operas, was assisted by other members of the faculty, who sang leading rôles and sang them well. Students constituted the dance-chorus and a large part of the orchestra. The quality of this ensemble performance was heralded for days afterward in the music column of every important journal in the East. Yet here was only one of a year-long series of musical events.

Usually ten concerts by orchestras and artists of the first rank and three or four chamber-music programs are given between November and May. In addition, by means of a grant from the Carnegie Corporation a series of special demonstrations by distinguished artists is offered the classes in harmony and appreciation.

Nevertheless this department is no Elijah in the wilderness. Its life does not depend on outside ministrations. Intermural concerts abound. The Student Symphony Orchestra has a mid-year recital, and the Glee Club not only gives its own concert, but joins with the Harvard Glee Club in an annual ensemble. There is the yearly prize competition of class choirs, and Christmas vesper service when all choirs join in pagans, both ancient and modern. Furthermore, during the year at least a dozen instrumental and vocal concerts are given either by faculty or students.

Program-making at Smith to exploit rare and beautiful compositions is an art in itself. Every bit of this work is credited exactly as are laboratory hours in science courses; and, short of a conservatory, it is hard to imagine a finer musical training than is offered here.

What such vital additions to the regular curriculum mean to the average student was vividly expressed by one of the juniors who said, "I simply couldn't think of college without its music and modern plays and art exhibits. I'm not a bit musical and can't draw a teapot, but what I've learned through my eyes and ears these three years has made the world a different place."

Yet, despite the fascination of these enrichments, academic standbys are nowhere more temptingly presented than at Smith. History is taught by a distinguished faculty in a way felicitously to combine lectures with class discussions. English, which receives more than a quarter of the total major choices, develops alike style in writing, appreciation of literature, and knowledge of the foundations of our language. No one can specialize in English without advancing along all three paths.

MOREOVER, the peculiar authority and vividness of these courses are partly due to their natural flow into channels of expression. Most of the English professors publish books or articles every year. Many of the advanced students write either for the *Smith College Monthly* or for that excellent journalistic enterprise, the twelve-page *College Weekly*. Others serve on the Press Board.

The latter, directed by a remarkably well-organized publicity department, consists of girls who collect and issue college items to the newspapers. They are carefully trained to do this well enough to sell their stuff, and some of them earn a creditable stipend. Those who learn to avoid juicy bits about Smith girls, which editors would take at a gulp, and to substitute snappy stories about the library, will have no trouble in qualifying for a future journalistic career.

When most sorely tried, members of the Press Board should glance back more than half a century to the very beginning of Smith. Then fourteen girls constituted the student body, and from September until June they were immured with their lesson-books in Dewey, that oldest and loveliest building on the campus. Smith was not making news in those days. On the other hand, it was making history. For, altho Vassar was already ten years old, Smith was creating a new precedent. From its initiation it refused to concern

Continued on Page 46

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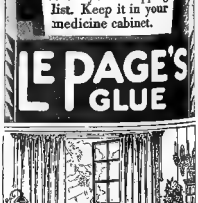

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And, as you see Eaton's Highland Vellum . . . as you admire its fine, flat, smooth surface when your pen glides over it . . . as you note its delicate, feminine, pastel shades (blue, grey, silver-grey, green, buff, ivory, white) . . . there is only one answer, "Yes, it's modern. Yes, it's the mode."

Made by Eaton, Crane & Pike, style leaders for generations, Eaton's Highland Vellum is of the same high quality and correctness for all social and personal correspondence as the famous Eaton's Highland Linen. For more than twenty-five years Eaton's Highland Linen has been on the writing desks of literally countless

American homes. But now this new, smart, velvet-surface paper is available in Eaton's Highland quality.

Eaton's Highland Vellum comes in a convenient package of 24 sheets and 24 envelopes at 50 cents, larger sizes priced proportionately. Then there are novelty packages, too, with gayly lined envelopes in attractive colors, priced from $1 to $3.50. Eaton's Highland Vellum (white) for men, too.

You will instinctively appreciate the quality of this paper the minute you look at it. You only have to use it *once* to know the satisfaction your friends and relatives will get when they receive your letter. Of course, you're going to write to them! Today, possibly. Write that letter on Eaton's Highland Vellum. Obtainable wherever fine stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

EATON'S *HIGHLAND VELLUM*
HIGHLAND LINEN

Original from

Mrs. Cynthia Blackburn Gillmore, daughter of former Representative and Mrs. Spencer Blackburn of North Carolina, is constantly being complimented on the perfection of her skin.

Miss Anna Smith, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina, is no exception to the rule that Southern women have beautiful complexions.

Miss Dorothy McMaster, daughter of Senator and Mrs. W. H. McMaster of South Dakota, possesses the exquisitely clear skin natural to her type of patrician beauty.

Photos by Harris & Ewing.

No More Shiny Nose! Mello-Glo Stays on Longer, Prevents Large Pores.

It is a positive sensation in the exclusive Washington social set . . . this wonderful face powder that keeps ugly shine away and prevents large pores because of its purity.

MELLO-GLO Face Powder is created according to a new French process from delicate imported ingredients and color that is passed by the U. S. Government. It is sifted over and over again through silk. MELLO-GLO Face Powder spreads more smoothly and never gives a pasty or flaky look.

Over two million of America's most beautiful women depend on MELLO-GLO'S youthful bloom to enhance the natural loveliness of their complexions. You, too, will cherish its velvety texture.

In its distinguished square gold box, MELLO-GLO Face Powder awaits at your favorite shop, or they will get it for you.

Each box contains a descriptive booklet on the new wonderful French Beauty Treatment—Mello-Glo.

Continued from Page 84

itself with preparing students, and insisted on receiving only those who could pass such entrance examinations as were then offered in men's colleges.

The novel and austere standard—so infinitely important to the cause of women's higher education—was due to the wise and far-seeing vision of Dr. L. Clark Seelye, who for the first thirty-five years of its life was president of Smith. And, despite the fact that few young women could qualify and the struggle for existence was hard, the college never deviated from its policy.

Partly for this very reason and partly because President Seelye made it plain that he was in sympathy with nothing which tended to "make women less feminine or less attractive in those graces peculiar to the sex," this great educational leader succeeded not only in building up a large undergraduate body but one with clear-cut standards of achievement.

ONE of the fascinating aspects of Smith to-day is that the level of scholarship is rising ever higher and yet is associated with the type of event which is news. Visiting lecturers, for instance, are always adding a fillip to interest. M. André Maurois pops over from France. An English M. P. discusses the dole. Burning economic social questions are aired, and a titled ambassador is caught on the wing to discourse on the significance of Greek culture.

Anent that topic, don't imagine for a moment that the classics have been crowded out of so modernized a course of study. True, unwilling fingers are not forced to grasp this torch. For entrance credits, only three years of Latin or Greek are required, so one who has enough science or modern languages need go on with ancient tongues. Yet the enduring tradition of classic learning is faithfully if quietly sustained.

There is no reticence, however, about the mounting enthusiasm for French. From the unit which goes to France for their junior year of study, first at Grenoble and then in Paris, come ecstatic reverberations which make every freshman text-book quiver. Each one of this group of overseas juniors actually lives in a carefully selected French family where she has to give an extemporaneous imitation of a *jeune fille*. But Smith sends its own instructors over with them to direct the enterprise, and ultimately the college will have its own executive building near the Pantheon.

Only students in earnest are invited. They work hard and must show definite results. Thus, merely for the extra cost of ocean passage, a lifetime's enrichment accrues.

President Neilson hopes some day to develop a similar unit in Germany. German is rapidly regaining its former prestige. And against what rivalry! Not only is Hebrew taught, but Smith is the only college in this group, except Radcliffe, to offer the Scandinavian languages. As for Italian, partly through the influence of special Summer classes, its liquid syllables flow ever more audibly amid a linguistic medley which suggests a modern Pentecost. Spanish, of course! Even English is taught as a tongue possessing possibilities of beauty, and no one who thinks otherwise escapes a course in learning to speak.

Neither can any girl forswear test-tubes and Bunsen burners. Even those who enter with one science credit must, during the first two college years, select two three-hour courses, one of which involves laboratory work. On the menu of nine sciences mathematics is included, and is also required for entrance. All these subjects are taught with a zest which often ripens specialized interest.

Botany has long held a noteworthy place. Moreover, by means of a carefully grouped series of courses, a girl may take a major which will prepare her to enter medical school equipped with the Class A rating of the American Medical Association. Hygiene, however, is required of everybody. It is taught with the same serious purpose marking all the meticulous health supervision given each student.

And what about the potential reformers, philosophers, politicians, and teachers now disguised as undergraduates? Well, they all go for nourishment to one large, loosely assorted group of subjects. Like patrons of a cafeteria, students are obliged to choose something, but may take little or much. The group includes psychology, economics and sociology, education, religion, government, and history.

Here, again, as far as possible, theory is given some practical outlet. Advanced students in psychology make a number of fascinating experiments to test out mental mechanism. Those who are studying the preschool child spend one period a week observing at the delightful Nursery School, conducted under the auspices of the department of education. The class in rural sociology goes out for a close-up of the Yankee farmer.

Here, in merest outline, is this complex program for a complex age. Courses to enlist the interest and the talents of more than two thousand girls, each with her individual slant on life, each with her own idea about the future! The personnel department endeavors to illuminate that idea by means of personal interview. So do those who teach vocational guidance and those in charge of co-ordinating women's activities. A well-planned system of advice on the curriculum prevents the uncertain ones from drifting aimlessly in the welter of conflicting inclinations.

Nevertheless, nobody at Smith is forced into any sort of groove. Girls awakened to interest in the matter not only take the stimulating lectures on religion, but express their impulse toward service in divers ways—all more or less organized by the leaders. Yet the obligation to follow suit is no more insistently felt by other girls than that of running for office. Most of the student body are glad enough to let affairs be managed by those who have a gift for the work. Nonconformists who retire into their bookish sanctums or into their own social cliques are quite free to do so.

There remains, however, one unfailing prod to ambition. This is the general admiration accorded the all-around girl. She who excels in some sport, is ready to do her bit of executive work, and yet at the same time develops some special gift and carries off honors—she is Smith's ideal type.

Such an ideal is of vital importance here. For in so large an institution a tendency toward "set" and "crowds" is almost inevitable. And yet a spirit of democracy does exist. Witness the strong bid this college makes for students who must work part of their passage across the four years. One cottage is set apart for girls who reduce their fees by doing their own housework. Another is occupied by a co-operative group who buy and cook their own food.

If a "co-operative" girl has some means of earning money she needs an annual fund of only three hundred dollars. These enterprising young things are among the most prominent and popular girls in college. They are looked up to by the very girls who can buy six frocks at a clip or whirl about in their own motor-cars during the second senior term.

A MOST charming member of this "self-help" group said, "I couldn't afford to entertain a man at the last junior prom, but I made myself a frock and went as a 'stag.' All the girls let me cut in on their partners and I had a swell time—never sat out a single dance!" This little "vamp," like several others in the co-operative household, won Phi Beta Kappa.

All such honors are eagerly sought. Scholarship—provided always that the fine arts are included in the reckoning—is coming into its own among Smith students. Fortunately they need no stimulus from the presence of a graduate school. For, while the number of post-graduates here is almost as large as at Bryn Mawr, it represents but a handful of the great student body. According to Dr. Neilson this is just what the post-grads desire. For most of them come here from coeducational Western colleges for the flavor of a different atmosphere.

"Glad as I am to broaden our field," said the president, "I am letting the graduate department grow naturally, without much pushing. What I *am*

Continued on Page 88

A Cotton Mop, Some 3-in-One and—

you have all that is required to make an excellent Polish Mop that will keep your floors, linoleum and oilcloth dust-free and brilliantly clean.

Merely cut the strands of the mop to an eight-inch length and moisten lightly with the 3-in-One.

When the oil has thoroughly permeated the strands, your economical 3-in-One Polish Mop is ready to go into dark corners and under furniture, and come out loaded with dust and lint to be shaken off out-doors.

Be sure to use 3-in-One. It's different.

Sold by good stores everywhere in two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

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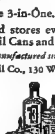

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DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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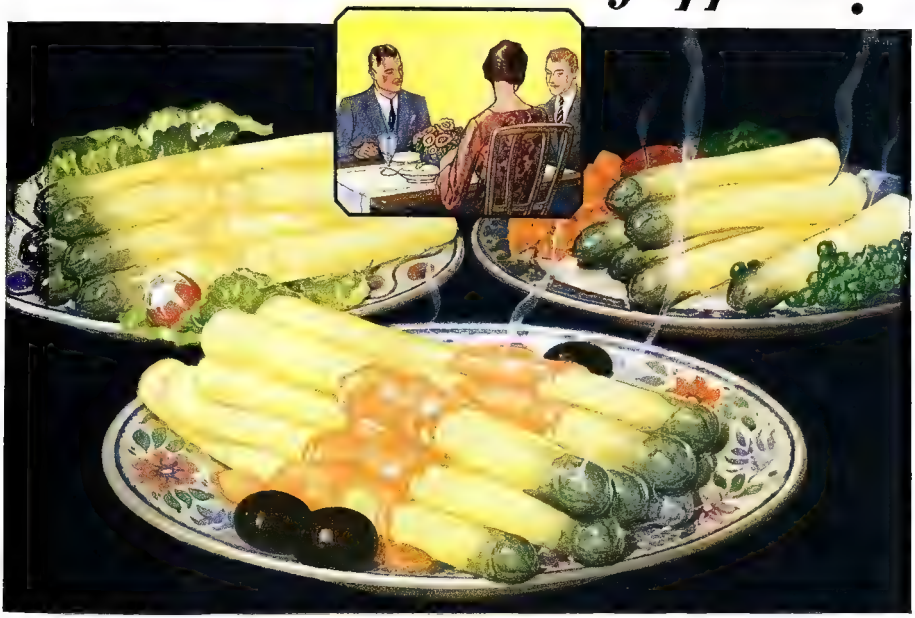
Maybe they don't grumble *but how much do they applaud?*



"WHAT!—the same thing again?"—"Can't we ever have anything different?" How hurt you'd feel if the family greeted one of your meals that way!

Yet there's not a great deal of difference between the menu they condemn and the one they praise to the skies—simply a touch of variety, a new freshness, or unusual flavor.

That's just what you get in California Canned Asparagus. Freshness, delicacy that makes any mouth water, and always a note of distinction that lifts the whole meal out of the ordinary.

Endless ways to serve it—in crisp cool salads, in hot vegetable dishes, by itself or with other foods. Let us send you our free recipe book (mail the coupon below) and see for yourself how nicely asparagus fits into any menu.

And remember that with canned asparagus no advance soaking or steaming is necessary. It is ready to use at a moment's notice—without trimming or waste.

But don't wait for the recipe book before you eat asparagus. Your grocer can supply you today. Better order two or three cans. You'll want to serve it often just to hear the family exclaim "Delicious!"—"Great!"—"That asparagus makes the whole meal taste better!"

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy

Canners League of California
Asparagus Section, Department 460
800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

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SEARS, ROEBUCK employ many skilled scientists and qualified engineers who examine ALL Sears, Roebuck products down to the finest detail before pronouncing them ready for sale.

And while these laboratory and research men give you TESTED QUALITY, Sears, Roebuck's vast buying and distributing system allows you to buy at LESS COST!

Following are a few of the exceptional values offered you at our retail stores. (If you do not live near one of these stores, send direct to your nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order plant for their illustrated catalog which contains full descriptions of these items and 46,000 others)—

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Launderlee and Guest Chamber Sheets and Pillowcases
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Diamond Medal Fountain Pens
E-Z-Est Way Oil Cooking Ranges
Water Witch Electric Washing Machines
Spanish Craft Handbags
Seroco Paints and Varnishes
Allstate Tires
Master-Art Fadeproof Wallpaper
Supreme Electrical Appliances
Royal Purple Silk Hosiery
Hi-Glo Lighting Fixtures and Electrical Supplies
Charmode Corsetry

The Genuine Waterless Cooker

This Waterless Cooker, 7-quart size, complete with dual pans and rack, is now on sale in any Sears, Roebuck retail store . . . at the lowest price it has ever sold for—about half what it would ordinarily cost. There is also a 10-quart size, at $3.98. (Priced slightly higher in some states.) If there is no Sears, Roebuck retail store near you, send check or money order to nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order plant.

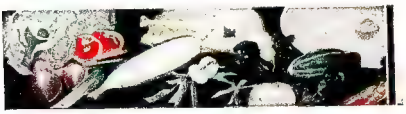
$2.98

More than Two Million in Daily Use

Good Housekeeping Institute

More appetizing... better flavored food

when cooked this new waterless way in natural juices alone



NATURAL flavors of meats and vegetables have no chance to escape when prepared in this new Waterless Cooker. All the appetizing, health-building vitamins are retained because food is cooked in its own pure juices alone! Absolutely no water is required.

Delightful meals can be prepared quickly and easily, with less fuel. Simply put your Waterless Cooker on the stove, place your *entire* dinner in the compartments inside, and forget all about it until you're ready to serve. This cooker requires no watching, because foods cannot dry or scorch in it.

Waterless Cookers are recommended by food authorities as being an efficient and speedy way of doing cold pack canning.

Each cooker has a steel base with a heavy, removable asbestos pad to prevent burning. They are made from extra heavy, pure aluminum—are built to give you years of satisfactory service.

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Hundreds of Retail Stores . . . *Everywhere for Everybody*

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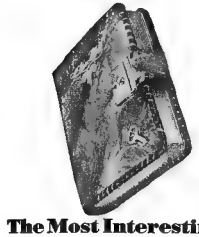

The Most Interesting Girl in the World

She's a lovely young thing of eighteen, looking forward to the five most glorious years of her life. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she started now to keep a brief story of her life in those years, jotting down outstanding thoughts and events in a charming little book under lock and key—an A-Line-A-Day, the easy-to-keep five-year diary, with the same day for five consecutive years on each page! Don't you think so, Miss Eighteen?

The model shown (No. 149) is handsomely bound in Monaco leather, in green, tan or red, with black laced edges; fitted with lock and key and enclosed in a lovely gift box. Actual size 4¾ x 5¾ inches. Price $5.00.

Others in cloth or leather, $1.00 to $25.00; with locks, $2.50 to $15.00. At stationery and department stores, gift shops, or if not found locally, direct from us, sending check or money order. Money back if not satisfied.

Send coupon for FREE Booklet

Without obligation, send coupon today for new free 12-page booklet, "Eight True Stories from A-Line-A-Days."

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Without obligation to me, send a copy of your new, free booklet, "Eight True Stories from A-Line-A-Days" to:

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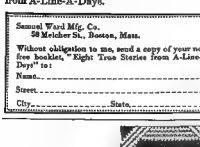

A few designs selected from pages in the new Sewing Book

You'll Love to Make These Things . . . .

because they are so simple, so easy and so very effective. Pillows in colorful modernistic designs, handy bags as decorative as useful, dainty curtains, cute kiddies toys, smart junior dresses, attractive flower motifs, dainty baby things—all these are illustrated and described in our new Sewing Book. You can make them all through the use of Wright's Bias Fold Tape in its various fabrics, colors and widths.

3 yard sample Free!

With every Sewing Book at 10c we will send a full three yard sample of our tape (guaranteed fast color) Free!

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Brides, Bridesmaids, Guests—don't the embarrassed! Correct wedding procedure covered completely in special book mailed free with our obligation. Write Anne Kierne, 410 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Continued from Page 86

deliberately organizing is a method of stimulating our own far-away graduates to go on growing. Many is the girl so completely involved in household and maternal cares that she can not for years enter upon a career. Yet she hates to drop intellectual effort. I am arranging to keep in touch with these young women. If they will take up a research topic, work on it as they can, never let it drop, we, for our part, will advise them by letter; we will credit all their submitted papers, and, finally, will set a time for individual examinations at their convenience. Winning a master's degree in this fashion will save many a brilliant mind from going to seed."

THIS plan is unique and pregnant with possibilities. It is one more manifestation of the great ideal of Smith. No student who has grasped it will ever bury her talent in the ground. For she has been shown that life is beautiful, many-sided, rich, and that it can only be lived with purpose when every personal advantage of endowment and education is put to its full use.

THE FARM WOMAN

Continued from Page 8

depended his ability to provide for the helpless ones at home.

But for the farm woman's work that is productive of income there is also equipment equal to that of the barn and stable. Telephones and radios and automobiles are regarded as necessities. But the crops have to pay for the luxury of individual electric light plants, or the farmer will go bankrupt. In that case he would have to move to town.

If all you are getting out of life is in terms of fancy equipment you naturally value it highly. And I am sure there has never been happier tennis played than on our unorthodox court at home. The children made it years ago over the old potato-patch while I was away at school. Big sister wrote home that she had learned the game. In all of the magazines the hero and heroine sauntered, flushed and happy, into the tea-party after a jolly game of tennis. So to play tennis seemed like the most desirable thing in the world.

But my family had never even seen a tennis-court and did not know any one who had. So they looked it up in the encyclopedia with which my parents started housekeeping in 1894, sent to a catalog house for the paraphernalia, laid out the court according to dictionary directions, and taught themselves to play by the book. Soon all the children in the neighborhood were playing encyclopedia tennis. They did not know all was not perfect until a town boy came to visit and complained about faint markings, bumps and hollows, and the little ducks that waddled across the court.

ONE likes to have good tools to work with, of course, but the compensation of makeshift implements is a very helpful cultivation of one's adaptability. And yet the city cousin may grow up to look out of a window and pity a woman hoeing in the sunshine.

The satisfaction of hoeing is that it is not only creative but lucrative as well. I am always unimpressed by the pride of some of my professional friends in their ability to manage a home and children, and a career, because most of the women I grew up among were not only deep in their husbands' businesses, but they also had private enterprises of their own and hidden teapots full of silver dollars and imitation nickels.

The latter were light-weight coins one could get in exchange for honey or sausage or other produce and spend in the big department store in a near-by town. From the time a little farm girl is given her first hunt she can raise, on through the sauerkraut she may pickle to make money for music-lessons, up to old age and the possible directing of a farm, she earns her own living.

The latest edition of little farm girls, however, are refusing the runt pigs. Under the direction of the County Farm Bureau they are breeding blooded stock. They keep account-books, deal with bankers, and take their animals to fairs.

I am glad that their mothers are likewise exchanging the teapot for a checkbook and learning to get the maximum of income from their gardens and poultry and dairy. Experts are called in to cull out the unproductive hens, and cows are no longer chosen for their gentleness. Butter-fat is demanded, and cream is sold rather than butter. But some artistic expression is lost this way. My grandmother could toss a pound of butter four feet into the air and catch it squarely on the back of the paddle. And every smooth, sweet cake of it bore the image of an oak-leaf and an acorn. Still taking a large can of cream to town is less work and the income thereof clearer profit.

The farmer used to consider it effeminate to notice the chickens unless they were accompanied by dumplings, but so many wives have made theirs pay that the husbands are beginning to take notice.

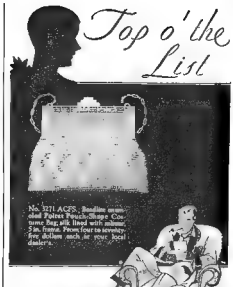
The farm woman has had to develop all sources possible for money, for she is married to little more than an adventurer. I always stand in awe at the chances a farmer takes in putting good seed into the ground. So much may happen to it before he will get returns. That is the drawback to farming—the lack of any sure income—not the hard work or dulness. It is a defeated family indeed who would find life dull with such a temperamental partner as the weather. To be sure, the weather forecasts via the radio have done much to help a farm family make ready for a storm, but unfortunately nature can not be entirely thwarted.

My mother has had the ups and downs of a gambler's wife. When the green corn was growing we planned next Winter's riotous living. There would be handsome clothes and trips to Kansas City, and saddles for all the children. The woods would be stocked with pheasants. There would be olives and bananas for the table, and the mail-box would be jammed with magazines. We learned to face with considerable equanimity the week of hot, dry winds at tasseling-time that blew these dreams away. It is this poker-face we often wear which causes people who lead less zestful lives to think we lack imagination.

Once the weather almost downed us. Hailstones fell the size of goose-eggs. My father and I were caught in town. We were home in the late afternoon to a ruined homestead. The corn was riddled and the wheat beaten into the ground. The garden was in tatters and the window-panes were broken. Even the flowers were gone and the leaves stripped from the trees. Not a crop, not a vegetable, no fruit had escaped. But what did we see when we came into the yard but my mother out with a bucket picking up hailstones! She was going to freeze ice-cream!

SOMEHOW we did not starve during the Winter after this storm. My mother had been expecting it. The cellar was stocked with provisions. The country woman's child has all of the benefits of the lack of money with none of the harmful accompaniments. She is always wholesome food and shelter, and fuel for the Winter. And if one turns the eyes upward and outward—beauty.

If one has been a country child herself she must not seem too complacent about the benefits of being brought up on a farm. But consider the things that city parents provide their children only at great expense. Just to get my little girl into sunshine takes planning and time and effort and money. She can not have her own riding-horse in town. Yet the Summer my youngest sister was four years old we put her in charge of an old mare, knowing she would be safe. Fruits and flowers were free to us children, and



No. 3371 AGES. Smaller model Paisley Pouch-Shape Costume Bag, silk lined with salome. 5 in. frame. From four to seventy-five dollars such as your local dealer's.

For Her Christmas

ONCE PAUL POIRET was asked what gift in the realm of Fashion was most sure to please a woman. "Well," he parried, "no interesting woman ever has too many Costume Bags."

This Christmas it is Paul Poiret, himself, whose personal designs have inspired the new Whiting & Davis Costume Bags and created the new Paul Poiret pouch-shape now on display in smart stores from coast to coast.

Ever welcome gifts . . . because of their colorful beauty and the social rating they've gained through long intimacy with beautiful women . . . because of that precious quality of jeweler-craftsmanship which has always made each Whiting & Davis Costume Bag a flattering and enviable possession!

WHITING & DAVIS CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags
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Plainville (Norfolk County), Mass.
In Canada: Sherbrooke, Quebec

Dorothy Sands, Star in the Grand Street Follies

WHITING & DAVIS CO. GENUINE

For Gifts That Last Consult Your Jeweler. Look for this trade-mark in miniature stamped on the frame of each genuine Whiting & Davis Costume Bag. It is the hall-mark of excellence which stands for more than 50 years of creative craftsmanship.

Head in Hand With Feather

See Them at Costume Jewelry departments made with our Beadlite, Armor, Petite Armor and Dresden enameled mesh or in the sheer beauty of gold and silver woven of silken fineness. Write to us for a folder showing the latest Paul Poiret models in full color.

WHITING & DAVIS COSTUME BAGS

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Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

Please accept this special formula

to remove dingy film from teeth

OF the people having pride enough to brush their teeth, ten million have mailed a coupon like the one at the right. That is one reason so many fascinating smiles reveal unbelievably white teeth.

One reason, too, why dentists have noted a declining tendency of many patients towards serious tooth and gum diseases.

Please send your name and address. Your supply of Pepsodent will be mailed you at once.

What happens to teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Ordinary brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that

appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Try this way—Free

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon to nearest address for free 10-day tube. It will work wonders in gaining dazzling smiles.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE
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City .....

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we could fill our baskets with bittersweet without a thought of cost. I shudder to think of the wealth we ate in cream and burned in open fires.

The old country schools were the originators of the Montessori methods of teaching. And there I studied art in the most modern way. We made our own chalk from the red and blue and black and yellow clay banks in near-by pastures, and then we drew from memory scenes and objects from our own lives—a tree with red apples on it, a horse and buggy on a country road, a yellow sun casting yellow rays upon a blue river. We drew until we got tired, and then passed on to enacting plays of our own improvising.

THE present farm children have this freedom in experimenting in the arts. They have also the disciplining that comes from doing chores at home. And they have something valuable besides. Owing to good roads they travel about more, and with the help of the radio and telephone, the magazine and the movies, they learn to be at ease in social situations much sooner than the farm children of earlier generations.

I was about the last of the green country girls. One never sees them any more. History and poetry were read to me in my cradle. My mother taught me the ways of the solar system at the supper-table, using the coal-oil lamp for the sun and apples for the planets. I remember one night when my parents set down the pails and let the cats drink up the milk while we deciphered the genus of an unfamiliar yellow night-blooming flower they had found in the corral. I knew from a book of etiquette exactly how a lady should behave in a drawing-room. But I was a big girl before I could order an ice-cream soda in Clay Center without self-consciousness.

I envy my friends who remained on the farm their facilities for rearing children. The doctor no longer drives out casually with an inexpensive baby in his black satchel.

The modern farm woman is taking to heart the teachings of the magazines and Government bulletins and invests in a hospital and a nurse. To-day almost all farm parents feel that their children must go to college. So there are not so many children in the cyclone-cellar on threatening nights as our grandmothers used to count.

My mind keeps thinking of storms as I have been wondering why I believe that the farm women of to-day are still at grips with the realities of pioneering in spite of their acquaintance with beauty secrets and bridge, antiques and jazz, trips to California, movies, and other pleasant distractions. But of course there is no typical farm woman really. One can not speak of her in terms of species. She is of every age and of every degree of education and wealth and virtue. But there are a few general, similar conditions of living and certain general tendencies. And there is something in the experience of almost every farm woman that keeps her from "four-flushing."

I THINK it must be these storms under whose whims she lives. They keep her humble. And then there are the trees that rear up through the soil she tills to give her pride. So there is balance.

She stays in a community so productive of material for observation that no revelation of human emotions shocks her. She is continually stumbling across secrets of nature. But the mysterious stars come back every night to remind her of her ignorance.

If the prodigal daughter would only relinquish her cleverenesses, her confusing clichés, and her city colloquialisms, she will find that the women who have stayed at home have often rare truths to offer in problems of psychology, wars, and human relationships.

Then the part the meeting-house plays in the social and religious life of the woman on the farm. I think there was never a truer name for a church than a "meeting-house."

The idea that women go to church to see each other's new hats has always seemed to me a pleasant one. It denotes an interest in each other's achievements and well-being.

The Lord understood. He children very well when He released them from work one day a week so they might wear their Sunday clothes. Some of my most inspired moments have been behind a leghorn trimmed in yellow roses and black-velvet ribbons.

These hats of my country-church days were often so much better constructed than the sermons. We used to be severe with the milliners. No excuse that they meant well would have caused us to accept indifferent hats of depressing hues. I think it was because the preachers sensed something of this that they nagged us for our vanity. They missed entirely the hopeful omen in our wish for perfection.

But just as a wise farm mother lets her children set eggs only under trustworthy hens so the bishops allowed us farmers to incubate the religions of the youngest preachers. As soon as they become sure of themselves they are promoted to saving city folks. And when they get old and weary they are sent back to us again.

This is a compliment any way you look at it. Farm people remain sensitive to spiritual values in spite of neglect. We see the resurrection every Spring when the stone of Winter is rolled away, and the wild-plum bushes make radiant the plains in blossoms as white as angels' wings.

MOST of the Old Testament was first told by country people. The city people printed it and bound it and sold it. So it is not so much the need for theology that causes the farm women to support their churches or keep up their ladies' aid activities after the churches are gone. For one thing, good sermons and church music come to farm homes now through the radio.

But they know that there is a need for a meeting-house where the entire neighborhood may collect to express themselves in singing, decorate the organ with flowers, read the Psalms, ponder on life, exchange friendly news, and look one's best. But the difficulty is to find pastors who feel it fitting to assist in these simple rites.

Being uncertain of their own incomes, farmers have found it difficult to guarantee their pastors good salaries. The solution might be to secure men able to do farming for their bread and to preach for their honey. A few flourishing communities have found this ideal creature. But, alas, more than one of our rural ministers heard the call to preach the day his father sent him out to the corn-field with a walking cultivator.

For several generations the progeny of these preachers may remember the long and dusty corn-rows with a sense of escape, but there will come a day when there will be no back aching for a hoe. For the blood of farm women is in them. They may not get salvation again by the giving of bread to the world, they may only do penance with tulip-bulbs and ivy, but they will feel the onus of their sin with the approach of every Spring.

WHEN I was a little girl and visitors came to our Kansas farm I always tried to show them everything we had at once. I hurried them from the nest of kittens in the hay to the June-apple tree, thence to the willow-swing, on to the graveyard of lost pets.

That is the urge I feel now when I try to tell about farm life, but I do not meet many strangers in the city. Most of my friends are exiled farm women themselves.

You see, a farm needs but two of its children to remain and care for it. We extra members of a family have to go forth to forage for ourselves and for the folks at home.

We see shows and sleep past the sunrise. We work hard and meet for lunch. Every Summer for a little while we return to the "land that restores us." But we plan to use the pot of gold at the end of our rainbow in buying a little patch of land to which we can at last retire.

Of course there will be chickens and a garden. And when we go out to hoe we want the wind to be as cool as the April winds of the plains. And we hope that the sun will be just as yellow as the disks we used to draw with our home-made colored chalk.

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TO SPANK OR NOT TO SPANK

Continued from Page 6

I do not mean that we should teach children to fear, by using spanking as a brutal whip over them, which would only result in serious complexes, but I do think we can spank children on those important, even if slight, occasions that determine the direction of their psychic stream, and train them so that they are of some worth in the world to themselves and pleasing to others, for, despite our rebellions, we all want to be loved.

Nothing causes so much suffering as to feel that one is not liked, and a self-centered, egotistic person, who has not had the advantages of a disciplined childhood, arouses antipathies rather than love.

Of course, there are some children who need never be spanked, so open are they to reason by native endowment. But the average parent is not so fortunate. He must be clear as to when and how he should spank, if he must spank, for indiscriminate whipping is worse than none.

I discussed this point with a child psychologist—who incidentally confessed himself "a good licker" of his own children. He declared it most important that the mother should never say, "Wait until father comes home. Then you will get it." It is not only unfair to the other parent who sacrifices the element of affectionate return and becomes the symbol of cruelty to the child, but it defeats the purpose of spanking, which is not to punish a child, but to establish in his nervous system the law of cause and effect.

A child should be spanked as a corrective, never in irritation against the child, or because the parent wants to let off his steam on a defenseless creature, or because the parent is tired or irritable. Children feel the difference. A child is not a door-mat for an adult's emotional sprees, and the parent who bullies his child deserves the resentment which inevitably follows.

One can not lay down definite rules about spanking. The reactions of a child are unpredictable anyhow, and each occasion, plus each child, plus each parent, forms a different psychic combination of which the individual parent is the only arbiter. Some children can be spanked to good effect. Others are so mature and reasonable that one can no more touch them than one could beat up an adult who happened to differ with one. Others are so sensitive that a spanking is a shock from which they recover only with great difficulty.

A FRIEND of mine related the occasion of her only spanking. She was a child of this nature; physical punishment was the deepest humiliation she could endure. Extremely sensitive, she could not bear to hurt anybody, and could be reached by love and by being reasoned with sympathetically.

"It is only lately I have come to realize how wonderful my mother was," she said. "For a long time I misunderstood her because of a spanking she once gave me. I came home tired from school. My fat older sister, who was too lazy to do anything for herself, was on the porch sewing. She told me to go up-stairs and get something she wanted. I told her to move and get her own things for a change.

"My mother heard us arguing and came out on the porch to find out what was the matter. She insisted that I mind my sister just because she was older. I wouldn't. So she spanked me. I was outraged at the injustice and the humiliation of the scene, and the love which should have been my mother's flowed out in double measure to my father, who never laid a hand on me, who reached me through love."

Obviously this child should not have been spanked. Nor should a child be spanked for accidents beyond his control, or for doing things he doesn't know are wrong. But when a child wilfully mistreats another or hurts an animal wantonly he should be given a taste of physical pain.

An instance of this sort occurred once when I happened to be with a friend, and her daughter came running from the tennis-court crying, her cheek red and swollen where the son had struck his sister with a stone. After the child was comforted and washed, the mother turned to me, saying with passion: "I don't know what to do with Richard. He is always doing cruel and unreasonable things. The damage he does now can be repaired, but I fear for him when he is a man; he may murder some one in the same kind of a rage. What shall I do?"

Yet when I advised her to spank her wild son she recoiled from the suggestion. I told her he could have no clear understanding of the pain he was inflicting on others unless he got a superior dose of the same violence. To shield him from the consequences of his actions was to make him less able to face the results of his weakness in later life. But she would have none of my eye-for-an-eye theory. It was against her code of forbearance.

HERE was a clear instance of where the child's whole nature would have been invigorated had he been spanked. As it is, his tendencies toward unfair dealing are encouraged by his mother's protection.

There are unfortunately too many mothers who regard spanking as a low form of child torture, and who cripple their children instead with involved, supposedly helpful disciplines. A well-known literary man told me of such a punishment which had made life in his home town unbearable and affected his whole character. He was a child with an active conscience, who could have borne up under a spanking administered in the privacy of his home. Instead of that his mother publicly humiliated him. Yet she was a God-fearing and austerely religious woman, organist of the one church in their small Illinois village.

One day the boy stole a silver dollar from the church funds, of which his father was the treasurer, and, playing hooky from school, went out on a private orgy. He bought himself something he had always wanted, a ready-made store kite, and, stuffing his pockets with penny candies, went out to the fields to have a good time with his fancy kite. He came home with other school-children so that his absence would not be detected, in the wily way child truants have, but he was met by his mother, who asked why he hadn't been at school. Astounded by her divining powers, he confessed all.

"You are a thief," she declared, whitelipped. "And I'm going to punish you just the way you would be dealt with if you were grown up. It will teach you never to steal again." She fetched a rope, tied his hands behind him with one end, and, holding the other end, marched him clear across the one village street to the other end, where stood an empty house they owned. Up to the second floor she led him, and locked the boy up overnight, first giving him prison fare of bread and water.

"I never held my head up in the village after that," he concluded. "Mother told me later that she had found me out because she sent word from school for me to come home. When I wasn't at school she asked for me in the shops, and the tale of my wild spending was duly reported."

For the more keen, the more sensitive and proud-spirited a child is, the more are we liable to mistreat and offend him and thwart his outgoing, creative instincts. It is mothers especially who are guilty in this direction through mistaken notions of gentility. Not to spank a child, and at the same time train and discipline him unawares, calls for an exceptional parent, and, alas, few of us are exceptional. It is only a rarely wise and level-headed parent who is able to determine just when mother-love becomes fatuous and evil and possessive and ruinous of the child.

But where the parent is in doubt, or where her native tact does not help her out, it is better to spank than to be over-serious—at any rate one good is gained, that you have evaded bondage to any pet child-training system whose tendency is to make the child self-important, self-centered, and without a sense of

Continued on Page 95

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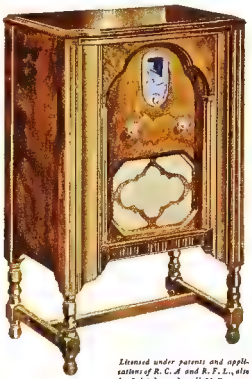

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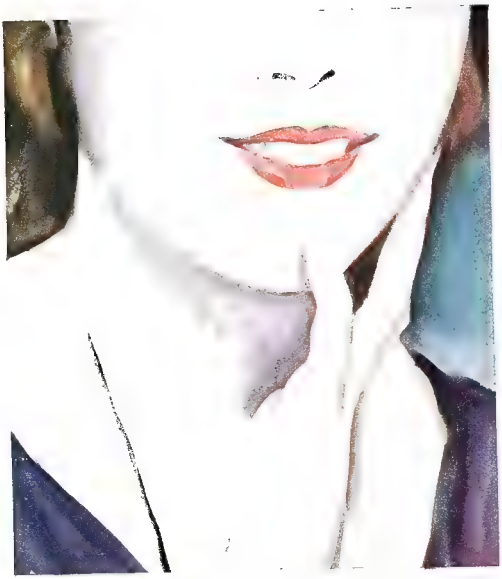

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Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

Go gle

Continued from Page 92

humor. If every parent were to take child-upbringing as seriously as specialists would have us, we would become mere accessories to the swelling egos of our children.

It is the fashion now for mothers to go in for child study; but as my doctor remarked about one such conscientious mother, "She makes her children sick with endless analyzing of their every act." I confess I am more selfish and have neither the patience nor the time—nor have most busy mothers. A home is not a child laboratory alone, despite those child educators who would have parents spend their whole lives in cultivating and studying the reactions of their children. Nor am I such an unconscious believer in the original sin of parenthood as this attitude implies.

I want to have fun with my children, not to be superior to them and a controlling god. I shall go further and say I believe there are times when it is well to lose one's temper, well to spank a child just because you can't control yourself at the spectacle of a child's hysteria. The physical shock of the spanking calms him down.

A nerve presses somewhere; a child is wet, or hungry, or tired. Therefore he balks, and once he does, there is no halting him. He wants to do right, but an imp of some sort won't let him. Shall we make a solemn problem out of this temporary difficulty, or shall the parent react as primitively as the child, especially when reasoning and admonition have failed to work?

As I look up from my work there is my little son, caught in the very act of cutting a leaf off the rubber-plant. "Peter," I call as I run to him, "don't cut daddy's plant." Peter regards me with a knowing, mischievous eye, and before I reach him he has snipped still another leaf from this long-suffering stalk.

"DON'T spank me," he volunteers as I grab his arm too late.

The cook comes to the door and whispers, "Spank him. He hasn't touched the plants in the studio since his father whipped him." So I square my jaw, ignore his loveliness, and do the job to the accompaniment of heartrending yells.

Ten minutes later he is showing off to a little girl. The beauty of spanking lies in its simplicity and directness. The whole situation is over with in a few minutes, and I have not intruded upon the child's soul or tried to remake it—which is the aim of mental and moral punishments. Nor have I let him get away with his destructiveness on the aristocratic theory that experience for him is a sacred necessity before which the well-being of the whole household must give way.

"My son is an eagle," said a nationally distinguished woman to me. "I shall teach him that there is nothing in the world he can't have." I often speculate on his future. All his money won't save him from the consequences of his mother's folly. We all know grown-ups who still remain spoiled children, who simply won't play when things go against them, who won't work with others in friendly rivalry, gifted people who have defeated their own purposes by their egotism, and have an intense persecution complex as the result of an uncontrolled and undisciplined childhood.

Another mother prides herself on the latitudes of freedom and sophisticated experience she allows her son, according to her radical notion of what his upbringing should be. The boy made up his mind to go to Europe. The parents could not go at the time, but the boy insisted. He went on a hunger-strike until they finally had to hire a tutor to take him abroad.

What will happen to this boy when he grows up and there is no nurse and no money to protect him in his whims, and life crosses him in his dearest desires? The trouble with all these precious systems of child-training is that they are not founded on and have no relation to the realities of experience.

If we were all equally sensitive, and sensitive in the same way, there would be no need of disciplines. The truly civilized human being is the one who knows where his liberty ends and the liberty of his neighbor begins. Too often the person we regard as sensitive is merely a thin-skinned egotist, selfishly self-centered, whose love of himself destroys the rights and pleasures of his friends and neighbors.

SINCE people are like that it is necessary to teach children their relationship to the outside world, not having them learn it through suffering and maladjustment later on. Life disciplines us all, one way or another. If a child learns to stand up under the disciplines of a controlled childhood, he will be better able to withstand the shocks of maturity.

Now, I am not advocating that all mothers shall wallop their children, regardless of reason and on all occasions, because I am skeptical of any fixed system of child discipline. Measure is necessary in the application of any method. But I would suggest to parents who are puzzling over this matter, that they look into the virtues of direct action. They can always return to other methods if it does not work with their children.

I recommend spanking because it is a direct corrective for direct faults. It is economical of time and nerves and emotions for both parent and child. The worst that can happen if you spank a child unjustly is that he will hate you for it. But if you browbeat a child you make him hate himself and fear you. Which is worse?

As conditions exist to-day, with polite, malign punishments on the one hand, and expressionistic freedom on the other, the results of the new discipline are not particularly gratifying. For myself I am for spanking on most occasions because in our family it has proved better and more honest than refined disciplines with their vicious effect on a child's character.

I would advocate that we go back to the physical, factual bases of dignified living. Let us be direct and simple with our children, first of all. If that does not work, let us be guileful for the moment. But let us never be deep and contriving and involved with them, or consider their every act a problem, or give them unlimited freedom, lest we destroy them in the process.

There are two sides to this question. We would like to have our readers' opinions regarding the punishment of children.

CONTINENTAL MANNER

Continued from Page 33

Am I not the son of your dear sister?" he said.

Raoul smiled. "You are," said he, and introduced him.

Elspeth glanced up at him through the silken pickets of her lashes.

"Fresh," she murmured to herself. But he heard her.

"Fresh as the morning dew, and, speaking of morning, what are you doing, say about nine or ten o'clock to-morrow?"

"Sleeping," said Elspeth decisively.

Paul nodded. "But you do wake sooner or later. And then?"

Elspeth looked at Raoul. He said, "I am taking Elspeth to luncheon at Ciro's. But you may come too."

"Right you are," said Paul. "And as I hate to be under obligations to a relative, you may dine with me, provided Madame and Mademoiselle Dana accept too."

It was a fortnight later that Raoul, seated across from Lenore at the Florida, said suddenly:

"They make a splendid couple, do they not?"

She smiled as Elspeth and Paul danced by.

"Do you think she likes him?" he asked.

"Of course," said Lenore. "He is a splendid playfellow—they are so near the same age—"

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2 Now the skin is ready for the second step — nourishing. Once a day mold Primrose Smoothskin Cream over your face and throat. Mold gently into the skin for four or five minutes until it can absorb no more. Then remove with a soft cloth.

3 Now make a fresh pad of cotton and saturate it with Primrose Skin Freshener. Go over the face and throat with a brisk upward sweep.

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Doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

The new **BISSELL SWEEPER** with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

Then she could have cut out her tongue—to have deliberately given him this extra wound!

He nodded gravely. "But do you think it might become more serious?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Paul's in love with her. You knew that?"

Of course she knew that! And she knew that Elspeth was growing daily more interested in Paul. Suddenly she said, "Elspeth is just a child. She doesn't mean to hurt people."

He smiled at her faintly. She loved his smile.

Then he said, "And so, if you are free, and would be gracious enough to grant it, I should like the pleasure of seeing you, alone, to-morrow afternoon. I have something serious to discuss with you."

Alone + serious talk = Elspeth and marriage. Of course. In the true Continental manner he would come to her first, to make to her the formal request for Elspeth's hand.

PERHAPS it was a little abrupt, but the sudden intrusion of Paul had to be dealt with immediately.

She said in a low voice, "Will you come to tea to-morrow at five?"

"Thank you," said he, not smiling now. Then he stood up as Elspeth and Paul returned.

"Mumsie, why don't you have just one dance?" urged Elspeth, powdering her bone-white little nose.

Raoul still stood looking down at her. "Will you?" he asked.

Then all at once she found herself moving toward the dancing-space, relinquishing herself to his embrace.

He did not speak. They moved in perfect unison, with his arm pressing lightly against her back.

"He is thinking of Elspeth," she thought.

"You are still in mourning? That is why you do not dance?" he asked.

Mourning! The hypocrisy of it!

"Elspeth's father has been dead but eleven months."

"I understand."

Understand!

She said abruptly, "I am very tired. Would you mind leaving early—now?"

He looked down at her swiftly. "Not at all," he murmured.

It was just before they reached their table that he said, "You are as beautiful a dancer as I had imagined."

And she thought bitterly, he would say that. He had told Elspeth she was like dancing with a stray breeze.

"I say," grinned Paul, "I say, you two make a ripping couple—dark shadow and golden sunlight—"

IT WAS very early the next morning that Elspeth came into her mother's room, dressed for the street.

"Where are you going?" asked Lenore.

"I'm meeting Paul, then later we are having lunch. His mother arrives to-morrow from Capri—he wants us to meet her almost immediately."

Lenore said quietly, "Elspeth, what is your attitude toward Raoul now that Paul has appeared on the horizon?"

Elspeth frowned. "I adore Raoul—I always shall. But somehow it all seems different now. I mean, he's rather a prig, Mumsie—all this *maman* business. And Paul and I—well, we speak the same language, if you get me."

"But what about Raoul?" her mother asked.

Elspeth shrugged.

"He is coming to have tea with me this afternoon—"

Elspeth looked startled. "Mother, he isn't!"

"He is. And I rather expect it's about you."

Elspeth's chin went up. "I can't help it. I've changed my mind. I want Paul. He told me last night he was in love with me—we're going to pick out an engagement-ring this morning; he's only waiting for his mother to return to Paris to get her consent. As a matter of fact, he's going to put it up to Raoul to recommend me as a daughter-in-law to old Madame Deschamps."

Lenore sank back against her pillows. "You will put in a good word for Paul and me, won't you, mother darling? Of course, I'll have a nice old, rich chat the Deschampses need money—"

"Oh, Elspeth," said her mother, wearily, "run away before I spank you."

AT FOUR o'clock Marthé came into Lenore's room with an armful of roses.

"Flowers!" cried Lenore. Who could have sent them? "From whom?" she asked, head still plunged into the depth of sweet petals.

"Monsieur le Vicomte de Vriac."

Of course—a charming gesture.

She rose, gave the flowers back into the maid's care, and began to dress slowly. When she had finished it was five minutes to five. She surveyed herself in the glass. Her intelligence told her she was beautiful. What it failed to tell her was that she was alluring as well. She wore a long, flowing gown of black chiffon and pearls—her wedding-gift from her father.

From the doorway Marthé said, "Monsieur le Vicomte de Vriac, Madame." And Lenore went into the drawing-room.

He rose swiftly, bent over her hand, and kissed it.

"Those lovely roses—what a charming thought!" she said.

"I always think of you when I see flowers," he returned.

She sat down on the divan and motioned him to a place beyond her. If he thought to coerce her by ready-made phrases!

"Will you have tea or an aperitif?" she asked him.

"Neither, if you please. I want to talk to you—"

It was coming. She sat rather stiffly and waited.

"It's not very easy what I wish to say. I am aware that I should wait—perhaps for months—and even then, no doubt, you would consider me presumptuous. But there are certain demands in a man's life that can not attend ceremony. They become so insistent that he is forced into declaring them."

LENORE thought, how badly he is putting his case! She found herself listening, not to his words, but to his voice. He had a magnetic voice, she thought. She said abruptly:

"Monsieur de Vriac, I must tell you now, before you go on, that Elspeth and Paul are engaged and that they want you to secure your sister's consent to their marriage. They seem to take mine for granted."

Silence! And the silence brought a vivid picture to Lenore of Raoul's reaction to her words. Hurt—anger—chagrin.

"Splendid!" he said at last. "I had hoped it would be mutual, but you discouraged me last night."

Lenore relaxed against the pillows and closed her eyes.

"Then you don't mind?" she asked him faintly.

He frowned at her. "Mind? I think Elspeth will make Paul a delightful wife."

"I mean you—yourself——"

He was puzzled. Then suddenly she saw his eyes glow with amusement.

"You thought that Elspeth and I—"

She nodded. "Your attentions—" she began coldly.

But his laughter stopped her. She looked at him in amazement. Then suddenly she found him beside her.

"Lenore," he said in a low voice, "what on earth do you suppose I've been trying to tell you for the past half-hour?"

She only looked at him.

"Lenore, you dear, don't you know that it's been you since the very first moment I saw you?"

But her voice failed her.

"I was brazen—I had to be. You evaded me upon every occasion, so I tried desperately to make Elspeth like me enough to accept me as a stepfather. I had thought that when you were out of mourning I would present myself formally as a suitor in the—"

"Continental manner," said Lenore, her eyes on his.

THEIR gaze held for a long minute. Then he took her white, tapered fingers in his dark ones.

For one moment he let them rest there, then with a swift movement he kissed them—but not in the Continental manner

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FROST ON THE PANE

Continued from Page 23

out of the room. I do believe she was crying."

Gordy went for the tea-biscuits, and when he come out of Bunt's he run into Ira, coming home with his skates under his arm. He couldn't tell his news fast enough. He wanted to see how Ira'd take it, because he judged everything then by the way Ira felt about it. He says, "Aunt Hattie's at the house. Papa sent a telegram to see if momma was there, and Aunt Hattie come right over. Papa's gone now to the place where Uncle Nick works because momma's eloped with Uncle Nick."

Ira acted as tho he didn't believe it. He said, "Who told you such a thing?"

Gordy had to tell all the strange happenings of the morning, but Ira still acted as tho he didn't believe it. He said, "Grandma's got no business telling you. She'd better look out."

They hurried along together, saying nothing, but Gordy kept looking at Ira to see if he really didn't believe it. For the first time he seen that Ira looked like his mother. It, well, sort of frightened him seeing his mother in Ira's face. The sun had gone down and the sky had two bands of red behind the trees. The sky kept getting redder, and the trees kept getting blacker and blacker.

All at once Gordy felt the terrible sinfulness of having mentioned the elopement to the big girl. It had been in his mind to say to Ira, "What's elope?" but when he seen them black branches so sharp and naked against that red sky, somehow he knew without knowing the deep wickedness of what his mother had done, and his heart just broke.

When they reached the house the grandmother was setting the table in the dining-room. Only one gas-jet was lit, and the room was like a dim cave. The Baltimore heater, bulging out of the white marble mantelpiece, was so red it lit all one side of the table-cloth. The aunt was following the grandmother from cupboard to table in that helpless way she had, saying, "Mary, why don't you let me help?"

Gordy thought of his mother going back and forth in that room. He saw just the way she carried the stacked teacups between her long fingers, and her skirts catching on the carpet and pulling out behind her. And the red of the stove behind the black iron scrollwork was like the sky behind the black woods. He pitched himself, tea-biscuits and all, on the sofa and just ached with misery.

No one paid any attention to him. His aunt was crying and trying to kiss Ira. His grandmother says, "Ira, Gordy tell you?"

"Yes," says Ira.

"Then get a match and light the other jet." Then she says, "Well, land sakes!" and grabs the bag of biscuits from under Gordy. "You'll eat the squashed ones," she says, but after a minute she comes back and tucks each one down beside Gordy. "Here's a box of Jordan almonds Aunt Hattie bought for you. But don't eat any before supper." He sat up to count them.

THEY sat down to supper as soon as the tea-biscuits had heated in the oven. But Ira wouldn't pass his plate. He said he wasn't hungry.

"Things has got to go on just the same," says the grandmother.

"But I won't go back to school," says Ira.

"It's none of your doings," says the grandmother. "You only got to give an account of your own doings."

"But he can't help feeling it," says the aunt, "and you know how mean people can talk."

"Oh, they'll talk," says the grandmother. "Gordy, you'd better fill in on bread and butter and not begin on tea-biscuits."

Now Gordy was counting on having at least three biscuits because there was so few people to eat them. It was rare for him to get three of anything of the things he especially liked, crullers or sausages or cookies or bananas. But he'd figured out he'd have three biscuits sure, so he'd just taken half a one in a single bite. He felt that for once he could afford large bites; but when his grandmother said that, he knew he wasn't going to get more than two. He reached for the bread.

"You remember," the aunt was saying, "how they talked when Martha Pepper run off like that. It must have been pretty awful because we wasn't supposed to know it. I guess we was about ten at the time."

"We was all of sixteen," says the grandmother.

Gordy couldn't see how either of the old ladies could ever have been sixteen. He examined them for any traces. Then he remembered they was twins, and it seemed pretty silly to him for such old ladies to be twins. He hoped no one suspected they was twins still.

"It was the time Sam Bush was married," says the grandmother. "We was sixteen then. We wore our pink-merino dresses."

"I don't remember," says the aunt.

"Well, that captain was there, the one that admired your dress so much you fell in love with him."

"I never was in love with a captain!"

"Well, he had some kind of a uniform. And when he married the Evans girl you cut that pink dress up in little pieces and sneaked 'em down under your apron to burn."

"Why, I don't remember at all," says the aunt.

"Well," says the grandmother, "I do. It was my dress you cut by mistake. Anyhow we had our likenesses taken at the time. Gordy, get my rosewood box where I put it in the kitchen closet."

Gordy'd had two tea-biscuits, but there was still seven on the plate, so he hurried to get the box before any more would disappear. He brought it and put it down by his grandmother's plate. Then he asked for another biscuit.

"Don't you want another, Hattie?" asks his grandmother.

THE aunt declined. "Then we'll have enough to do for to-morrow," says the grandmother. "Gordy, you've had enough."

The grandmother began taking all the daguerreotypes in their little black cases from the rosewood box. Gordy thought how easy it would be to put out a hand and take a biscuit, but he thought he'd better not at a particular time like this when his mother had eloped. He thought, "She's never coming back." But the china had the same gilt, half worn, and the same pink flowers. He wondered if Ira believed she would not come back. Ira was chewing hard on something he couldn't seem to swallow and gazing at his plate.

"We was born," the grandmother was saying, "in the Spring of twenty-five. We'll be seventy-six this April."

"Seventy-two," says the aunt.

"I've been setting you straight," says the grandmother, "ever since you made out to Dave Powell you was twenty-six instead of thirty. Now that he's dead I always meant to ask you, if you go ahead of me, do you want me to put the right date on your coffin?"

It was then they heard a key turning in the hall door and knew John Tapscott had come home. He was blowing his nose and said through his handkerchief, "Hello, Auntie! When did you get here?"

The grandmother lifted an end of the table-cloth and folded it quick to hide the rosewood box. The aunt jumped up, saying, "Oh, John!" and goes over to him, crying and holding her arms out. He was scrubbing hard at his nose, and Gordy thought he'd never get his handkerchief away in time. He just about did when the aunt put her arms around him and began patting him on the back with one of the little daguerreotypes she'd forgot to put aside.

"Well?" asks the grandmother.

Gordy's father didn't answer right away.

"Didn't you find out anything?" the grandmother keeps on.

Then Ira sort of exploded. "Can't you see he didn't?" he shouts, and gets up and rushes into the kitchen.

"What about Nick?" says the grandmother. "Was he at his office?"

"He wasn't there."

"Hadn't he showed up at all?"

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"Yes, but he got off to go home about ten o'clock. Said he was sick."

"You didn't let on he wasn't?"

"No, I didn't let on," says John.

Then something in the grandmother seemed to give way, and a storm rolled up in that room the like of which Gordy'd never seen before.

"I blame you," says the grandmother to John. She stood up. "Nick was old enough to make a home for himself, and from the first I told you he had an eye on Laura. You could see it as well as me, but you let Laura take care of it. You put all the burden on Laura. You made her out to be stronger than she was."

"No, Mother! No!" says John.

"And you made Nick out to be stronger and better than he was."

"Please sit down, Mother."

"How could it end right encouraging him to stay here, seeing how much he admired Laura? Didn't you never ask yourself if it might end this way?"

"No! Good Heavens, no! I never thought of such a thing. Why, he's three years younger than Laura."

"And Laura's fourteen years younger than you."

"I knew Laura liked him. I knew he liked Laura, but he seemed a boy to me—a child. It seems like last year I was carrying him around on my back."

"I wouldn't mind, John, if I hadn't warned you, but I warned you."

"Don't, Mary," says the aunt. "Don't quarrel with John."

"I've got something to tell him still," says the grandmother, "and I'm going to tell it."

"But here's Gordy," says the aunt. "You oughtn't to quarrel in front of the boys."

"Ira," calls the grandmother, "come in here and hear what I have to say." She turned on John. "The truth is, John Tapscott, you'd rather lose Laura than lose the seven dollars a week Nick pays you for Laura."

"Don't talk like that, Mother. I never needed his money."

"You never needed it, but you're one of those money-gatherers that can't bear to see a dollar laying outside your own pocket." She raised her voice. "I used to pray that no child of mine would take the Tapscott meanness, and you took it all."

"Mother, you've got to stop."

"You showed it when you was little. I ain't never forgot that scarf I sat up nights to finish, and you went and sold it that very Christmas afternoon."

"You're not fair, Mother. I wasn't any bigger than Gordy, and I was the only boy in town, I was the only boy in the country, without a pair of skates."

Ira, who had come in when the grandmother called him, says, "You leave my father alone."

AND then the door opens and Nick comes into the room.

"Oh, Nick," cries the grandmother, "you didn't do it!"

"Where's Laura?" asks John.

"Why, ain't Laura here?"

John says, "You know where she is. Where is she?"

"Where is she?" asks Nick.

John thundered, "She went to meet you. I know it's truth. Where is she?"

Then Nick seen he was caught. He says, "I don't know where she is, John. She was to be at the Hamilton Hotel. I went there. They said she'd been there and hired a room, but after a while she'd come down and went away. Her suitcase was still up in the room. I brought it home. It's out in the areaway. I thought that's what she had done, come home."

"What street's the Hamilton Hotel?"

"Fourth Avenue at Thirty-fifth."

John went out without another word, and they heard the hall door closing.

"He's gone to look for her," says the grandmother. "You're a fool, Nick, but you'd better have something to eat. I don't know what's going to happen to this family. It will be all right if John finds Laura. But what does Laura know about the city? Where would she go? You've just about broken this family in pieces. I won't answer for John if he don't find her. You'd better have some tea."

"If I only knew where she was," says Nick. "I sat in that room waiting for her all day."

"You stop talking about my mother!" shouts Ira.

"This is awful," says the aunt. "All this in front of the boys!"

"Nick, sit down," says the grandmother. "I can't stand you walking around like that."

"But don't you see," cries Nick, "if she'd even told where she was going?"

"You shut up!" yells Ira.

"I tell you, it ain't right," says the aunt again, "all this going on before the boys!"

"How can I stop it?" asks the grandmother. "It ain't the talking about these things that's the pity, it's the doing of 'em! Sit down, Nick. For Heaven's sake, sit down."

Nick threw himself into Gordy's chair at the table, and to make up for sitting still he snatched up a tea-biscuit and begun to stuff it down.

"And why in the name of common sense," says the grandmother, "did you ever ask Laura to meet you at a big hotel? And to wait for you at a big hotel? She must have been scared enough at what she was doing without getting all nervous waiting at a big hotel!" She put her hand on the bulge of the teapot. "Ira, put some hot water in this."

Ira come to the table and took the pot. Then he asks, "Is it for you, or is it for him?"

"Do as I say," says the grandmother.

IRA banged down the pot. "Let him fill it himself."

"Don't bother about me," says Nick.

"I will bother about you," says Ira. "You're a coward. You're worse than a coward. I'll settle with you right now." He flung the table-cloth from the rosewood box, and from the bottom of it fished up a pistol.

The grandmother seized Ira's wrist, and Nick jumped up yelling, "Put that down!"

But Ira clawed himself free and fired off the pistol. There was a bang! It was just as the walls come clapping together. And smoke! It was one of them old army pistols about a yard long. Well, the grandmother grabbed it, and Ira, being weak all over after he fired, it wasn't so hard to take it from him. She opened the window and flung it out, goodness knows where.

"Why, I'm shot," says Nick. And there was the blood sluicing down from under his sleeve over his knuckles.

Well, sir, the grandmother took command. When it come to bullet-wounds she knew her ground. She sent them scurrying for linen and such, all but Ira, who was sobbing to himself on the sofa.

It wasn't much of a wound. The bullet had only passed along the outside of the arm. The grandmother stopped the bleeding all right, and cleaned it and bandaged it. She says to Nick, "You can say I was examining the pistol and it went off accidental."

"I'll tell I shot him," Ira sobbed.

They heard the door-bell ringing.

Nick wanted to go up-stairs, but the grandmother wouldn't let him. "I got to beat the bed for you first or you'll catch your death of cold. Get right here on the sofa. Gordy, fetch my quilt from the kitchen." She says to Ira, "Come, quick, Ira! Get up!"

"Not for him," says Ira.

The bell rang again. "Go in the kitchen," says the grandmother to Nick.

"No, he don't," says Ira. "I'm going there," and he got up and rushed into the other room.

Gordy brought the quilt, and it was spread over Nick on the sofa. Then the grandmother went to open the door, and Mrs. Rice come into the room, unwinding a pink-corseted nubia from her head.

"I'd have run in before," says Mrs. Rice, "only I just heard about it, for Julia just come in to tell me, and I run over as soon as I heard it without stopping to finish the supper-dishes."

"Good evening," says Nick. "Excuse me not getting to my feet. I've——"

"Got a bad cold," says the grandmother.

Now Mrs. Rice was standing with her back to the sofa, and when she turned she certainly was surprized to see Nick. "Why, Nick Tapscott," she says, "everybody's saying you eloped with Laura. Why, Mrs. Tapscott, Gordy told Mrs. Cleveland's Ella that Laura had eloped with Nick, and Ruth says it was the Shovells told her, and it was Davey Trainor told them, and I'd never have

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believed it, you can rest assured, only coming from Gordy, and all I can say is I never would have believed that a little boy could be such a little liar."

She dropped into Ira's place and went on talking. "But I remembered how excited you was this morning when you sent Milly after Gordy, and then hearing it come from Gordy, I thought, 'Well, I suppose things like that do happen, tho you never think of them happening to folks you know,' and then John not giving Laura the furs she was so dead set on for Christmas. But I must say you ought to punish Gordy!"

"Well, there's Nick," says the grandmother. "He don't look my idea of an elopement."

"How do you do, Mrs. Rice!" breaks in the aunt.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Powell!" says Mrs. Rice. "I declare, I was so excited. How are you? All your family well? Nellie well?"

"Thank you, Nellie's very well indeed," says the aunt, and, a happy thought coming to her, she says of that where Laura is, over with Nellie in Jersey. She's kinda taking my place while I'm visiting here. You know it needs some one to help Nellie now that there's the new baby."

"Yes, indeed it does," says Mrs. Rice. "But I certainly would never have believed it. 'Go on,' I said to Julia; 'why, Laura's at least five years older than Nick.' That alone—but then seeing it come from Gordy!" Her eye fell on the tea-biscuits. "Are those from Bunt's? I kind of thought you didn't make them, seeing they're so nice and even. I never can make mine like them either. Wonder how they do it."

"They're real good," says the grandmother. "Have one."

"Yes, I will, thanks," says Mrs. Rice, taking one. "Ain't it funny how good other people's food tastes? We'd boiled bacon and cabbage for supper and apple dumplings, but this tastes as good as tho we were starved. I suppose it's the cold." She took another biscuit.

Now there was only one biscuit left; but Gordy didn't dare make a move toward it on account of it being found out he'd told about the elopement. With Mrs. Rice there he wasn't so scared as he knew he was going to be when she went out and left him to face the family. But he didn't dare make a move of any kind. He only looked at the biscuit.

"Did you get these biscuits from their early baking? I think they're a little tough. You always got to pin them down to get the afternoon baking," says Mrs. Rice, reaching for the last biscuit. Ira come stamping into the room all dressed for the street, and Mrs. Rice stopped reaching. She says, "Hello, Ira! My, how tall you're getting!"

IRA never even looked at her. He went up to his grandmother and he says, "Will you let me have a dollar?"

"Where are you going this time of night?"

"I want it for car-fare. I'm going to the city."

"You don't budge out of this house."

"You can't stop me."

"Oh, Ira!" says the aunt.

"Well," says Ira, "you know *why* I'm going."

"Nonsense!" says the grandmother. "It's too late. It's almost eight o'clock."

"I'm not Gordy's age. I've got a right to go," says Ira.

"My! My!" says Mrs. Rice in disapproval.

"Give me a dollar, Grandma. Please," says Ira. "Or even fifty cents."

"You think," says the grandmother, "that just because Mrs. Rice here I'll put up with your demands. I'll have you know that's blackmail and highway robbery in the first degree. Take off your coat and march up to bed."

"I hope I die," says Ira, "before I get so old I don't care only about myself, and don't care what happens to another person, even if they're dead or not."

"There's a dollar in my coat pocket," says Nick from under the quilt.

Ira turned on him in a fury. "I wouldn't touch your dollars. Don't you dare offer me money."

"Well, I never!" says Mrs. Rice. "What in the world's it all about?"

"I'll give you a dollar, Ira." The aunt took out her purse.

"Put your purse away, Hattie," says the grandmother. "I'm ashamed of Ira just taking advantage to act like this." To Ira she says, "Now, sir, march out of this room, and don't let me hear another word from you."

Ira rushed for the door. He turned and shouted, "I'll walk then! You don't care what's happened, but I do. I'm going to that hotel, too, and I'll walk all over New York city if I have to. But I won't walk because I'm not coming home." He rushed out of the house.

"Well, did you ever?" says Mrs. Rice.

"I never knew Ira was like that."

"He ain't," snapped the grandmother. She was searching frantically in her pocket. She found a bill. "Run, Gordy, and give it to him. Put on your coat."

It was so bitter cold outdoors it took Gordy's breath, but he caught up to Ira and he begged to go along with him. Ira wouldn't take him. "A dollar's not enough for two of us," he says, "and I'm not coming back till I find her."

So Gordy went back home again. He found Mrs. Rice getting ready to go, winding the nubia around her head. "I'll stop in and tell Ruth," she was saying, "that it was all a lie of Gordy's making up, but there's fifty other people knows it and you can't take a lie back from that many. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," she says to Gordy as a parting shot. She went out, followed by his grandmother.

NICK sat up. He says, "Ira's got spunk," andscrewed his face up in pain or something.

"Does your arm hurt, Nick?" asks the aunt.

"I wish he'd sent it clean through me," says Nick. "I don't know why I even come back here, but I couldn't think of any other place to go."

Then the grandmother come in from seeing Mrs. Rice to the door. She says, "Keep that quilt around you, Nick, till I can get your bed ready. I don't know what this family's coming to between the doing of things and then the telling of 'em. We must be petering out."

"I can't sleep here no more," says Nick.

"You will till your arm's better," the grandmother tells him.

"I can't. I'll never face John again."

"Now see here," says the grandmother, "we got to see matters right as best we can, and, thank you very much, we won't have no more barnstorming."

Then she turned to Gordy. She says, "What about your lessons? Go put your nose in a book."

Well, sir, to Gordy that come like a pardon at daybreak. He'd been waiting for goodness knows what, and for once he couldn't get fast enough to his spelling-book. He sat with his nose glued in it while the old ladies got Nick off to bed.

After that the two old ladies sat there talking about Laura. "But suppose she don't come home?" says the aunt.

"Nonsense," says the grandmother. "We've got to suppose she will, and the important thing is to think how we're going to save her face."

"I suppose it wouldn't be right to send Gordy from house to house to say he told a lie?"

"No, it wouldn't. If he was six I might risk it. But he's almost nine, and he can't go through life branded as an evil-minded liar. Besides he didn't know what he was talking about."

"Well, I told that Mrs. Rice she was with Nellie. Let it rest at that."

"But she was at a church-meeting yesterday, and she never mentioned going to Nellie's. They'll know she went unexpected and they'll be wondering why."

"You can say Nellie was taken sick."

"With you here? Besides, you said Nellie was fine to Mrs. Rice. If you're going to tell lies, Hattie, you have to know how to go about it, and not have the horse's tail growing two ways."

"Well, after all it's nobody's business," says the aunt, "and the least said the soonest mended."

"But too much has been said already, I wish you'd be quiet and let me think."

The aunt began to clear the table. She carried some dishes into the kitchen, and, looking up to watch her, Gordy suddenly remembered that Mrs. Rice hadn't eaten that last biscuit. His grandmother was sitting with her back half to him, and

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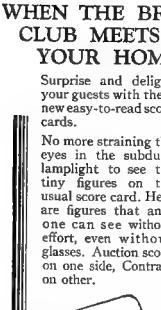

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Gordy began to creep over toward the table. He'd just picked the biscuit up when all of a sudden his grandmother calls out, "*I'm* going to tell the truth!"

Well, sir, he let the biscuit drop, and it rolled clear over to the edge of her skirt, and he didn't dare go after it.

The aunt come in from the kitchen. "You mean you're going to tell that Laura half stupid?"

"Tell the truth and shame the devil," says the grandmother. "Laura's done nothing but be foolish. She wanted to do what lots of other women want to do. Only they never let on they want it."

"I'm sure I never wanted to elope," says the aunt.

"Who was there to elope with? Joe Marsden, and he was too crazy all his life about Rose White."

"You talk as tho I'd wanted some one to run off with!"

"Didn't you ever?"

"Did you?"

"Well, not unless they had brown eyes. But I kept it to myself. Laura's not even that wicked. She didn't want an elopement. She's tired, and I guess she didn't know any other way to get a vacation." She looked over at Gordy. "Gordy, get me that box of writing-paper your mother got for Christmas."

GORDY brought the paper. "Now I'll just write a note to everybody and say I've something important I'd like to explain if they'll come over here to-morrow afternoon about three. We'll begin with the people on Church Street. I'll take the first house on the right; that's the Lovells. You take across the street; that's the Jennings."

"Oh, I couldn't," says the aunt. "My hand shakes. You know I haven't written a letter in years."

"Then you're old before your time," says the grandmother. "Have you got enough gumption left to tell if 'Lovell' ends in two 'ls' or one?"

Gordy doesn't remember much about going to bed that night, but he does remember waking suddenly close on to morning. The frost had made pictures of leaves and ferns on his window. The panes was scrolled over solid and the moon was shining right behind them. He says a bushel of diamonds wouldn't give the effect. Diamonds ain't so quiet and steady. He couldn't be sure it was the moon picking up all that glory, so he got out of bed and breathed a little clear space to look through.

There was the moon like an old silver dime that some one'd bit a piece out of. It was sending a flood of careful, whiter than silver, and just as plain as plain he seen his father and Ira coming up the street, Ira walking a little behind.

He says there's a picture called "The Retreat from Moscow" showing the soldiers coming back through the snow, and every time he sees a copy he thinks of his father and Ira coming up that street in the moonlight. He didn't know then that it's hard for defeated men to walk abreast, but he knew he was looking at defeat. His father and Ira looked as if they'd walked miles. He took his clothes with him and run down-stairs.

His grandmother was still writing notes, and little stacks of them stood on the table before her. His aunt was asleep, with her head against the back of her chair. He and I got over. "They're coming, but only papa and Ira."

Quick as a flash his grandmother put out the light. "Be quiet," she told him. "It's no time of night to be answering any questions, or asking 'em. If they come in and find us, well and good."

But Ira and his father didn't come in. They went straight up in the dark to bed. But they didn't sleep long, for the sun wasn't hardly up when they got out of bed and went off once more to the city.

The sun was just showing good when Gordy himself started out to deliver them notes. He carried them in a grape-basket on his arm, and they were tied in little bundles and marked with the names of the streets, Church, Lowery, Pine, Franklin, Hamilton. That about covered the town, for of course he had none for the bigwigs up on Southcliff Avenue.

Now, the notes said people was to come at three o'clock, but they begin arriving a little after two. Gordy sat behind the dining-room curtain and watched them going up the stoop. He had to sit there because he'd been told to stoke the Baltimore heater. The aunt had enough to do taking care of the stove up in the back parlor.

But Gordy forgot about the heater till after the people stopped coming. Then he rushed to put in coal, but when he opened the door he was surprized to hear his grandmother's voice coming down from the parlor above. He forgot about stoking, and knelt there with the door open, roasting his face and listening.

"Nick's that kind of a fool," his grandmother was saying. "Set him down with a parcel of young girls and to save his life he won't be able to pick and choose among 'em. But let another man marry one, and right away Nick thinks she's the belle of the ball. He can't judge a woman without a ticket no more than some folks can dress-goods. He felt it was his bounden duty to fall in love with Laura because John did. But he's no more in love with her than I am. He'd be in love with any one of you if you happened to be married to John.

"And then take Laura. When it come right down to it she could no more elope than you could. But it was her misfortune that she didn't find it out before she got to that hotel. Why, in the first place she ain't got the talent for eloping. And it takes talent just the same as playing the fiddle. And it takes clothes. Laura ain't got any clothes that you could call clothes, and Nick couldn't buy any. He ain't got a penny to his name.

"Why, I suppose when she was setting in that hotel waiting for him she didn't dare to take off her coat. That pink-taffeta waist of hers is all gone. It looks nice with the coat on, but it's a sight under the arms. She must have felt real dowdy knowing that, especially if there was any stylish people around. First she got to feeling dowdy, and then she got to feeling ashamed, and then she begin to ask herself what in the world she was doing anyhow. Well, she come to her senses and she bolted. But she was too ashamed to come home right away, and what I wanted to say is that when she does come it's going to be hard. She'll think every one's pointing a finger unless they go out of their way to be nice."

There was a silence. All at once another voice began to speak. "I remember," said the voice, "the third year I was married there was a whole week when I made up my mind every morning I was going to leave Horace."

Then Gordy knew it was the domine's wife speaking. Horace was such a comical name he recognized it right away as belonging to Dr. Morley. He listened very careful, and he could feel every one up there in that room listening the same way. For the whole town, whether they went to his church or not, thought Dr. Marley the best man in it. And they loved his wife. She was soft and small, and maybe it was her skin, maybe it was her hair, but there was a glisten to her, even after she begun to go gray, just like you see on a pigeon. Everybody loved her.

SHE says, "I don't remember what silly reasons I had for wanting to leave him. I think the age of his coat had to do with it, and because when he was in a terrible hurry he used to come down to breakfast with shaving-soap in his ears. I remember I packed my suitcase every morning, but I unpacked it every night, and I got over it for here I am. But I might have gone off like Laura, and I don't think any one's going to blame her. I think many of us have been on the verge of doing it at least once."

And it seemed that was so, for one after another, every woman in that room got up and testified in open confession about the time they'd made up their minds to leave home and didn't.

Gordy listened till his cheeks was roasted and his eyes burned out of his head. At last he had to shut the heater door, and when he did he spied that tea-biscuit where it had rolled in against the leg of the table.

He leaned over to get it, and there through the window, coming down the basement steps, he saw his father's feet, and besides them, in their best cloth-topped shoes, come his mother's feet. There come her blue-cheviot skirt, and there come her blue-cheviot jacket. His father had her by the arm. And there, above the velvet revers of the jacket, was her tired face looking at him kind of shamed, kind of fearful, kind of glad.

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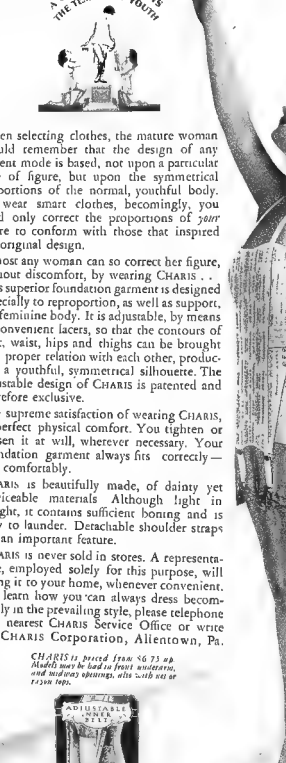

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THE DULLEST PERSON IN THE WORLD

Continued from Page 4

of the year in a university town, and must be content to entice their favorite professors into more frivolous precincts now and again. The problem is what to do to rescue general society before it drops into a limbo as deep as the art of ancient Greece.

The time is far off when all women will be engaged in business, and business men hate their female rivals anyhow. Girls can take care of themselves, for they have young men to play with and their minds are undeveloped. But the American women are restless and aspiring—there are fewer fools and dullards among us than anywhere on earth save in France—and they have a great deal of leisure.

Even women who have but one servant polish off their household duties in short order, and their children are at school, amusing themselves in their own circle, or married.

All of these women belong to some social group, and want infinitely more than they get. They entertain in a small way, as their wealthier friends preside at functions. And their minds are starving for something that books alone can not give them.

Of course many of these women make no pretense to intellectuality, and their mental food is light novels and "best sellers," but with few exceptions their minds are capable of extension, and if they are no further advanced than they are it is the fault of their men. Altho we are well embarked upon the age of sexequality we have still far to go, and women still live for men.

IF MEN make no demand mentally upon them they see little use in the effort, and are doomed to rot, unless they break loose from the social barriers erected by convention and custom, and make their houses agreeable for men whose interests are as varied as their husbands' are highly specialized.

THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET

Continued from Page 29

different. The form of the nicotin may have been different. But in its essentials we have just seen Cyrus Bradley murdered in his own play, written nineteen years before the murder actually occurred."

THE PLAY ground on to its inevitable end, but for most of the audience at the Grand Guignol the plot was completed with the murder in the conservatory. Women hastily donned their wraps and fled from the theater, followed by their escorts. More than half the seats were empty when the last curtain shut off the view of Ysobel in the arms of the faithful Tom.

But, save for the notable fact that it had forecast a murder nineteen years in advance, there was no clairvoyance in the melodrama. After its brief flash of realism it relapsed into the formulas of its school. The dead man, to the disappointment of many, turned out to be a secret-service operative, and the play was found to have taken its name, "The Dead Voice," from a phonograph-record through which, in an unconvincing climax, the bank robbers were brought to justice.

Sands and Thorpe passed through the lobby and into the street. They called a taxicab and started for their hotel.

"I'll admit," said Thorpe, "that this is the craziest method of solving a murder mystery that I've ever heard about. If they had revived this ancient mastodon two weeks ago, I wonder if it would have made any difference in the result—as far as Bradley was concerned."

Sands gave the suggestion serious thought.

"It's hard to say," he replied. "But you have given me a lead that's worth looking into. When you go linking up the stage murder with the Hardy Street business you run bump into the time element. That play was first produced nineteen years ago. It may have been written ten years before it was produced; it certainly is in the period of the nineties. But if, as it seems to be, it was an omen of doom you'd naturally wonder why it took so long for the doom to get started.

"On the other hand the revival was under way when Bradley got bumped, and there the time situation begins to look a little more logical. I'll get hold of the manager to-morrow morning and see if I can get anything out of him."

"It certainly is an amazing business—even to the robbery that Bradley's note talked about. How true to life do you suppose that scene was?"

"I'd say that it was an exact reproduction of the clues that have been most puzzling in the Bradley case—the breakfast for four, the choice of the poison, and the method of administering it. But as for motivation, I think we can eliminate the twin brother and the secret-service operative. They're part of the background in all melodramas."

"I suppose I ought to be able to make some sense out of it. I'm enough of a detective to realize that after to-night anybody with brains could read the answer. But so far the whole thing looks like a message in code. If Bradley was foretelling his own murder with all that accuracy you'd think now that he could have foreseen that the murderer would use the pure alkaloid instead of a plant-spray."

"There is one explanation that sticks right out, and I'm betting you'll see it in most of the morning papers. The psychologists will all be issuing statements that this play may have suggested to some moron a novel scheme for murder."

"Sounds like a reasonable theory."

"It is a reasonable theory. The power of suggestion always plays hob with a lot of impressionable souls, but I have a sneaking suspicion that this answer doesn't lie in that direction."

"The business in Pelham that you were telling me about seems to fit into the picture all right."

"Well, it fits in better than the Bradley case, at any rate. But the time element is still a big factor. This play was produced nineteen years ago. Mr. Mollitor died in Pelham twelve years ago. I'd say that a person who was urged to murder by Mr. Bradley's play and waited around seven years before carrying out the urge is a psychological paradox. His stedfastness of purpose is *prima-facie* evidence of a mentality that wouldn't be subject to such a suggestion."

"The play may have run several years after it was first produced. A lot of these things did."

"This one didn't. I don't remember the exact wording of the note on the program, but it was something to the effect that the *last* production of it prior to this revival was in San Francisco nineteen years ago. That would seem to dispose of suggestion as a factor in the Pelham case—presuming that it was actually a case of nicotin-poisoning.

"And when you come to the Bradley case you have to remember that to-night's performance was the first in a revival the rehearsals for which were held in New York."

"Well, I give up," admitted Thorpe. "Doesn't look like you're going to get very far till you find out where Grainger is."

"You're right about that in part at least. I'm going to Grainger to clear up one important point. Altho I honestly believe that as far as the Bradley case is concerned we have all the real clues in our hands right here."

"Fat lot of good they are," declared Thorpe. "I don't know what things are like in Grainger, but anyway you'd be starting out with a new set of books. But where the devil is Grainger?"

"It's near Utica, New York," replied Sands.

Continued on Page 114

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At last there is "something new" in stormy weather footwear. It's an all-rubber Zipper... a light-weight overshoe called Shower Boot, created to harmonize with smart costumes on rainy days. Very slender... made to fit with glove-like trimness. In smart colors. Seen very often at the Ritz...

7 ounces! That's all they weigh. Shower Boots are no heavier than your daintiest evening slipper.

Two-Tone Henna Shower Boot

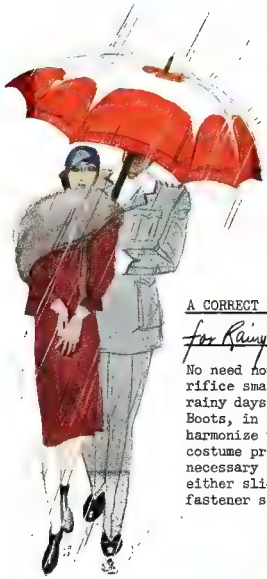
Brown Shower Boot

IN THE SMARTEST NEW COLORS

Shower Boots are presented in two-tone color combinations of beautiful moiré rubber. Charming tans, browns, gun metals, and blacks that harmonize marvelously with any costume. Designed by fashion authorities and tailored like a Paris gown. Cut to lend trimness to ankles.

Gun Metal Shower Boot

TODAY'S VOGUE IN RAINY DAY FOOTWEAR



A CORRECT COSTUME *for Rainy Days*

No need now to sacrifice smartness on rainy days! Shower Boots, in colors to harmonize with your costume provide the necessary chic. In either slide or snap fastener styles.

Remember... a single pair of shoes, saved from bad weather, will more than pay for the Shower Boots you buy. And after all, they're surprisingly inexpensive. . . so inexpensive you'll want several pairs to complete various costumes. Smart shops have them.

Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

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PICTORIAL FASHIONS

THE NEW FROCK AND NEW SILHOUETTE

Paris Says

The much heralded silhouette is now an established fact after all these months of forecasts and advanced advices. Waistlines are now normal, skirts are longer, while the fulness starts low with fascinating flounces that dip and swirl in unbelievedly lovely effect and at the same time preserving that slimness so essential to the modern idea of perfect smartness.

Tweeds in colorful hues, interesting weaves, exceedingly supple and light in weight are outstanding for street and sports wear. Canton crêpe, satin and velvet, alone and in combination with canton crêpe or metallic, contribute to the formal afternoon mode. Lamé, figured moiré, the new stiff taffetas and panne satin are established for the elegance of the formal evening fashions.

Paris decrees black, brown and green for daytime, with black, green, brown, purplish reds, dahlia and the off-white tones for evening. Black and white sports things vie with mauve-brown and eggshell, while dark silk frocks are accented with touches of pastel trimming. The new lamé fabrics reflect the copper tones, in red, rust, cream and brown. Many are in two-tone effect.

Low Placed Circular Fulness

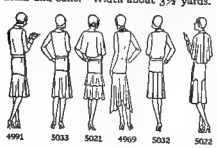
4991—Emphasizing the normal waist and low placed fulness. An outstanding style. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch woolen material—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting fabric.

Normal Waistline and Cape

5033—Sponsors the belted waistline with lace trimmed cape collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material—¾ yard 2-inch lace to trim. Width about 3⅜ yards.

Effective Color Contrast

5021—A molded hipline tops the double flounces. Note color contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch black—⅞ yard 39-inch blue for collar and cuffs. Width about 3½ yards.



Fabric Contrast

4969—The long tab, dripping hemline is new and smart fashion. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch crêpe for bodice—1¾ yard 39-inch fabric for skirt—⅝ yard 27-inch allover lace to trim. Width about 3¼ yards.

Trotteur with Scarf

5032—A tailored street frock with interesting scarf, yoked hipline and modish normal waistline. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch woolen material—¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar. Width about 2¾ yards.

Frock with Cape

5022—Suzanne Talbot and other leading French designers champion the tweed frock with a swagger cape. It is belted and has low placed flare. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch fabric. Width about 1¾ yard.

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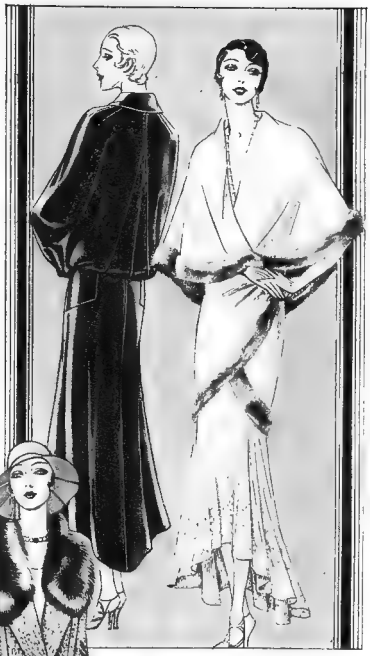
THE NEW WRAPS REFLECT MOLDED LINES AND THE NEW FABRICS

Coats, too, have adopted the new softened silhouette, with lengthened line, molded waist, flared or uneven hemline that fashion approves for daytime and general wear. French designers have been quick to introduce thru clever seamings, fitted panels and ingeniously designed flares a subtlety of design, high in fashion and at the same time preserving that essential slimness characteristic of this season's models. Coats vary in length, from five to seven-eighths length in the ensembles to those that are five inches below the knees in models worn over the newer frocks. Fur collar and cuffs; the fur on the outer side of the collar and the cuffs reaching sometimes to the elbows are stressed in many outstanding models. The new evening wraps are a miracle of loveliness, ingeniously designed so as to drape in flattering effect over the new lengthened silhouette.

Jacket 4997
Frock 4900



4987 5014

5039 4553 4941

For Daytime Wear

4997—Jacket designed for sizes 14 to 46. **4900**—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch material for jacket and frock—¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for vestee. Width about 1¾ yard.

New Molded Lines

5039—With smart collar and interesting sleeve treatment. Fitted to flare in the approved fashion. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material—⅝ yard 54-inch fur cloth to trim.

New Fabric Design

4553—The new woolens in bold plaids are allied with fur trimmings. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch plaid material—1 yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar and cuffs—2¼ yards 39-inch for lining.

Flared in the Princess Style

4941—Suggesting princess lines thru clever seaming at the normal waist. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch checked material—¾ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar and sleeves.

A Wrap in the Modern Manner

4987—The slim lengthened silhouette is exemplified in this gracious evening wrap, cut circular. Designed for sizes 16, 20 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch plain material—2⅛ yards 39-inch lining.

Trimmed with Fur Banding

5014—A stunning model to be wrapped about the figure in flattering fashion. Designed for one size only. Requires 2¾ yards 54-inch brocaded material—5⅛ yards fur banding to trim outer edge of wrap.

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PRINCESS FROCKS TRAIL LONG SKIRTS ON FORMAL EVENINGS

4982 4921

Paris—Marthe et René
4998

4982 4921

5024 4998 4996

Paris—Jane Duverne
5024

Paris—Vionnet
4996

Slim Bodice and Full Skirt

4982—The bodice, with a normal waistline, is molded snugly above a long, full skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 39-inch fabric—3⅛ yards 39-inch sheer material. Width about 4¾ yards.

Ribbon Marks a High Waist

4921—Paris ties a ribbon at the natural waistline, and curves the flounced tiers of the skirt upward in a graceful line. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard.

Skirts Dip to the Heels

4998—This formal frock should be molded snugly to figure in contrast to the full skirt that trails to the heels in back. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Width about 4⅛ yards.

The Long, Even Hemline

5024—A picturesque frock, with its deep collar and an even hemline reaching to the ankles—charming for young girls. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch printed fabric. Width about 5 yards.

In the Vionnet Manner

4996—Only Vionnet could create this exquisite line with spiral flounces, one of which lengthens to the floor. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch printed sheer fabric. Width about 1¼ yard.

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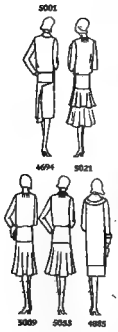
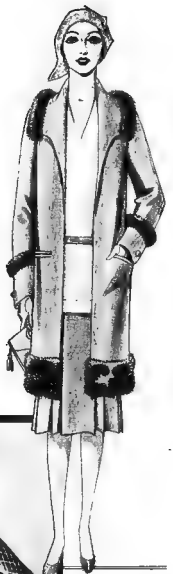
HIGH WAISTLINE SILHOUETTE FOR SMART AFTERNOONS



TRANSPARENT velvet, satin and metallic fabrics form the keynote of the formal costume for afternoon. These supple media are perfect for accenting the high waistline, molding the hipline, and promoting the low-placed circular fullness characteristic of the new silhouette. A touch of lace at the neckline or a contrasting vestee introduces the flattering fingerie touch as championed by Paris. It will be noted that while the new mode depicts elegance, its lines are simple.

Paris—Louiseboulanger
5021

Paris—Marie Bordes
5009



Paris—
Marthe et René
4885

Blouse 5001
Skirt 4694

5033

The High Waistline

5021—The normal waistline is accented, and inverted-tucks mold the tight-fitting yoke in front. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3⅛ yards.

Smart Tuck-in Theme

5009—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch skirt fabric—1¾ yard 36-inch metal fabric for blouse —1⅛ yard contrasting binding. Width about 2¾ yards.

The Lingerie Touch

5001—The hipline is skilfully molded with a bow posed at the front. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards 39-inch material—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting fabric for collar, vestee and bow.

Chic One-Sided Dip

4694—This is the type of velvet skirt Paris features for afternoon, with dipping sidefulness, cut in one. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch fabric. Width about 1¾ yard.

The Formal Ensemble

4885—In wool crêpe and washable satin. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch material—2 yards 36-inch fabric for blouse—2 yards fur banding. Width about 1⅝ yard.

With a Bit of Lace

5033—The high waistline combines with a tuck-in theme, and the touch of lace. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric—½ yard 36-inch lace. Width about 3¼ yards.

FITTED FROCKS HAVE HIGH WAISTLINES

Despite the high waistline and full, long skirts of the new mode, the smart silhouette retains a slim, long-limbed appearance which is both young and graceful. These designs, which include the important contours of the latest day frocks, are typical of Paris.

Length-of-Limb

4991—The long, slim silhouette with low-placed fulness is smartly expressed in this frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch material for frock—⅜ yard contrasting to trim. Width about 2⅝ yards.

Panel Flounces

4981—The four flounces at each side are responsible for the chic of this frock, featuring slim lines and the new fulness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¼ yard.

Smart Shirring

4969—The narrow panel down the front is flattering in a contrasting color or fabric. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material for skirt—1⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting for blouse. Width 3¾ yards.

4991 Paris—Agnès 4981 Paris—Jane Duverne 4969

4824 5016 Paris—Louiseboulanger 4926

New Fabric Contrast

4824—Bow trimming and a cape collar in surplice effect distinguish this frock, which achieves a slim outline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material for frock—1¼ yard 39-inch contrasting to trim. Width about 3¼ yards.

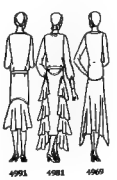
Feminine Tailoring

5016—In the manner of new tailored frocks, this model features a softly feminine neckline treatment, and a smart normal waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch material—¾ yard contrasting. Width about 1¾ yd.

Paris Retains the Peplum

4926—The bodice molded to the figure, the peplum theme which Paris favors, and the soft scarf collar are important in the new mode. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch dark material—1 yard 39-inch light. Width about 2¾ yards.

4826 5016 4926



4991 4981 4969

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STREET FROCKS ELECT THE NEW WOOLENS

Interpreting the informal daytime mode are the new woolens, more supple, more varied, more colorful than ever before. Tweeds reign supreme in fascinating new weaves; jerseys appear in lace-like versions and dashing stripes; wool crêpes are as soft and light as silk.

Paris—Madeleine
4937

5012

5008

The "Princess"

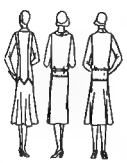
4937—The princess silhouette appears informally these days. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch woolen material—½ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Width about 2¼ yards.

Youthful Lines

5012—Diagonal seamings repeat the pointed theme of the collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch woolen fabric—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Width about 1⅛ yard.

Color Contrast

5008—Conveying the tuck-in idea in a one-piece frock. The skirt is circular. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch woolen fabric for skirt—1⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting for blouse. Width about 2¼ yards



4937 5012 5008

Two-Piece, Belted High

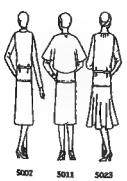
5007—Lacy jersey is a wise fashion choice for this frock which may be worn with overblouse or tuck-in. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material—½ yard 39-inch contrasting fabric for trimming. Width about 1⅝ yard.

With a New Shoulder Cape

5011—Paris adds a shoulder cape to the new tweed frocks, thus endorsing a charming Fall fashion. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool—¾ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 1¾ yard. Outstanding fashion.

Stripes Are in Fashion

5023—Chanel sponsors the vogue for striped jersey, here given a new importance through vertical and horizontal contrasts. Note the modish high waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch striped material.



5007 5011 5023

5007

Paris—
Augustabernard
5011

Paris—
London Trades
5023

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 125.

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Tweeds and Jerseys for School

School Ensemble

4924—Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch woolen—1⅜ yard 54-inch striped.

A Tunic Blouse

5003—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch nubbed fabric—⅝ yard 39-inch white.

Jaunty Costume

4851—Designed for sizes 2 to 7 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch fabric—⅝ yard 54-inch for blouse.

Trench Coat Type

5026—Designed for sizes 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material—1⅜ yard 39-inch lining.

A Coat with Fur

5002—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric—⅜ yard 54-inch fur.

Stripes Are Chic

5006—Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch fabric—¾ yard 36-inch white to trim.

New Cape Frock

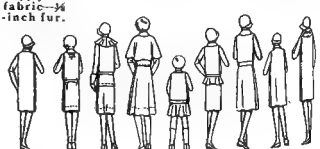
5017—Designed for sizes 10 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material—⅝ yard 36-inch fabric.

Youthful Peplum

5010—Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch woolen—⅞ yard 39-inch fabric.

Tweed Ensemble

4811—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch fabric—1 yard 54-inch plain fabric.



Paris Fashions for the Junior

A Child's Print

4645—Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch print—2 yards white frilling.

Roux of Ruffles

5004—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 39-inch material, including the bows.

A Touch of Lace

4805—Designed for sizes 12 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric—⅜ yard 18-inch lace.

A Mannish Coat

5027—Designed for sizes 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool—2¾ yards 36-inch lining.

A Demure Collar

5005—Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch fabric for frock with bloomers. Dainty.

Dainty Scallops

4839—Designed for sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch material—5⅛ yards dark binding.

These Smart Dots

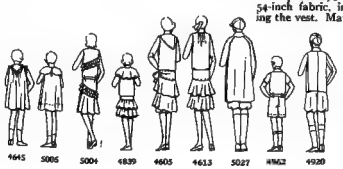
4613—Designed for sizes 12 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch dot—1¾ yard ribbon to trim.

Two-Color Suit

4902—Designed for sizes 2 to 7 years. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch fabric—1 yard 36-inch darker. Swagger

Tweed for School

4920—Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric, including the vest. Mannish.



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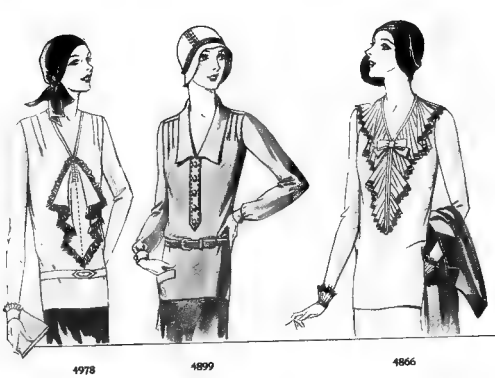
PARIS EMPHASIZES THE SEPARATE BLOUSE



4978 4899 4866

Jabots Are "In" Again

4978—The jabot is important in this feminine era. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material for blouse—2 yards frilling to trim.

The Tailored Blouse

4899—When worn as a tuck-in, this blouse is very smart made in a fine jersey. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yds. 39-in. material for blouse.

4864 4925

The "Princess"

4864—This is the type of princess frock smart women are wearing, as the V-point of the bodice *is so flattering.* Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch material for frock—⅝ yd. 39-inch fabric for jabot. Width about 2¼ yards.

Girlish Collar

4925—The new silhouette requires a figure, and the woman with "curves" will look well in this "princess." Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material for frock—⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar. Width about 2¼ yards.

5001 4661

Smart Pleating

4866—Separate blouses are most important this season, distinguished by feminine detail. The pleated cuffs and jabot collar of this model are high in fashion. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch material.

Costume Blouse

5001—Elaboration is an important feature of the new blouses, as exemplified in the bows and V neck of this one. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material for blouse—⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting for vestee, collar, and bow.

Blouses Tuck In

4820—Tuck-in blouses are smartest when finished with a snug collar and buttons down the front. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material.

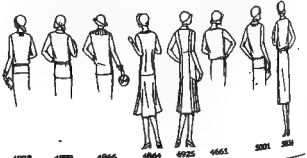
Chic Simplicity

4661—The tailored simplicity of this blouse makes it stunning when made in jersey. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material for blouse.

New Skirt Detail

5034—This skirt proclaims its newness in chic details of belt and pockets. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 30 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard. Smart in a tweed or jersey fabric.

Blouse 4820
Skirt 5034



4978 4899 4866 4864 4925 4661 5001 5034

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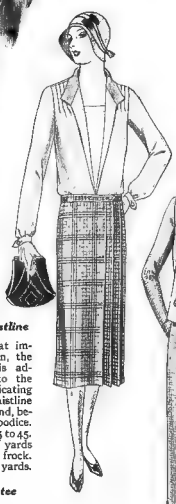
SLIM LINE CHIC·IN THE NEW SILHOUETTE

The season's new silhouette is cleverly interpreted in designs that flatter the mature woman, and Pictorial Review presents them in these patterns. Your new coat, Paris says, may be a straightline wrap-around model if it is trimmed with a contrasting fur, as in model L. H. 4604. The afternoon mode, with its new elaboration and longer, uneven hemline, is smartly expressed in model L. H. 4893. And the three other designs present the latest tailored styles, important for their chic and slenderizing lines.

L.H.4604

L.H.4893

L.H.5029



L.H.5028

L.H.5013

Rich Fur Trimming

L. H. 4604—The newest coats from Paris are all richly furred, and use their fur trimming to introduce a contrasting color. Thus, dark coats endorse light fur and light coats are trimmed with dark fur. Caracul is a favored pelt. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material for coat.

Skirts Are Longer

L. H. 5029—This frock is a smart illustration of the becomingness of the new styles to the mature woman, with the belt at the normal line and a slenderizing panel effect. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material for frock —½yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 2 yards.

The Higher Waistline

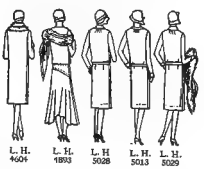
L. H. 4893—That important new fashion, the higher waistline, is admirably adapted to the larger figure by indicating a slightly higher waistline with the snug hipband, beneath the bloused bodice. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material for frock. Width about 3¼ yards.

Flattering Vestee

L. H. 5028—The tuck-in theme has brought great fashion importance to blouse and skirt costumes. This blouse features a V-shaped vestee that is chic. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material for skirt—1⅝ yard 54-inch contrasting for blouse. Width about 1¾ yard.

Scarfs Are Smart

L. H. 5013—The surplice closing, the raised belt, and the grouped pleating of the skirt all mark this frock as both smart and slenderizing. Especially chic is the vestee and scarf collar effect. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material—¾ yard 39-inch trimming.



L. H. 4604 | L. H. 4893 | L. H. 5028 | L. H. 5013 | L. H. 5029

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Nothing known will clean and polish teeth like—POWDER!

If you want your teeth really clean, and sparkling white—use what your dentist uses when he cleans your teeth—for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and safely, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

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For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Continued from Page 102

Sands unexpectedly. "I'm going there to-morrow after I see the manager of the Grand Guignol."

"Near Utica," repeated Thorpe. "How the devil did you find that out? I thought from the way you talked there was a Grainger in every State in the Union."

"Get rid of the Dr. Watson complex," urged Sands. "There wasn't any detective work about it. I just went over to the *Gazette* office and started with the files for 1900 and went through them inch by inch. There was a bank robbery there in 1903, and a big one. It got half a column in the A. P. report. A lot of big manufacturing companies banked with the First National of Grainger, and along about pay-roll time on the first of every month there was generally a big wad of cash in the vault. The robbers got away with something like two hundred thousand dollars, and as far as the clips show, not a cent of the loot was recovered."

"That certainly sounds like the Grainger. But in very nearly thirty years every Grainger on the map could have had a bank robbery."

"I'll grant you that, but I'm willing to take a chance on this one. When one has a choice of several Graingers it's always easiest to pick the one that has the best railway connections."

"Now, there," said Thorpe, "is the kind of detecting I can understand."

WILLIAM JENNINGS, manager of the Grand Guignol, arose reluctantly at eight o'clock the next morning—Sunday—to receive Mr. Sands.

"I don't know anything about this play," he began. "As the program stated, it was brought here by a New York cast. Our own company is in New York with the repertoire we have been playing on at our theater during the past two months. I never saw this piece until last night, and I'll confess that I was shocked at the similarity existing between one of its situations and that of a recent local tragedy."

"I didn't come here as a reporter," Sands told him. "I'm interviewing you in behalf of Chief Crowe of the Detective Bureau. In spite of the coroner's verdict we believe that 'the recent local tragedy' was a murder. And you can see the significance."

"Well, what on earth have I got to do with it?"

"You knew that the author of this play was Cyrus Bradley?"

"I certainly didn't. Do you think for a minute I'd [illegible] sap enough to overlook all that publicity if I'd been sure of it?"

"You had some suspicion?"

"Yes, I'll admit that. Jay Howard, the actor who plays the part of mystery, told me he thought it was one of Bradley's fossils. I mentioned that to one of Chief Crewe's men yesterday. But I had only a minute to talk to Howard, and I never got what he tried to tell me about the piece having a nicotin murder in it.

"I tried to get in touch with Fred Carbine at once to make sure of the authorship, but I couldn't find Freddy anywhere. Jay Howard was the first of the cast to arrive. He'd come on ahead to visit relatives in Indiana. The rest of the outfit never got here until half an hour before show-time last night, so I had a fine chance of discovering what the mess was all about!"

"No harm done. The morning papers give you a million dollars' worth of notices. You can run a year with that play if you want to."

Jennings seemed somewhat mollified. "The cops aren't going to interfere?" he inquired.

"What for?" countered Sands. "There's nothing in the show that tends to upset the dignity of the State that I can see. As a work of art, of course, the play is a felony. But the police, unfortunately, aren't critics."

"Well, then, just what are you driving at?"

"In the first place I'd like to get settled how you came to put on this play."

"It was Carbine's idea. He had some sort of interest in the New York company and he figured an exchange of casts might get some advertising. 'The Dead Voice' was in rehearsal in New York when he came here two weeks ago. We made the necessary arrangements, and he came back last week to complete the deal."

"Was he here last Monday?"

"I don't know, but I don't think so. The last I saw of him was Saturday—a week ago yesterday."

"When did you announce this production?"

"We sent out the usual paid notices to the papers two weeks ago Saturday, and nearly all the Sunday editions had paragraphs announcing the exchange of companies and mentioning the name of the play."

"Was Carbine named in any of this publicity?"

"Several times. Carbine is through as an actor, but he still has a following with a lot of the old-timers. We played him up. Mentioned that he used to manage the Bradley productions."

SANDS was silent for a moment.

"I'll confess that I came here with a theory," he said. "But I don't seem to be getting very far with it. You didn't mention to anybody that Bradley was the author of the play?"

"No. As I told you, I wasn't much interested in the authorship. I suppose that subconsciously I connected Carbine with Bradley's stuff. But nobody did anything to support the idea until Jay Howard came in yesterday. No. Wait a minute. There was a bird telephoned me right after the notices began to appear.

"He wanted to know if the name Raymond Picard was a *nom de plume*, and I told him that I supposed it was. He asked me point-blank if I thought Raymond Picard might be Cyrus Bradley. I told him I didn't know, but that Carbine had been mixed up with the Bradley interests. I asked him why he didn't call Bradley. He seemed surprized to learn that Bradley was in town."

"He didn't give you any name or address?"

"Nope. He thanked me and hung up. The whole incident made so little impression on me that I never even recalled it when Bradley was killed. I suppose it might have given the police a clue, but I'm not much interested in such things. I've heard since that somebody was making the same inquiries at the box-office."

Sands thanked him and left. He proceeded to headquarters, where he reported his experience at the Grand Guignol and the conclusions he had drawn from the evidence of the melodrama, and then announced that he was proceeding to Grainger, New York, on the ten o'clock train.

"Why go there?" inquired Crewe. "Throwing up the case?"

"Chasing down a clue," Sands told him. "I want to find out if Bradley was ever there. Have the chief constable at Grainger that I'm coming representing you, will you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," acquiesced the chief. "But nothing in the world could happen in a place like Grainger. Why don't you go to Albany? I've heard that well spoken of."

Sands reached Utica shortly after midnight and congratulated himself on his luck when he found that the weather had not put out of business the wheezy locomotive of the branch-line connection that was to take him to Grainger.

He descended in front of a dimly lighted station at the end of his journey two hours later, and started across the platform in the teeth of a blizzard. In another thirty seconds he had sidestepped a descending knife and was hurling himself at a half-seen antagonist whose intentions seemed quite obvious.

THE fight was short for the reason that the man in the dark had missed his target at the first lunge. He was thrown off his balance, and before he could recover it Sands had shot him. But the pistol-shot aroused no one save the railroad-agent, a baggageman, and a half-frozen bus-driver, whose caution delayed them a minute or more before they ventured to peer about the edge of the station.

"What's the idea?" demanded the agent in a husky voice.

"I don't know myself," replied Sands. "I just got off the train from Utica

Continued on Page 116

"We depend upon Energine to keep garments Spotless"

Jos Ruby
in charge of wardrobe
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corp.

"ENERGINE Cleans Best"

Say Wardrobe Managers of World Famous Studios

WHO SHOULD be able to determine which cleaning fluid is best for all kinds of fabric and all sorts of clothing? The wardrobe managers of the big movie studios, of course! For, these people are held responsible for clothing, the value of which runs into millions. These specialists, insist on Energine because, as they say, "Energine cleans best because it cleans *thoroughly, quickly,* dries *instantly* and *leaves no odor.*"

Energine is absolutely harmless. It cannot injure the daintiest fabric or the most delicate skin. Energine contains no harmful sulphur, paraffin, caustic, acid or alkali.

That's why Energine is a *better* cleaner for dresses, hats, scarfs, suits, coats, neckties, gloves, shoes, curtains, carpets, drapes.

Preferred by Millions

For a quarter-century Energine has been used exclusively by millions of particular people who have learned that there is no substitute.

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A small amount of Energine does a lot of cleaning. Large, convenient can, 35c. Double size, 60c. Slightly higher abroad. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A useful booklet telling how to remove spots and stains at home, gladly sent on receipt of 5c in stamps to cover mailing cost.
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Department A
2150 West 15th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Important

When a garment is generally soiled, send it to the "Energine Dry Cleaner" in your community. Look him up in the telephone book. There's nothing in Energine to take the "life" out of your clothes—they are returned to you thoroughly cleaned and [illegible]

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

FESTIVE COSTUMES *for* MASQUERADE

3535—For the younger girl, this cat costume is piquant and amusing. A separate hood is included, which is closed at back. Designed for sizes 4 to 14. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

4569—This Peter Pan suit consists of a long blouse and side-closing trousers. Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch material —¼ yard 36-inch lighter fabric to trim.

4040—This Pierrot costume is designed for the young man. The coat has long sleeves and is buttoned to the neck with an upstanding collar. The center of the neck ruff is shirred to a neckband. Designed for sizes 34 to 44. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch fancy figured material—1 yard 36-inch light fabric for the ruff.

2622—Pierrette has a characteristically gay costume, with hat, dainty neck ruff, close-fitting bodice, and attached trousers which flare at the hips and fit the legs. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards 36-inch white material—2⅛ yards 36-inch dark fabric—⅝ yard 39-inch material for the ruching at the neck.

4039—A bold, bad pirate. Designed for sizes 16 to 40. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 36-inch dark fabric—2¼ yards 36-inch white for blouse and kerchief—⅛ yard 36-inch black for tie and hat—1 yard for sash.

4879—Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires ⅛ yard 36-inch material for jacket—1⅛ yard 36-inch white fabric for blouse—1¾ yard 36-inch skirt fabric—1 yard 36-inch fabric for head-dress. Attractive.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 125.

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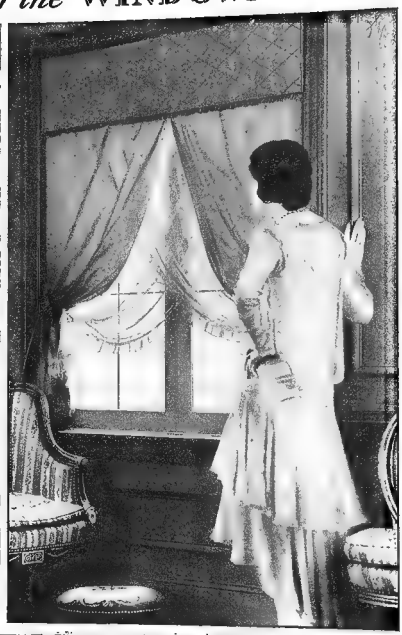
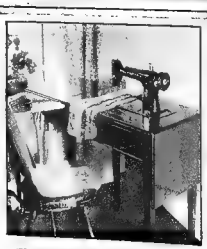
A NEW DRESS *for the* WINDOWS *too!*



ARE you wishing for cheerful new draperies at your windows, gay new curtains for playroom or kitchen, a whole new dress for your own boudoir? Let a modern Singer come into your home and make them. This new Electric will do them all, each perfect seam, each hem and ruffle, with professional skill and magic ease and pay for itself in the doing. And as for plans and directions, we have had especially prepared a new book that tells and shows just how to make curtains, draperies, pillows and slip covers this modern Singer way. In your community there is an authorized, bonded Singer Representative who will bring a modern Singer to your home to try on your own sewing without the slightest obligation. He



will bring you, too, with our compliments, a copy of this book (regular price 25 cents). Or telephone or call at any Singer Shop and ask for "How to Make Draperies" and for a machine to try on the Self Demonstration Plan.

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Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy monthly payments on any model. Liberal allowance on your present machine.

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

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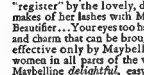
Irene Rich recommends genuine MAYBELLINE

"It is with great pleasure that I express my admiration for 'Maybelline' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable beauty aid to the women who would look her best."

Sincerely, Irene Rich

THE natural expressiveness and charm of Irene Rich's eyes is accentuated and made to "register" by the lovely, dense fringes she makes of her lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier... Your eyes too have expressiveness and charm that can be brought out and made effective only by Maybelline. Millions of women in all parts of the world have found Maybelline *delightful*, easy-to-use and *perfectly harmless*. Try it. Just a brush stroke of either Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline and your Lashes will *instantly* appear darker, longer and more luxuriant.



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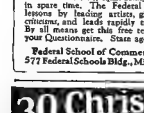

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really made taking orders for our delicious Ready-Prepared Fruit Salad desserts—6 exciting, appetizing flavors. Not sold in stores—have to be made fresh daily. Tremendous demand. Easy to take orders to make money in full or spare time. Write today for particulars. No obligation in getting the facts.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
6822 Monmouth Ave.,
Cincinnati Ohio

Continued from Page 114

and some lad took a swipe at me with a knife."

"Where is he?"

"He's still here. Better help me get him into the station and call a doctor and the police."

The station crew still hesitated.

"Snap out of it," ordered Sands, "unless you want to leave this bird here to freeze. It's all one to me."

THEY came forward then and carried the unconscious man into the warm waiting-room. The agent cast an appraising glance at Sands and then at his victim and seemed reassured.

The baggageman went into the office and began the interminable routine of rousing a telephone-operator. Sands bent over his late assailant and examined him.

"He'll recover," he diagnosed. "I creased him along the side of the head. Know who he is?"

The station-agent took another look. "Nope," he replied. "Never saw him before."

"I seen him," chattered the bus-driver. "He got off the same train you got offen. He was up ahead, an' he come runnin' around the mail-trucks. He musta got to the front of the deepo just ahead of you."

"I thought he didn't look like a local product," Sands commented. "I know where they have whole jails full of birds just like him. But the knife is funny. He has a gun in his overcoat pocket. Wonder why he didn't use it?"

The doctor was the first to arrive in answer to the baggageman's summons.

"He's been shot," he announced in a pleased tone.

"I know that," Sands replied. "I shot him."

"Did you?" replied the doctor. "Well! Well! You did a pretty good job of it. An inch more to the right and you'd have taken the top of his head right off. Just creased him. Skull seems to be all right."

At which point consciousness returned to the injured man, who began to curse.

Sands laughed at his violence.

"Better take the gun out of his pocket," he suggested. "He might get around to using it."

"I'll get you yet," said the man on the floor to Sands.

"I don't think so. You're not very good at it, you know. Your cue is to tell what you know while you have the chance."

"I ain't talkin'."

"Have it your way. If Crewe gets to you you'll talk soon enough."

"Crewe can't drag me back for something I didn't do."

"Well, that's a confession that you followed me all the way here."

The man's answering curse told plainly that he recognized his error. But he was not to be tricked into further admissions. He maintained a sullen silence until Chief Dominic Bagley came to load him into a rattletrap car and deposit him in the local police station. Then the chief reluctantly went home.

Sands found the Commercial House staff aroused and waiting for him, and as he fell asleep it was with the assurance that the sage clerks and porter would be watching his door until daylight.

Morning came dark and chill, with the blizzard still sweeping out of the north. In the police station, across the square from the hotel, Chief Bagley sat in his parade uniform and smoothed his straggly gray mustache as he put his prisoner through what he suspected was a third degree.

"What did you try to knife that man for?" was the burden of his song.

To which the man in the bandaged head invariably replied:

"Find out for yourself, you dumb hick."

Eventually the chief tired of this. His prisoner disappointed him. He arose slowly as if to perform some routine duty, and then seized the prisoner by both shoulders. Raising him out of the chair with a single pull, he spun him about, and booted him zealously.

"And now," he said, as he sat down again, "what is your name?"

The man lowered himself painfully into his chair.

"Better tell me, son," suggested the chief. "Because if you don't I shall d—— well have to kick the pants off you."

"My name is Joe Kolacko," muttered the prisoner sullenly.

"Now we're getting somewhere," encouraged Chief Bagley pleasantly.

"And why did you try to knife Mr. Sands?"

"A guy said I'd get a grand if I got a note he has in his pocket."

"Did you have to kill him to get the note?"

"H——, I wasn't going to kill him. Cut him, maybe. Then frisk him for this note an' beat it."

At which juncture Sands came in. Chief Bagley greeted him enthusiastically.

"Joe and I been having a talk," he said. "Joe's his name. Joe Kolacko. He says you have a note on you that somebody wants."

Sands nodded.

"I rather guessed that was what he wanted." He turned to the discomfited Joe.

"Who hired you to tail me, Joe?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Think hard, Joe. I'm principal witness against you, and I might be willing to make a dicker for information."

"Well, I'll tell you what I know," he promised. "I been chauffeurin' for Pete Neckar. Runnin' a truck down from Detroit, see. Well, yest'day mornin' a guy comes to Pete an' says he wants a good man to get a note offen a guy what's goin' to Grainger, New York. He says is couple o' centuries an' says there's a grand in it if he gets the note. Pete wishes the job on me."

"Did somebody point me out to you?" Sands demanded.

"Nope. I never even see the guy that comes to Pete. Pete tells me what you look like an' takes me down to the station. I spotted you on the train, but I wasn't sure until you got to Grainger."

Sands turned the story over in his mind and was not convinced. Had the note been in some sort of code it would have been safe in the hands of a petty crook such as Joe. Written as it was in plain English, describing in detail the hiding-place of loot, it was inconceivable that any sane man could have hoped that Joe would surrender it.

"Where were you to deliver this note?" he inquired.

"A guy was to meet me an' take it an' give me the grand right there at the station."

Sands came over closer to him.

"And if you didn't make good at the station, what then?"

"I was to frisk you whenever I could. Pete said this guy with the grand would be right at my elbow."

"Then he must have been at the station last night."

"I'd tell you if I could, Mister. But I don't know."

Sands considered for a moment.

"I guess he wasn't," he decided. "He wasn't on the train from Utica. I saw only one man cross the platform—that must have been you. And if he'd been waiting on the other side of the station he'd have tried to bump me off."

THE chief interrupted with a sudden ejaculation.

"That must have been the fellah stopped in at the Elite Garage early this mornin'," he said. "He was drivin' a big car an' wanted gas. He asked if the train from Utickey was in, an' the night man told him it had been in thirty minutes an' that there'd been some kind of shootin.' He asked who was shot, and was told it was a thug who'd got killed in a hold-up. Fellah went out an' turned right back on the Utickey road. The garage man thought it was funny an' told me."

Sands, for some reason, seemed pleased.

"This fits my theory in the case I'm working on," he said. "I think I could tell you the name of the disappearing motorist, but it probably wouldn't mean anything to you anyway. You can send Joe back to his cell, if you don't mind. I don't think we're going to need him any more."

The chief escorted the wilted Joe out, and presently returned.

"I'll not appear against him," Sands announced. "You can hold him a while

Here is a dishpan, but WHERE *is the dirty ring around it?* There isn't any, because these dishes were washed in water softened with Melo. Melo makes hard water a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap.

You see, hard water and soap form a scum. That scum collects dirt. Part of it stays on the dishes. A great deal of it collects on the dishpan.

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Melo is only 10 cents a can (slightly higher in far western states). Get it at your grocer's.

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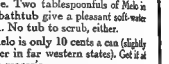

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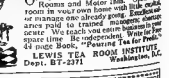

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as a vagrant and then turn him loose. If we need him we can pick him up when he gets home. And now, Chief, I'm looking for a stone barn two miles north of Grainger on the main highway."

"There ain't any stone barn two miles north of Grainger," replied the chief readily, "and the main highway through here is Number 24, and it runs east and west."

Sands looked at him sharply.

"Isn't there any road runs north and south through here?" he queried.

"Couple of dirt roads. One goes north to Bronsonville, but it ain't used. Long as I've lived in Grainger that's been all my life—anybody who wanted to go to Bronsonville went west to Dickerson and then north. The north road out of here has to wind around Miller's Slough, six miles up, and so the distance is about the same either way, and the travelin' is better on the road through Dickerson."

"How did the highways run twenty-five years ago?"

"Same as now. Never was a good road out of here north. No reason for it. Who'd want to go to Miller's Slough?"

Sands looked at Cyrus Bradley's note and resumed his questioning:

"Now, about this stone barn, it's said to be hidden in a clump of trees. You go west along a creek at the second mile-post on the north road five hundred paces and up a hill. This brings you to a limestone outcrop. Turn along the outcrop one hundred and twenty-three paces north and you can see the barn hidden in the copse."

Chief Bagley bit into a plug of tobacco.

"Boy," he said when he was able to proceed with conversation, "there's just one thing wrong with that story. It ain't so. There's limestone around Dickerson, but there certainly ain't any here. An' there ain't any creek at the second mile-post north because there ain't any mile-post an' never was any. An' there ain't any grove of trees between here an' the slough, an' the road runs through bottom-land flat as your hand for eight miles, an' there ain't any stone barn because there ain't any stone barns to come along an' I'll show you. The flivver can make that road for about five miles even in this storm."

SO FOR two hours they explored the countryside north and south and east and west, and in the end came back to the police station without having found one landmark of the many described so definitely in Cyrus Bradley's message.

"An' now, son," said the chief as he helped himself to another bite of plug, "what the—— were we lookin' for?"

"Nothing, I guess," said Sands. "I suppose I picked the wrong Grainger. But we were supposed to be looking for the loot that was taken out of the Grainger First National Bank in the robbery of 1903."

The chief looked at him quizzically.

"You should have told me that, boy," he chided gently. "The news was sorta suppressed with the idea maybe the crooks'd come back. But they found that stuff a year after the robbery."

Sands was only mildly interested. He realized that the publication of Grainger, New York, as the Grainger of Cyrus Bradley's confession had been based on slim premises. His one thought now was to get home as soon as possible and resume his search. But Chief Bagley, apparently, had started off on a subject dear to his heart.

"That certainly was a case," he declared as he settled himself in his chair. "Young Homer Gallup was president of that bank, an' he'd have busted it sure if the robbery hadn't come along. Sure is a mystery there. Nobody's ever seen hide nor hair of him since.

"Homer inherited the bank from his father. Never messed around with it much. Spent most of his time in New York, an' let the old officers run things here. It was a pretty big bank in those days. Not so small now.

"Everything went along all right for a couple of years, an' then we begun to hear that the boy was goin' in heavy for wine, women, an' song. The factory men got to thinkin' about findin' another bank. They hadn't quite got around to it in 1903 when one night three fellahs come into the place, tied up the watchman, an' opened the vault.

"It was a punk vault, considerin' the size of the bank, but the trouble was that the bank hadn't started out to be big. The old boys that was runnin' it hardly realized how much cash on hand they was carryin' until somebody checked up the next day.

"Then they found that the robbers hadn't even bothered to blow the thing. There was no time-lock on it. Nothin' but an ordinary combination knob, an' these boys had the combination.

"They had a horse an' buggy waitin' for 'em outside, an' they loaded in everything in sight. The watchman got a good look at 'em, but only one of 'em was ever seen again. There was a lot of talk that young Gallup had furnished the combination of the safe, but of course nobody could prove that.

"But the next day Homer was gone, an' all the securities he'd had in his private box in the safety-deposit in Uticky was gone too. Nope, they never found Homer. But they found the loot. It was still in the buggy a year later."

"Maybe that's where the stone barn comes in," suggested Sands.

"Stone barn!—The horse an' buggy an' the whole works went into an abandoned quarry in the hills southeast of here. The weather was dry next Summer, an' so the quarry dried up, an' a boy named Ole Peterson found the stuff."

"Did the robbers go in with the buggy?"

"No. One of 'em was killed, but not there. We got out the bloodhounds, an' we found that two men had left the buggy right outside of town an' circled around into the hills toward the place they was to meet in. There was a farmer saw 'em leavin' the buggy. I fergit his name. The third man drove on. He got off the road in the woods down there an' come to a place that must have caved in under him. He must have jumped. Anyway he didn't go into the quarry.

"He went on a mile or so an' come to an old house Gallup's daddy had built right after the Civil War. The Gallups used to go out there during the Summer. There was a little lake on their property.

"An' that's why Homer never come back. This fellah was found dead there the next day, an' there was lots of stuff to show Homer had been there that night. Old caretaker saw him goin' into the grounds, an' his new hat was found there—oh, an' a lot more stuff. I fergit.

"We brought up the watchman from the bank, an' he takes a look at this fellah dead as a herring, an' he says right away it's the one drove the horse away from the bank. The Bankers' Protective Association sends out a sleuth who looks the corpse over an' he spots him right away: Says his name is Karl Fresno, an' that he's been an old hand at this sort of work. Afterward it comes out that Karl Fresno and Homer was sort of pally up in New York."

The chief noticed for the first time that Sands had abandoned his attitude of respectful interest and was gripping the arms of his chair.

"Fresno," repeated Sands. "Why, that was one of the names in the note that had all the hokum about the stone barn in it. This must be the right town after all. How did this Fresno die?"

"Funny thing about that," observed the chief. "He was poisoned with nicotin, an' he was found tied up to a chair at a table that had been set up for breakfast for four people.

"Yessir, never got a clue. Thought once I had one. I'd seen a stranger hangin' around town the day before the robbery, an' one day I spots a picture that's a dead ringer for him in a magazine. Dog-gone if it don't turn out to be a ham actor named Fred Carbine. I'll never fergit it."

SANDS arrived home on Wednesday morning and went at once to the Detective Bureau, where Crewe greeted him cheerily.

"What, alone?" commented the chief. "I'm surprized. Even in a town the size of Grainger there ought to be at least one bird you could charge with murder."

Sands grinned.

"I'm content to deal with your home talent," he replied. "It seems to size up pretty well on the face of the evidence."

"Don't want a couple of blank warrants, do you?"

"Well, you might be dusting one off," Sands told him casually. "But I don't

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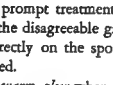

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want to be arousing any false hopes. It's one thing to know who the murderer is. As a matter of fact I've known it for about a week. It's quite another to hook him with enough evidence to convince a jury."

"What's the plot?" demanded Crewe. Whereupon Sands told him the story of Bull Bailey, and reported on his trip to Grainger.

"Our next step," he said, "ought to be the capture of the bootlegger Pete Neckar. He certainly should be able to identify the lad who wanted me put out."

Crewe shook his head.

"And there you have one of the breaks that tend to make this business so fascinating. Mr. Pete Neckar was filled full of hardware out of a sawed-off shotgun on Sunday afternoon. The Spetti mob did it. A zone squad caught two of the killers five minutes after the shooting. But that, of course, is small consolation to you."

"A minor point anyway," Sands commented. "A bigger matter is that the news of my trip to Grainger leaked out of here in time for my friend Joe to make my train. How did that come about?"

Crewe thought for a moment.

"When you came in here Sunday morning this gang war was going good and all sorts of spare coppers were coming in and out. You shouldn't have talked so freely before them."

"Don't try to pass the buck to me. I'm not criticizing your blooming administration. As a matter of fact I've been pretty open in all discussions like that. Blab loud enough and somebody interested is pretty sure to stick his head up to listen. It worked this time, you see. Only for the untimely death of Mr. Neckar we might have had a lead."

"The theory is good enough, but I don't get any particular thrill out of knowing that there's a leak in this office. The only bird I can recall who came into the room when you were here on Sunday was a sergeant from the Seventeenth Precinct who brought a message from Captain Banning."

"Forget it," urged Sands. "It didn't amount to anything."

"Well, if that's all settled," Crewe answered, "when may the world hope to hear your startling conclusions?"

"Soon, I hope. But if I told you now, you'd dash out and lynch Carbine just for spite."

"Not a bad idea at that," growled Crewe. "If he's your pick I'd say you were getting some sense."

"How about young Bradley?"

"He's still where we can catch him, and he still has two alibis. You're not guessing he's guilty by any chance?"

"You can't pump me like that. But to-night, with any luck, I can give you the murderer with my blessing."

SANDS rode out to the Park Arms Hotel at once and was taken up to the apartment of Esther Carbine.

"I've been worried about you," she said, taking his hand in both of hers. "Where have you been?"

"Off on a trip to Grainger, near Utica, New York. Were you ever there?"

"Not that I know of."

"Did your father have any interests there?"

"I never heard of any. I never heard of such a place, for that matter."

"Do you remember ever having heard of a man named Preston?"

She shook her head.

"He used to be a part of the night life of Broadway and the pal of a young bank president. Does that convey anything to you?"

"Not a thing."

"I thought it wouldn't. These lads were operating before your time, Mrs. Carbine. I don't know exactly where they come into the piece, but the conditions that resulted in your father's death were created by these two men in Grainger in 1903."

"Please don't call me Mrs. Carbine," she said. "Call me Esther if you want to, or Miss Bradley. I'm through with the name of Carbine forever."

Sands nodded gravely. "Esther, then," he said. "I must ask you a few more questions, but this is the last inquisition you'll ever be put through by me. This time you've got to trust me."

"You ought to know by now that I do trust you."

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"I can't quite make you out. You've been perfectly candid in many things. But you're covering up something, and you have been since the first day I saw you. Don't you see that you're making things difficult by telling half the truth?"

SHE pulled nervously at her handkerchief.

"I don't know what to do or what to say," she said.

"I wonder if I can't clear up some of your difficulty for you. Let's begin with the boy in the gray overcoat, Mr. Ralph Cummings. You aren't trying to protect him, are you?"

"Of course not!"

"I thought not. Now, who was the man? An old flame?"

"Call him a new moth," she said with a smile.

"What was he doing here?"

"I'd rather not say."

"I think I can guess. He followed you here from Philadelphia. You had an appointment to meet him at the house in Hardy Street on Sunday afternoon."

Esther Bradley drew in her breath.

"But you didn't meet him in the house. For some reason you had changed your mind, and when he accosted you on the street you told him so. I suspect you made an appointment for Monday. But it doesn't appear that you kept that one either."

"Please," she broke in, "I don't know how you guessed all that, but it's close enough to the truth to be horrible. Ralph did follow me from Philadelphia. He had run up from Florida to ask me to marry him just before the show closed. I got my father's telegram, and came out here. Ralph followed me. I couldn't get rid of him until I told him I would see him at Number 37 Hardy Street on Sunday afternoon. I was there. I see you know that.

"I knew that if I got him into the house he'd be sent away by dad. He was beside himself, and I was beginning to be afraid of him. You see he had a letter I'd written to him. But when I met him in the street he told me that the appointment would have to be postponed. He had sent my father meeting around the house. He said that he'd be around the next afternoon. Monday I didn't see him at all. Later when he came here he told me that he had seen my father in the house, so he had gone away again. And then he—" She paused.

"I think I can finish it for you," Sands told her. "He found out where you were living—possibly followed you here from the inquest or his information from the newspapers—and he told you that he knew you were in your father's house on Monday night a few hours before he died. What else? Blackmail?"

She nodded.

"He was insane," she said. "Insane and hysterical. One minute he'd accuse me of being a murderess and the next he'd be weeping and telling me I was an angel."

"How did you get rid of him?"

"I let him wear himself out. I knew that there was a policeman within call in the corridor. So I let him go on and on. Then when he was almost exhausted I reminded him that he had been loitering around Hardy Street before the murder and that I could prove as good an alibi as he could. In the end he was glad enough to leave. He gave me my letter and said that he was going right back to Florida. I think he went."

"He did," Sands assured her. "The police checked his Miami address. But all this doesn't get us forward. You were in the house in Hardy Street on Sunday and again on Monday, of course. I was pretty sure that no other woman would feel free enough in your father's house to go spilling face-powder in the dining-room.

"It was an easy guess that you were there, but not so easy to figure your silence. But not even the biggest dunderhead in the Police Department would believe that you had committed an act of violence."

"I wasn't thinking of myself."

"That's something else I guessed. And with you eliminated and the man in the gray overcoat eliminated one could almost hazard a theory that you have been trying to protect Fred Carbine or your brother Evans."

She dropped her eyes.

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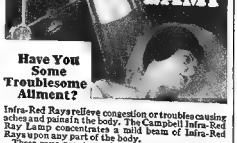

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"I'm sorry," he told her gently. "I'll not ask you any more about either of them. But I would like to know about your own visits to Hardy Street on Sunday and Monday."

"There isn't much to tell you about that. The telegram I showed to Mr. Crewe was genuine. All I said about it was true, except that I received it an hour or two after it was sent. I got here Sunday and spent the morning getting rid of Ralph. Then I went out to my father's house. He was upset about something Fred had told him. He said that Fred hadn't been very clear about it, but was panicky. And it made dad nervous.

"He kept telling me how safe he'd felt in Hardy Street, but now Fred was urging him to get away somewhere. I cooked dinner for him that night and he fixed up a room for me. I stayed there until morning. Monday morning I told him I was going down to see about my baggage, but instead I tried to find Fred. But I couldn't find him. Late that afternoon I went back to Hardy Street. I honestly didn't want to go back. In all my life my father had been a hero to me. He was always happy no matter what happened. He always seemed young to me. And then overnight he had become a broken, old man.

"When I came in he started to find fault with me. He said that I had been anything but a good wife to Fred and I'd been a poor sister to Evans. He told me that if I hadn't been selfish I'd have looked after Evans and that Fred Carbine's career had been ruined by his home life.

"I know I've been selfish. I know that I always ran away from crises. But I just couldn't stand hearing about it. So I went out of the house, and took a taxi back to town and spent the night in the Cheltenham Hotel. In the morning I saw the newspapers."

She was weeping now pitifully.

"What time did you leave Hardy Street?" Sands asked her gently.

"Right after dinner. Seven o'clock, I think."

"And the furniture had not been deranged in any way when you left?"

"No, everything was in its place."

"And no visitor had come in while you were there?"

"No. Poor dad was there all alone, all alone, and I left him there to die." She began to grow hysterical.

IN THE end Sands called the house physician, and the girl was given a sedative and put to bed. Sands went out into the snowy street. He realized suddenly that his hands were trembling.

He made only one stop before going home. He rode over to the Seventeenth Precinct Police Station to call on Captain Banning.

"I was just wondering, Captain," he said, "if you ever got any trace of the lad in the gray overcoat who was loitering around Cyrus Bradley's house a week ago."

Banning grinned at him.

"Still at it, eh?" he observed. "Well, I suppose there's nothing like persistence even when you're out chasing a dead horse. We quit worrying about the boy in the benny hams soon as we found out that old Bradley had killed himself."

"We seem to be working from different premises, Captain. You're convinced that Bradley tied himself up with a rope and then swallowed nicotin, and presumably swallowed the container with it. On the other hand I'm convinced that the old boy was murdered, and, what's more, I'll prove it to you."

"Where's the proof?"

"Locked up in the wall-safe in my apartment in the Shore Hotel. If you're on for a seance to-morrow night I'll show it to you."

The captain grunted.

"Why wait till to-morrow night?" he inquired. "If your proof's any good the time to trot it out is now."

"I can't make the grade to-night. There's a bird down-State I have to see at midnight. I'm trying to get some dope on a man called Homer Gallup. Ever hear of him?"

"No."

"Well, no matter, I'll be back to-morrow and give you a ring."

"See that you do," replied the captain, and he returned to his correspondence.

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Sands loitered for a moment in the squad-room and even looked in on Dr. McNamara. Then, well pleased with himself, he went home. Thorpe, as usual, was waiting for him.

"Just got a call from the steamship agent," he reported. "He wants to know if he can book us for passage to Singapore on the *Whosis Maru*, sailing the sixth of February. Why can't we get this murderer and move on out of all this snow?"

"Oh, very well," agreed Sands. "We'll capture him to-night."

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening Sands emerged from his hotel, suitcase in hand, and took a taxicab to the Southern Terminal. He thought he was not followed, and he took solace from that. Trains for down-State points left from three different railway-stations, and it was hardly likely that shadows would be awaiting him at all three.

However, he went through the motions of buying a ticket, entering the train, and leaving his empty suitcase in a Pullman seat. Then, walking forward, he emerged through a vestibule near the baggage-car and on the side of the train away from the platform, stepped across the tracks, vaulted a fence along the right of way, and five minutes later was on his way back to his apartment.

He alighted from his taxi a block from the Shore Hotel, and traversed an alley to a service-door, where he was admitted without question by the house detective. The service-elevator took him to a room on the fifth floor, almost directly over his own suite, where he found Crewe and Thorpe waiting for him.

Crewe was skeptical, Thorpe fidgety. "What's the object of all this horseplay?" inquired the chief of detectives.

Sands laughed. "Our only chance with this bird is to make him convict himself."

"I don't see why I had to go out and play in the snow and then come in the back way," grumbled Thorpe.

"Well, it may all turn out to be a waste of time," admitted Sands. "But if this bird is going to rise to the bait, he's going to do it warily. We're going to need all the advantage that surprize will give us, because we are dealing with a homicidal maniac—a mass killer who has had plenty of experience."

"Where did you find that out?" inquired Thorpe.

"The evidence on that point is pretty conclusive," commented Crewe.

"It's the coffee-and-toast business," explained Sands. "In the Bradley case it looked like a humorist's attempt to befuddle the police. But on top of that we have a record of a nicotin killing at Pelham, Pennsylvania, and another one at Grainger, New York—both of them in the same setting. Bringing the business closer to home, we have Esther Bradley's story about a similar breakfast scene in New York and the toast that was burned and the nicotin that was spilled the night she was attacked. Like all mass killers, this one has been reproducing as faithfully as possible the circumstances of his first successful job."

"It doesn't seem to make any sense," argued Thorpe.

"It's an axiom of the murder trade," Sands told him. "It may spring from a certain conservatism—an unwillingness to risk a new method after one has proved successful—but you'll find this pattern work in the history of all wholesale killers from Burke and Hare, the stranglers, to Mr. Smith, who drowned his brides in a bathtub. They all stick to routine."

"Well, maybe so," conceded Thorpe. "But if you find a homicidal maniac and it doesn't turn out to be Evans Bradley you'll have to run your show all over again as far as I'm concerned."

"That's tough," remarked Crewe sympathetically. "I hope you survive the disappointment. But it won't be Evans Bradley. We got the Cleveland alibi this afternoon, and she told the truth. He was in town on the day of the murder, all right. He had been trying to shake the old man down for more money. But unfortunately he got out just under the wire. He was on a train with the girl headed for Ohio at seven o'clock. He fixed up his bootlegger alibi because he wasn't sure what time the murder was committed, but I am sorry to say he is now definitely in the clear."

Thorpe sighed.

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"And so now we have to sit around and wait for another likely subject," he grumbled.

Crewe grinned.

"What time does the show begin?" he asked.

"Nine o'clock," replied Sands. "If my hunch is correct, this bird knows everything that goes on in this hotel. He'll know that the chambermaid goes around at nine o'clock to turn down the bed-covers and he'll wait for her to get out of the way."

"But suppose he doesn't know about the diligent maid and comes earlier—what then?"

"He will have to deal with an unknown quantity named 'Bull Bailey, of whom I told you this morning. Mr. Bailey is now vegetating uncomfortably behind the divan. However, I suppose we might as well be toddling down there."

They descended the stairs warily and found the long corridor clear. A few seconds later they had closed the door behind them in Sands's apartment and were listening to a whispered report from Mr. Bailey.

"'Not in' doin' yet," announced Bull, "except me back is busted."

"That, unfortunately, is an exaggeration," Sands assured him. "You can retire behind the bedroom door and keep still, or, better yet, crawl under the bed. But if you let a sound out of you when the maid comes in, I'll brain you."

He lighted a little night-lamp on the telephone-stand near the door, then mounted a chair, and unscrewed the globes from the overhead fixture. A reading-lamp he placed, unlighted, on an end-table near the window, with the reflector set so that it would illuminate the center of the room.

"There'll be room for the three of us behind the divan," he told his companions. "Crewe can take the end near the lamp and switch it on when we need light. Not so good to have to bunch up, but there's no other cover."

"Splendidly arranged," murmured the chief. But he did not suggest any improvements, and took his place in the huddle.

Strictly in accordance with schedule, the maid came in, turned back the covers on Sands's bed and on the one generally occupied by Thorpe, put fresh towels in the bathroom, and went out. Then followed fifteen minutes of silence, during which the three watchers began to suffer the tortures of heat and cramped legs. But they gave no sign of their discomfort.

Even when there came the sound of a key, quickly thrust into the lock and turned, it was greeted from within only by its own echo and the ticking of a mantel clock. The door swung open. A man's figure stood in silhouette against the light from the corridor. The door closed. Then the moment there was no further movement.

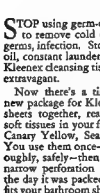
THE watchers could not see the man who had entered. He was in the shadow at the side of the little reception-hall beyond the room in which they had spread their ambush.

Sands and Crewe felt that they could forecast to the second the moment when he should step over the threshold into the room. But the calculation, if they made it, was wrong. Another key had clicked in the lock, and the door was opening once more.

Sands checked a sudden intake of breath. He had not entertained any fear that the intruder would find any difficulty with the door. Hotel locks, especially locks of the variety in the Shore Hotel, were not complicated. To take an impression and have a key made might require twenty minutes of a busy prowler's time in the event that he could not borrow a pass-key out of the housekeeper's closet. But even so Sands had not foreseen that a convention of key-holders might choose this night to assemble in his room. He peered around the corner of the divan and saw a second man come out of the corridor.

The newcomer closed the door with his back toward it, and stood looking through the archway into the living-room. He took a step forward, apparently without seeing what lurked in the shadows of the vestibule, and that single step brought him into the amber glow of the night-lamp.

Sands experienced a sense of bewilder-



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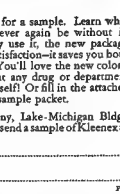

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ment. Here was a bit of byplay outside his calculations, for the latest arrival was Fred Carbine.

He was a changed Carbine. His hat, set back on his head, disclosed the fact that he had forgotten his toupee, and the absence of his false teeth was evidenced in his sunken cheeks and overlapping lips. His pretense to youth had gone from him and he stood there an old man.

Sands's only consolation lay in the fact that the man in the vestibule must be as surprized at Carbine's arrival as they were.

ONE shadow alone, or Carbine alone, would have brought a simple dénouement to the Bradley case. Two of them together gave promise of further complications.

But Sands was given no chance to ponder on this. A little sliver of brilliance crept out of the dark and into the aureole of the lamp, and Sands recognized it for the high light along the barrel of a pistol. A sound too slight to be heard across the room caused Carbine suddenly to spin around, and in an instant his own weapon dropped to the floor and his hands were lifted level with his shoulders.

"You!" he gasped. "Then I wasn't dreaming when I thought I saw you——"

Almost simultaneously came a low laugh from the reception-hall.

"Black! so help me!" ejaculated the man in the shadows. "But if you're Black I must have killed the wrong man. Dear me! How careless!"

"I'm not Black," declared Carbine. "I don't know who Black is."

"Yes, you're Black. A blind man would know you now. It was your wig and teeth that fooled me. I must be getting old."

"For God's sake let me go. I don't know what you're talking about."

"You can guess, you scum. I've been following you for twenty-five years. Twenty-five years since I made Fresno pay for your dirty work. Once I thought I had you in New York. I could have spent those years in some better work if I had turned the trick. But you got away and I had to go on. And you'll have to pay for that, Charley."

"I swear to God I don't know what you mean."

The man in the shadows laughed again.

"It's too bad you're the last," he said. "Too bad for you, I mean. With Fresno and Halley gone that leaves only you. And if they didn't double-cross me, who did?"

"It wasn't me. You've got to believe me. It wasn't me."

"It was one of three men, and it wasn't Fresno. I should have known that when he came to me. He came to me, and you two did not. It wasn't Halley because I watched his estate. He didn't get anything out of it. So now you're going to sit down and write a note like I made Bradley write. His name really was Bradley, was it?"

The voice trailed off in a low chuckle. "He had his little joke, Bradley did. He wrote a lot of directions about how to get to a place that he probably knew nothing about, and I almost killed his daughter because I thought she'd found the message. Let that be a lesson to you, Charley, never leap to conclusions."

Carbine was trembling and close to collapse.

"I suppose I should have been more careful. Bradley didn't look much like you. But, on the other hand, I couldn't tell how you were going to look with the lapse of time and the aid of a barber."

The voice was almost apologetic.

"It was that silly play that put me on the wrong trail. You had a hand in that, I suppose."

"Yes," Carbine admitted eagerly. "I gave him the plot, and doesn't that show you where I stood in it? Doesn't the play show that I thought as you did? That Fresno had double-crossed us all?"

"It doesn't seem that way to me at all. I'd interpret it as an ingenious method for disseminating false impressions about an alibi."

"I swear to you Halley and I both got to the house. But we were too late. We found you had gone and Fresno was dead. We beat it."

The man in the hall laughed again.

"We haven't time to go into these

Continued on page 125

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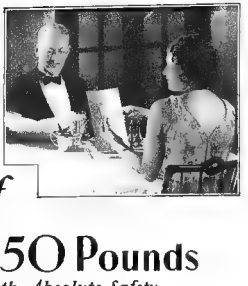

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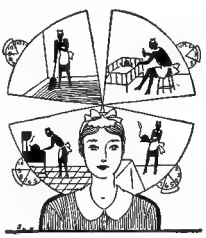
HOW WE SHARE SARAH

An adventure in co-operation

By DOROTHY W. HARRINGTON

MOST towns seem destined to a dearth of "Sarahs." Competent maids are seldom to be found in them. Perhaps it is due to the low wage sometimes paid in towns. Perhaps it is because cities afford a more alluring antidote to the dulness of domesticity. I would not venture to say. At any rate this is how we solved our problem:

There were four of us, all near neighbors, in crying need of help. No one of us had sufficient work to warrant a full-time competent maid, nor did we feel individually equal to the high prices demanded now by domestic aids. Yet there was a petty round of things to be done. We took counsel together and we conceived a plan whereby we might co-operate.



We advertised in a near-by city paper and imported Sarah. Now, Sarah was intelligent and competent, and upon explanation she became even enthusiastic about our plan. She agreed to divide her time among us, spending two hours a day with each of us, for which she was to receive five dollars a week, making her total weekly wage twenty dollars.

OUR division of Sarah's time seemed to work out simply and naturally, as we women were a quartet, varied in its needs and interests. First there was Mrs. Gregg with her husband and family of four exuberant children. Now early morning was the hilarious time of her day, with its seemingly endless round of breakfasts.

First appeared Mr. Gregg. He was a commuter and ever bent upon catching the "7:35" to town. With the exodus of Mr. Gregg the two boys appeared, clamorous for pancakes and eager to be off to school. Finally came Donald and Dot, the twins, who must be more or less fed and finally escorted to kindergarten. Before the advent of Sarah it is doubtful if Mrs. Gregg herself ever partook of this morning meal.

Then the intuitive Sarah, seeming to sense the situation, appeared daily at 7 at the Gregg household—ready for any emergency. Breakfast was soon transformed from a tragedy into a rite, in which the entire Gregg family partook in unison. Mr. Gregg no longer dashed breathless to his train, tying his tie and swallowing as he ran, his last small piece of charred toast.

The boys no longer destroyed all order in the household by the after-breakfast hunt for schoolbooks, for under the new régime text-books were mysteriously gathered from all four corners of the house and left in waiting on the living-room table. There was no more need for those notes, so painfully written by Mrs. Gregg, "Kindly excuse John for being late, and oblige," etc.

Mrs. Gregg was able to walk leisurely to kindergarten with Donald and Dot. She would return home exhilarated from her morning exercise to find Sarah in the last stages of bed-making. Mrs. Gregg no longer found it necessary to race with the clock; she no longer felt defeated before even starting her day's work. Sarah's two hours in the early morning gave her her chance to catch up and begin her day with poise and equanimity.

At 9:15 in the morning I invariably heard a tap-tap at my door. It was Sarah come to help me through my day's difficulties. Being a journalist and a free-lance at living, with a workroom into which I could always flee, it was of comparative unconcern just when my chores were done. Putting implicit trust in Sarah, I allowed her to indulge her own creative genius—to bring order out of chaos according to her mood. My reward at the end of two hours was to find my house immaculate and neat, my dishes washed and put away, my personal laundry done, and often a great plate of cookies or a luscious pie to crown the morning's achievement.

Mrs. Breck, the third member of our group, was the swan-out mother of a hale young baby. She was skirting the borders of skepticism, ruminating dubiously upon the joys of maternity, with its endless round of rinsing and washing, its long hours spent preparing food formulas, and its absolute necessity of being always on hand. Mrs. Breck was beginning to wonder whether it was a physical or spiritual possibility for a woman with a home to honestly enjoy her own offspring.

Then entered Sarah! Between the hours of two and four each day she was able to relieve Mrs. Breck of the baby's laundry. She was able to tend to the afternoon feeding, and to be right there in case of any emergency. Now Mrs. Breck is able to cast off all her domestic responsibilities for two whole hours. It is possible for her to be out-of-doors during the very best part of each day, and she is able to some extent to keep up a whole-some contact with the outside world.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleet were a busy business couple. But as far as their home was concerned—well, it could hardly be said that they had a home. "Paper-bag livers" was what the town people called them.

The Fleets were great frequenters of delicatessens, but with the advent of Sarah a new era has dawned in their manner of living. Cold, uninteresting dinners have given place to good old-fashioned, home-cooked ones. Small roasts, fresh-cooked vegetables, salads, and dainty desserts now lend variety to their menu. For Sarah comes to their home at 4:30 each day, prepares their evening meal, and supplements in other ways their sketchy form of housekeeping.

Mr. Fleet is a changed man. He has developed an exceeding interest in his home, and he no longer finds it necessary to flee to the movies each night for certain domestic reasons.

INDEED we all are grateful to Sarah. It is surprising how much she accomplishes in these two hours. She relieves each one of us of the most drab side of domesticity. And Sarah is pleased at her satisfactory wage and her interesting hours, which extend from 7 in the morning until 6:30 at night, with breathing spells between. Her evenings are always her own, unless she cares to help occasionally when some one of us entertains, for which she is always paid extra.

We feel that our adventure in co-operation has been a huge success, and let me say by way of postscript that other women in the community have adopted our plan and found it practical. We now have four "Sarahs" in town, keeping a small bachelor apartment together; they consider themselves unusual in their ingenuity in fulfilling an interesting vocation.

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And remember this: the cornices supplied by the interior decorators cost between $5.00 and $16.00 a window. Our prices are much lower. The cornice shown in this advertisement, unfinished, costs only $1.09 postpaid. On the average our cornices will cost you less than half what you would pay for the stores, yet you always get exactly what you want and can easily change the color harmony as often as you desire.

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Continued from Page 123

pleasant reminiscences," he said. "The hour is growing late and there are other speakers. You'll back into that room and sit down and write out exactly where you put the loot."

"The loot," exploded Carbine! "Haven't you ever bothered to find out what's going on in Grainger?"

"Naturally not. Thanks to your work, I've been compelled to forego the pleasures of Grainger."

"My God, man, I'm not joking. The bank got all the loot back the year after we grabbed it."

"What!" The changed quality in the voice of the unseen man sent a chill through the watchers and seemed to paralyze Carbine.

"You're lying, you're trying to rob me after all these years I've starved and planned. But you won't do it. I'll stand and watch you die like Bradley did, suffering the tortures of the damned."

And then Carbine, crazed by fear, leaped at him, and the pistol blazed under the lamp. Crewe, Sands, and Thorpe were out of their cover instantly. The pistol cracked again, and a bullet smashed the window behind them. The third shot was Crewe's, and a dark figure fell out of the shadow prone under the soft light of the lamp. Crewe raised the man's head and loosened the folds of a muffler that bound the lower part of his face.

"My God!" he gasped. "Dr. Perry."

DR. PERRY was dead. Crewe's bullet, fired at a blind target, had taken him between the eyes. But Carbine was still alive when they bent over him. He smiled as he recognized them.

"What brought you here?" demanded Sands.

"Followed him," murmured Carbine. "Saw where he was going and took a chance, and asked for your key at the desk. Didn't even know it was your apartment. Just gave the number."

"Didn't you know he was Homer Gallup?"

"Not till I got here. Saw him once at the Grand Guignol. Heard him ask about the play at the box-office. And I got the wind up. Wondered what he was up to. Been trailing him ever since I got away from the cops."

"Doesn't sound reasonable to me," muttered Crewe.

"It's the truth. I had a hunch something would happen when I came here. Then poor old Bradley got bumped off. I couldn't figure Gallup bumping off Bradley. But still I had the feeling something was going to happen, and I couldn't hide forever. Misjudged the old devil. Thought he was a feeble doctor."

They took Carbine to a hospital, and removed the body of Dr. Perry to the morgue and assigned it to the slab which a few days earlier had been occupied by his victim.

SANDS replaced the bulbs in his light-fixtures and invited his guests to sit down.

"Well," said Crewe as he lighted a cigaret, "we seem to have done something to-night, but I'll confess I'm still not sure just what. The reporters will be on my neck in a minute, and I ought to have something to tell 'em. How did you happen to suspect that bird?"

"He did everything except write his confession for the newspapers," replied Sands. "I had him spotted a week ago.

"We started out with three much better suspects—Evans Bradley, Fred Carbine, and the girl. The girl was eliminated so far as I was concerned by the nature of the crime. I couldn't fit her into the picture. Bradley, Jr., stayed in the running a long time, until the evidence against Perry became too convincing.

"Fred Carbine was a likely candidate up to the very end. I got evidence in Grainger—not very conclusive, but evidence—that he had taken part in one deed of violence. It is apparent now that once was enough for him, and he spent the rest of his life in safer sins. However, there is an adage that a cornered rat will fight, and we've seen to-night that it's true."

"He certainly was my pick as against Perry," ruminated Crewe.

"Perry wouldn't have been a customer at all if he had kept his mouth shut," proceeded Sands. "He was just a little too clever. At first when he was doing his darnedest to butt into the case I just naturally refused to let him because, except for a homicidal mania, he was a nice old chap."

"Just a homicidal mania," murmured Crewe. "And he put it to such rotten uses."

"He was decent to me when I was a young reporter breaking in on the police run," reminisced Sands. "I wish, honestly, that it could have been Carbine or Evans Bradley. Well, any way he kept trying to horn in until I couldn't ignore him. Here is the indictment." He took a slip of paper from his pocket and read some scribbled notes.

"1. On the night of the killing he volunteered the information that he had been at Captain Banning's house playing cards. Yet Banning telephoned the

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4040	50	1/6	4893	50	1/6LH	4997	45	1/6	5021	50	1/6
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4605	40	1/8	4921	50	1/6	5003	35	1/-	5026	35	1/-
4613	40	1/8	4924	45	1/6	5004	35	1/-	5027	40	1/-
4645	35	1/6	4935	45	1/6	5005	35	1/-	5028	50	1/6LH
4661	35	1/6	4926	50	1/6	5006	35	1/-	5029	45	1/6LH
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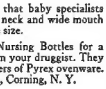

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Hardy Street house trying to find out if anybody had seen him.

"2. With McNamara, Cottrill, and Halperin eliminated by their own statements at the inquest, Perry seemed to be the most likely candidate among those who might have influenced the coroner toward a nicotin-suicide theory.

"3. He admitted to me that he had seen on the corpse of Bradley a number of non-existent symptons of nicotin-poisoning. I knew the symptoms were non-existent because I made them up myself after I had heard the experts testify that nicotin leaves no outward mark.

"4. He suggested, gratuitously, the possibility of strychnin, camouflaged by nicotin, being the agent of the murder. (This was because he saw I was suspicious of the advance information that nicotin had killed Bradley and was trying to find out where the theory originated.) He overstepped himself because, as State's Attorney West brought out in his questioning, nicotin and strychnin counteract each other. By that time I was pretty certain that the nicotin rumor had started with him.

"5. On the night of the shooting in Hardy Street he told a cock-and-bull story to the effect that he had seen near the Bradley bungalow a man in a gray overcoat whom later information showed to have been well on his way to Miami at the time.

"6. On the night of the attack on Esther Bradley he got onto the scene a little too promptly. That wasn't much of a clue except for its cumulative effect.

"7. Dr. Perry could have received advance information concerning my trip to Grainger. None of the other likely suspects was in a position to know.

"And there you have most of the picture. Nobody would have suspected Perry if he hadn't tried to fix up an alibi that nobody was looking for. And he'd have got away clean if he hadn't made some fool remark to Dr. McNamara about indications of nicotin. McNamara couldn't remember who had told him, but Perry had to play safe for fear he might, and so gave me all the weird misinformation about alkaloids."

"HE MUST have been a rotten doctor," commented Crewe.

"He wasn't a doctor at all, of course. He never practised, and so escaped the medical examiners. And he had salvaged enough money out of his deposit-box in Utica to live well in spite of the salary he got as an investigator for the coroner's office. He had the homicidal maniac's morbid interest in crime, and so became a pretty good investigator. He was consistent in his killing. He used a pistol when he had to, but when he wanted to do a real bang-up job he always came back to the toast-and-coffee setting. Well, anyway, there's the picture."

"It all fits," complimented Crewe.

"Well, as a matter of fact it all fitted just as well several days ago," said Sands. "But we'd have got nowhere acting on it. The note Bull Hadley discovered seemed to offer some motive for the killings, but somehow I couldn't figure Bradley in the cast as a hold-up man."

"After seeing a sample of his plays," murmured Thorpe, "I should think the hold-up business was just what he was cut out for."

"It was the play led to the solution," Sands reminded him. "Carbine told Perry that he furnished the plot, and that sounds reasonable. It's a safe conjecture that Bradley took the idea given him without ever suspecting that it might have had a foundation in fact. But the authenticity of the poisoning scene was something that stuck out of the phony dialog so plainly that even the audience noticed it. Then I went to Grainger.

"I've told you most of what happened there except the conclusion I drew when I heard Joe Kolacko's story of how he was hired. I gathered that when a man would hire a thug to do a job for him while he was standing close by, he must be physically unfit to do it himself. That pointed to Perry. He could have shot me, of course, but he had reason for not wanting any noise in that town.

"The rest of what I found in Grainger identified Perry as Gallup and gave me a hint as to why he was operating. He knew I had got to Grainger, but when Joe failed to deliver he had to get away and so could only guess how much or how little I had learned.

"So this afternoon I went up to Banning's station and passed him the word about the alleged evidence concealed in the alleged wall-safe. I knew Perry would ask Banning what I had come for and that Banning would tell him. If he came here, then, it would be tantamount to a confession. Q. E. D."

"There's one thing I don't get," Crewe stated critically. "All this honey about nicotin led me to believe we ought to be looking for a skilful chemist, and Perry certainly doesn't seem to fit the part. According to your great discovery at Grainger, this boy started his career with ordinary tobacco-juice. Why didn't he stick to that?"

"I was deceived myself by all the evidence about pure alkaloids. But it stands to reason that a man doing a wholesale poisoning business would get acquainted with his tools."

"Do you make any sense out of Carbine's story that he followed this old bird?"

"Yes, I think he told the precise truth. Carbine's nerves were all shot, and I don't think that his mind has been functioning normally for many years. When Fresno was killed he had the fear of God put into him sufficiently to make him leave crooks alone, but he never was able to shake off the effects of his one-night stand as a bank robber. When the customary breakfast was laid out in Bradley's home in New York, he knew pretty well whom it was intended for. He probably figured that the kids wouldn't make a second mistake, and so worked on Bradley to stop the play that had put Gallup on his trail.

"Bradley, apparently, was just looking for an excuse to retire before the movies took his pile away. So he took the address.

"Then Carbine's need for money became more important than his fear of Gallup. Nobody had heard anything from Gallup in a long time, and it probably seemed safe to revive 'The Dead Voice.'

"I don't pretend to know why Gallup came here. It's significant that he arrived soon after Bradley did. He may have trailed him here, and lost track of him because Bradley had gone out of the public eye. On the other hand their simultaneous arrival may have been nothing but coincidence.

"At any rate, the revival of the play put Perry on the course again. Jennings, who managed the show, gave him the hint that Bradley was in town, and Perry had been under the impression for years that Bradley was really the bank robber he had known as Charles Black.

"Carbine realized his danger when he heard that some mysterious party was questioning the authorship of the play. We know he tried to get Bradley to leave town. But he was a little too late. Once Perry had located his quarry he didn't waste time. And that is the whole case."

Crewe pushed a hand across the table. "It's a bull's-eye, boy," he said. "And I'll see that you get the entire credit for it when I talk to the reporters."

"You do and you'll work the next case all by yourself, as you probably will anyway." Sands informed him warmly. "Detecting is your job, not mine. And I can't be bothered."

IN THE morning Sands discovered that Fred Carbine had died in the night. He considered the news for some time in silence. Then he allowed the newspaper to fall upon his untasted grapefruit.

"About that passage to Singapore," he began. And Thorpe looked up beamingly.

"I'll give 'em a call right after breakfast," he said. "I'll tell 'em to reserve passage on the—whatever the name of the ship is—on the sixth."

"I was just going to say that you might wait until noon," Sands suggested. "Maybe there'll be some totally unforeseen change in plans."

And a vision of great beauty filled his horizon as he started out through the snow toward the Park Arms Hotel to tell the whole story to Esther Bradley.

THE END

And now that you have finished "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street" turn to page 13 and begin "Fascination" by Alice Duer Miller.

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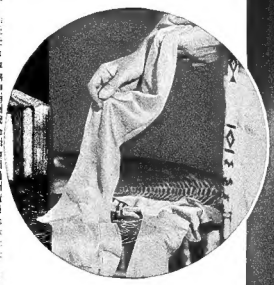
Can your teeth stand a "close up"?

Let your Tooth Paste buy your stockings

You can, for instance, get an EXTRA pair or two with that $3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25¢ a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.



LARGE TUBE 25¢

A new polishing agent that whitens teeth *almost over night*

WE have included in Listerine Tooth Paste a remarkable polishing agent, selected after 49 years' study of dental caries (tooth decay).

It is harder than tartar, but softer than enamel. So it gently erases the former and leaves the latter glistening white and unharmed.

You brush your teeth a few times, and lo, they seem to be transformed. White. Lustrous. Healthy.

And so fine in texture is Listerine Tooth Paste that it penetrates the tiniest crevices between the teeth, and from them routs decaying matter. Moreover, this dentifrice imparts to the mouth a marvelous feeling of exhilaration which you associate with Listerine itself.

Do not take our word for the exceptional results obtainable with Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it for one month and see for yourself.

And don't forget that in so doing, you will cut your tooth paste bill in half. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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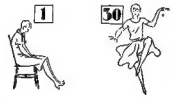
Ever wish you were dancing with *HER?*

This one girl, how she stands out in a crowd! . . . How clean and clear her complexion is, how attractively fresh her dress, how nice her hands, how trim her shoes, how healthy and shining her hair. Oh yes . . . and what gay self-assurance she has.

Come to think of it, doesn't cleanliness always have more to do with popularity (and poise and charm) than one might casually suppose.



Try this just for a month

If you have any doubts whatever about the connection between happiness and careful personal cleanliness, please try an experiment.

For just one month, and every day without fail, put on not a single article of clothing that is noticeably soiled. Check up on everything: shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, stockings, dresses, underwear.

Do try this, just for one month, and see for yourself if something delightfully important doesn't happen to you . . . to your ensemble appearance, and to your own and others' appreciation of it.

Try this, too

But nice clothes alone are not enough. How can a girl be charming when her body, face, hands, hair, neck are not quite clean?

Always "step in before you step out." Remember that the thorough bath lends real attractiveness to the most modest good looks... clean skin; vivid, healthful coloring; vivacity; self-assurance.

There's no greater beauty secret than the steaming, sudsy, *daily* bath. Nothing else so easy pays half the returns. Try this, also, for a month.

And this, and this, and this

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water, and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you don't get as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub the nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with a towel. Except for occasional shaping and polishing, you'll find that little else is necessary.

Women who worry a little about their complexions shouldn't forget that it's fully as important to cleanse the pores each day of the left-over powders and creams as of dust and dirt. The answer, of course, is soap and water face-washing every day.

With heads bobbed so simply, it never was so needful that nice hair should be kept looking nice. On the other hand, it never was so easy to shampoo the hair frequently.

Is it really such a puzzle?

Should the secret of great charm be so puzzling after all? . . . or greater popularity so unattainable by anyone?

So *many* things come in the wake of conscious, strived-for cleanliness: better health, better looks, more naturalness... even brighter talk, and better dancing, new friendships and wider happiness.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th St., New York.*

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